STORIES OF THE BIG LEAGUERS BY CHRISTY MATHEWSON.

An Essay on Jinxes—Child of Superstition Appears to the Ball Player in Many Forms—Some of the Ways in Which the Influence of the Jinx Can Be Overcome.

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A friend of mine who took a different fork in the road from the one I have followed when we left college was walking down Broadway with me one morning after I had joined the Giants and we passed a crosseyed man. I grabbed off my hat and spit in it.

"What's the matter with you, Matty?" he asked, surprised.

"Spit in your hat quick and kill that jinx," I answered, not thinking for the minute, and he followed my example.

I forgot to mention when I said he took another fork in the road that he had become a pitcher too, but of a different kind. He had turned out to be sort of a conversational pitcher, for he was a minister, and as luck would have it on the morning we met that crosseyed man he was wearing a silk hat. I was shocked, pained and mortified when I saw what I had made him do. But he was the right sort and wanted to do the thing according to the standards of the professional man with whom he happened to be at the time.

"What's the idea?" he asked as he replaced his hat.

"Worst jinx in the world to see a crosseyed man," I replied. "But I hope I didn't hurt your silk hat," I quickly apologized.

"Not at all. But how about these ball players who masticate the weed? Do they kill jinxes too?" he wanted to know. And I had to admit that they were the main exterminators of the jinx.

"Then," he went on, "I'm glad that the percentage of wearers of cross eyes is small."

I have just looked into one of my favorite works for that word "jinx" and found it not. My search was in Webster's Dictionary. But any ball player can give a definition of it with his hands tied behind him—that is, any one except Arlie Latham, and with his hands tied he is deaf and dumb. A jinx is something which brings bad luck to a ball player, and the members of the profession have built up a series of lucky and unlucky omens that should be catalogued, yet all ball players seem to know them instinctively. And besides the common or garden variety of jinxes many stars have a series of private or pet and trained ones that are more malignant in their forms than those which come out in the open.

A jinx is the child of superstition, and ball players are among the most superstitious persons in the world, notwithstanding all this conversation lately about educated men breaking into the game and paying no attention whatever to the good and bad omens. College men are coming into both the leagues, more of them each year, and they are doing their share to make the game better and the class of men higher, but they fall the hardest for the jinxes. And I don't know as it is anything to be ashamed of at that.

A really true, on the level, honest to jiminy jinx can do all sorts of mean things to a professional ball player. I have seen it make a bad pitcher out of a good one, and a blind batter out of a .300 hitter for a time, and I have seen it make a ball club composed of educated men carry a Kansas farmer with two or three screws rattling loose in his dome around the circuit because he came as a prophet and said that he was accompanied by Miss Fickle Fortune. And that is almost a jinx record.

Jinx and Miss Fickle Fortune never go around together. And ball players are always trying to kill this jinx, for once he joins the club all hope is gone. He dies hard, and many a good hat has been ruined in an effort to kill him, as I have said before, because the wearer happened to be chewing tobacco when the jinx dropped around. But what's a new hat against a losing streak or a batting slump?

Luck is a combination of confidence and getting the breaks. Ball players get no breaks without confidence in themselves, and lucky omens inspire this confidence. On the other hand, unlucky signs take it away. The lucky man is the one who hits the nail on the head and not his fingers, and the ability to swat the nail on the receptive end is a combination of self-confidence and an aptitude for hammering. Some figure! Good ball playing is the combination of self-confidence and the ability to play. Get me? Because we are going to pass along to the next exhibit whether you do or not.

The next is Red Ames, although called Leon by his family when a very small boy before he began to play ball. (He is still called Leon in the winter.) Ames is of Warren, Ohio, and the Giants and he is said to hold the Marathon record for being the most unlucky pitcher that ever lived, and I agree with the sayers. For several seasons Ames couldn't seem to win a ball game, no matter how well he pitched. In 1909 Red pitched a game on the opening day of the season against Brooklyn that was the work of a master. For nine innings he held his opponents hitless, only to have them win in the thirteenth. Time and again Ames has pitched brilliantly, only to be beaten by a small score because one of the men behind him made an error at a critical moment or because the team couldn't give him any runs by which to win. No wonder the newspapers began to speak of Ames as the hoodoo pitcher and the man "who couldn't win."

There was a crosseyed fellow who lived between Ames and the Polo Grounds and Red used to make a detour of several blocks en route to the park to be sure to miss him in case he should be out walking. But one day this last summer when it was his turn to pitch he bumped into that crosseyed man and in spite of the fact that he did his duty by his hat and got three or four small boys to help him out in the battle he failed to last two innings. When it came time to go west on the final trip of the season Ames was badly discouraged.

"I don't see any use in taking me along, Mac," he said to McGraw a few days before we left. "The club can't win with me pitching if the other guys don't even get a foul."

The first stop was in Boston and on the first day it rained. In the mail that day addressed to Leon Ames came a necktie and a four leaf clover from a prominent actress, with a letter wishing Ames good luck. The directions were inside the envelope. The four leaf clover if the charm were to work must be worn on both the uniform and street clothes and the necktie was to be worn on the street clothes and concealed in the uniform, if that necktie could be concealed anywhere. It would have done for a headlight and made Joseph's coat of many colors look like a mourning garment.

"Might as well wish good luck to a guy on the way to the morgue," murmured Ames as he surveyed the layout, but he manfully put on the necktie, taking his first dose of the prescription as directed at once, and he tucked the four leaf clover away carefully in his wallet.

"You've got your work out out for you, old boy," he remarked to the charm as he put it away, "but I'd wear you if you were a horseshoe."

The first day that Ames pitched in Boston he won and won in a stroll.

"The necktie!" he explained that night at dinner, and pointed to the three sheet colored supplement affair that he was wearing around his collar. "I don't change her until I lose."

And he didn't lose a game on that trip. Once he almost did, when he was taken out in the sixth inning and a batter put in for him, but the Giants finally pulled the victory out and he got the credit for it. He swept through the West unbeatable, letting down Pittsburg with two or three hits, cleaning up in St. Louis and finally breaking our losing streak in Chicago after two games had gone against us. And all the time he wore that spectrum around his collar for a necktie. As it frayed with the wear and tear, more colors began to show, although I didn't believe it possible. If he had had occasion to put on his evening scenery I believe that tie would have gone with it.

For my part, I would almost rather have lost a game and changed the necktie, since it gave one the feeling all the time that he was carrying it around with him because he had the wrong end of an election bet or something of that sort But not Ames! He was a game guy. He stuck with the necktie and it stuck, with him, and the combination kept right on winning ball games. Maybe he didn't mind it, because he couldn't see it himself unless he looked in a mirror, but it was rough on the rest of the team.

Columns were printed in the newspapers about that necktie and it became the most famous scarf in the world. Ames used to sleep with it under his pillow alongside of his bank roll, and he didn't lose another game until the very end of the season, when he dropped one against Brooklyn.

"I don't hardly lay that up against the tie," he said afterward. "You see, Mac put all those youngsters into it and I didn't get any support."

And now I am told the tie is in a glass case in a cabinet in Warren, Ohio, and Leon lets the natives look at it on holidays and feast days, but for the rest it is kept in a dark room so that the light won't hurt it and he can trot out the jinx destroyer next season.

Analyzing is a distasteful pastime to me, but let's see what it was that made Ames win. Was it the necktie? Perhaps not. But some sliver of confidence which resulted from that first game when he was dressed up in the scarf and the four leaf clover got stuck in his mind. And after that the rest was easy.

Frank Chance, the manager of the Cubs, has a funny superstition which is of the personal sort. Most ball players have a natural prejudice against the number 13 in any form, but particularly when attached to a Pullman berth. But Chance always insists, whenever possible, that he have lower 13. He says that if he can just crawl in under that number he is sure of a good night's rest, a safe journey and a victory the next day. He has been in two or three minor railroad accidents and he declares that all these occurred when he was sleeping on some other shelf besides "lower 13." He can usually satisfy his hobby too, for most travellers steer clear of the berth.

McGraw believes a stateroom brings him good luck, or at least he always insists on having one when he can get it.

"Chance can have 'lower 13,'" says Mac, "but give me a stateroom for luck."

Most ball players nowadays treat the superstitions of the game as jokes, probably because they are a little ashamed to acknowledge their weaknesses, but away down underneath they observe the proprieties of the ritual. Why, even I won't warm up with the third baseman while I am waiting for the catcher to get on his mask and the rest of his paraphernalia. Once, when I first broke in with the Giants, I warmed up with the third baseman between innings, and in the next round they hit me hard and knocked me out of the box. Since then I have had an uncommon prejudice against the practice, and I hate to hear a man even mention it. Devlin knows of my weakness and never suggests it when he is playing the bag, but occasionally a new performer will drill into the box score at third base and yell:

"Come on, Matty! Warm up here while you're waiting."

It gets me. I'll pitch to the first baseman or a substitute catcher to keep warm, but I would rather freeze to death than heat up with the third baseman. That is one of my pet jinxes.

And speaking of Arthur Devlin, he has a few hand raised jinxes of his own too. For instance, he never likes to hear a player hum a tune on the bench, because he thinks it will keep him from getting a base hit. He nearly beat a youngster to death one day when he kept on humming after Devlin had told him to stop.

"Cut that out, Caruso," yelled Arthur, as the recruit started his melody. "You are killing base hits."

The busher kept on with his air until Devlin tried another form of persuasion.

Arthur also has a favorite seat on the bench which he believes is luckier than the rest and he insists on sitting in just that one place.

But the worst blow Devlin ever had was when some young unknown admirer of his in his palmy days who unfortunately wore her eyes crossed insisted on sitting behind third base for each game so as to be near him. Arthur noticed her one day and after that it was all off. He hit the worst slump of his career. For a while no one could understand it, but at last he confessed to McGraw.

"Mac," he said one night in the clubhouse, "it's that jinx. Have you noticed her? She sits behind the bag every day and she has got me going. She has sure slid the casters under me. I wish we could bar her out or poison her or shoot her or chloroform her, or kill her in some nice, mild way, because if it isn't done this league is going to lose a ball player. How can you expect a guy to play with that overlooking him every afternoon?"

McGraw took Devlin out of the game for a time after that and the newspapers printed several yards about the crosseyed jinx who had ruined the Giants' third baseman.

With the infield weakened by the loss of Devlin the club began to lose with great regularity. But one day the jinxess was missing and she never came back. She must have read in the newspapers what she was doing to Devlin, her hero, and quit the game or moved to another part of the stand. With this weight off his shoulders Arthur went back into the game and played like mad.

"If she'd stuck much longer," declared McGraw, joyous in his rejuvenated third baseman, "I would have had her eyes operated on and straightened. This club couldn't afford to keep on losing ball games because you are such a Romeo, Arthur, that even the crosseyed ones fall for you."

Ball players are very superstitious about the bats. Did you ever notice how the clubs are all laid out in a neat, even row before the bench and are scrupulously kept that way by the bat boy? If one of the bats by any chance gets crossed all the players will shout:

"Uncross the bats! Uncross the bats!"

It's as bad as discovering a three alarm fire in an excelsior factory. Don't believe it? Then listen to what happened to the Giants once because a careless bat boy neglected his duty. The team was playing in Cincinnati in the season of 1906 when two of the bats got crossed through the carelessness of the bat boy. What was the result? Mike Donlin, the star slugger of the team, slid into third base and came up with a broken ankle.

Ever since that time we have carried our own bat boy with us, because a club with championship aspirations can't afford to take a chance with those foreign artists handling the bats. They are likely to throw you down at any time.

The Athletics have a funny superstition which is private or confined to their team as far as I know. When luck seems to be breaking against them in a game they will take the bats and throw them wildly into the air and let them lie around in front of their bench topsy-turvy. They call this changing the luck and any other club would consider that it was the worst kind of jinx. But it is the same theory that card players have about shuffling the cards up good to bring a different run of fortune. Then, if the luck changes, the Athletics throw the bats around some more to keep it. This act nearly cost them one of their best ball players in the third game of the late lamented world's series.

The Philadelphia players had tossed their bats to break their run of luck, for the score was 1 to 0 against them, when Baker came up in the ninth inning. He cracked his now famous home run into the right field bleachers, and the players on the bench hurled the bats wildly into the air. In jumping up and reaching for a bat to throw Jack Barry, the shortstop, hit his head on the concrete roof of the bench and was stunned for a minute. He said that little black specks were floating in front of his eyes, but he gamely insisted on playing the contest out. Connie Mack was so worried over his condition that he sent Ira Thomas out to inquire if he were all right, and this interrupted the game in the last half of the ninth inning. A lot of the spectators thought that Thomas was out there bearing some secret message from Connie Mack. None knew that he was ascertaining the health of a player who had almost killed himself while killing a jinx.

The Athletics for two seasons have carried with them on all their trips a combination bat boy and mascot who is a hunchback and he outjinxed our champion jinx killer, Charley Faust, in the world's series. A hunchback is regarded by ball players as the best luck in the world. If a man can just touch that hump on the way to the plate he is sure to get a hit, and any observant spectator will notice the Athletics' hitters rubbing the hunchback boy before leaving the bench. So attached to this boy have the players become that they voted him half a share of the prize money last year after the world's series. Lots of ball players would tell you that he deserved it because he has won two world's pennants for them.

Another great piece of luck is for a ball player to rub a colored kid's head. I've walked along the street with ball players and seen them stop a young negro and take off his hat and run their hands through his kinky hair. Then I've seen the same ball player go out and get two or three hits that afternoon and play the game of his life. Again it is the confidence inspired, coupled with the ability.

Another old superstition among ball players is that a load of empty barrels means base hits to a ball player. If an athlete can just pass a flock of them on the way to the park he is sure to step right along stride for stride with the .300 hitters that afternoon.

McGraw once broke up a batting slump of the Giants with a load of empty barrels. That is why I maintain he is the greatest manager of them all. He takes advantage of the little things, even the superstitions of his men, and turns them to his account. He turned this trick in one of the first years that he managed the New York club. The batting of all the players had slumped at the same time. None could hit and the club was losing game after game as a result, because the easiest pitchers were making the best batters look foolish. One day Bowerman came into the clubhouse with a smile on his face for the first time in a week.

"Saw a big load of empty barrels this afternoon, boys," he announced, "and just watch me pickle the pill out there to-day."

Right at that point McGraw got an idea, as he frequently does. Bowerman went out that afternoon and made four hits out of a possible five. The next day three or four more of the players came into the park carrying smiles and the announcement that fortunately they had met a load of empty barrels. These all went out and regained their old batting strides, and we won that afternoon for the first time in a week. More saw the load of barrels the next day and started to bat. At last all the team had seen the barrels and men with averages of .119 were threatening to chisel into the .300 set. With remarkable regularity the players were meeting that load of empty barrels on their way to the park, and with remarable regularity and a great deal of expedition the pitchers of opposing clubs were being driven to the shower bath.

"Say," asked Billy Gilbert, the old second baseman, of Bill Lauder, formerly the protector of the third corner, one day, "is one of that team of horses sorrel and the other white?"

"Sure," answered Bill.

"Sure," echoed McGraw. "I hired that load of empty barrels by the day to drive around and meet you fellows on the way to the park, and you don't think I can afford to have them change horses every day, do you?"

Everybody had a good laugh and kept on batting. McGraw asked for waivers on the load of empty barrels soon afterward, but his scheme had stopped a batting slump and put the club's hitters on their feet again. He plays to the little personal qualities and superstitions in the men to get the most out of them. And just seeing those barrels gave them the idea that they were bound to get the base hits, and they got them. Once more the old confidence, hitched up with ability.

What manager would have carried a Kansas farmer around a circuit with him besides McGraw? I refer to Charles Victor Faust of Marion, Kan., the most famous jinx killer of them all. Faust first met the Giants in St. Louis on the next to the last trip the club made West last season, when he wandered into the Planters Hotel one day, asked for McGraw and announced that a fortune teller of Marion had informed him he would be a great pitcher and that for $5 could have a full reading. This pitching announcement piqued Charles, and he reached down into his jeans, dug out his last $5 and passed it over. The fortune teller informed Faust that all he had to do to get into the headlines of the newspapers and to be a great pitcher was to join the New York Giants. He joined, and after he once joined it would have taken the McNamaras in their best form to separate him from the said Giants.

"Charley" came out to the ball park that first trip in St. Louis and amused himself warming up. Incidentally, the Giants didn't lose a game while he was in the neighborhood. The night the club left for Chicago on that trip he was down at the Union Station ready to go along.

"Did you get your contract and transportation?" asked McGraw as the lanky Kansan appeared.

"No," answered Charley.

"Pshaw," replied McGraw. "I left it for you with the clerk at the hotel. The train leaves in two minutes," he continued glancing at his watch. "If you can run the way you say you can you can get it and be back in time to catch it."

It was the last we saw of Charley Faust for a time—galloping up the platform in his angular way with that contract and transportation in sight.

"I'm almost sorry we left him," remarked McGraw as Charley disappeared in the crowd. We played on around the circuit with indifferent luck and got back to New York with the pennant no more than a possibility, and rather a remote one at that. The first day we were in New York Charley Faust entered the clubhouse with several inches of dust and mud caked on him, for he had come all the way either by side door special or blind baggage.

"I'm here, all right," he announced quietly, and started to climb into a uniform.

"I see you are," answered McGraw.

Charley stuck around for two or three days, and we won. Then McGraw decided he would have to be dropped and ordered the man on the door of the clubhouse to bar this Kansas kid out. Faust broke down and cried that day, and we lost. After that he became a member of the club, and we won game after game until some busy newspaper man obtained a vaudeville engagement for him at the salary of $100 a week. We lost three games the week he was absent from the grounds, and Faust saw at once he wasn't doing the right thing by the club, so with a wave of his hand that would have gone with J. P. Morgan's income he passed up some lucrative vaudeville contracts, much to the disgust of the newspaper man, who was cutting the remuneration with him, and settled down to business. The club didn't lose a game after that, and it was decided to take Faust West with us. Daily he had been bothering McGraw and Mr. Brush for his contract, for he wanted to pitch. The club paid him some money from time to time to meet his personal expenses.

The Sunday night the club left for Boston a vaudeville agent was at the Grand Central Station with a contract offering Faust $100 a week for five weeks, which Charley refused in order to stick with the club. It was the greatest trip away from home in the history of baseball. Starting with the pennant almost out of reach the Giants won eighteen and lost four games. One contest that we dropped in St. Louis was when some of the newspaper correspondents on the trip kidnapped Faust and sat him on the St. Louis bench.

Another day in St. Louis the game had gone eleven innings and the Cardinals needed one run to win. They had several incipient scores on the bases and Rube Marquard in the box was apparently going up in the air. Only one was out. Faust was warming up far in the suburbs when under orders from McGraw I ran out and sent him to the bench, for that was the place from which his charm seemed to be the most potent. Charley came loping to the bench as fast as his long legs would transport him and St. Louis didn't score and we won the game. It was as nice a piece of pinch mascoting as I ever saw.

The first two games that Charley really lost were in Chicago. And all through the trip he reiterated his weird prophecies that "the Giants with Manager McGraw were gointa win." The players believed in him and none would have let him go if it had been necessary to support him out of their own pockets. And we did win.

Charley, with his monologue and great good humor, kept the players in high spirits throughout the journey and the feeling prevailed that we couldn't lose with him along. He was advertised all over the circuit and spectators were going to the ball park to see Faust and Wagner. Charley admitted that he could fan out Hans because he had learned how to pitch out there in Kansas by correspondence school and had read of Hans's weakness in a book. His one "groove" was massages and manicures. He would go into the barber shop with any member of the team who happened to be getting shaved and take a massage and manicure for the purpose of sociability as a man takes a drink. He easily was the record holder for the manicure Marathon, hanging up the figures of five in one day in St. Louis. He also liked pie for breakfast, dinner and supper and a small half before retiring.

But, alas! Charley lost in the world's series. He couldn't make good. And a jinx killer never comes back. He is gone. And his expansive smile and bump the bumps slide are gone with him. That is, McGraw hopes he is gone. But he was a wonder while he had it. And he did a great deal toward giving the players confidence. With him on the bench they thought they couldn't lose, and they couldn't. It has long been a superstition among ball players that when a "hug" joins a club it will win a championship, and the Giants believed it when Charley Faust arrived. Did Charey Faust win the championship for the Giants?

Another time honored superstition among ball players is that no one must say to a pitcher as he goes to the box for the eighth inning:

"Come on, now. Only six more men."

Or for the ninth:

"Pitch hard now. Only three left."

Ames says that he lost a game in St. Louis once because McGraw forgot himself and urged him to pitch hard because only three remained to be put out. Those three batters raised the mischief with Ames's prospects; he was knocked out of the box in that last inning and we lost the game. That was before the days of the wonder necktie.

Ames won the third game played in Chicago on the last trip west. Coming into the ninth inning he had the Cubs beaten when McGraw began:

"Come on, Red, only—"

"Nix, Mac," cut in Ames, "for the love of Mike, be reasonable."

And then he won the game. But the chances are that if McGraw had got his "only three more" out he would have lost, because it would have been working on his strained nerves.

NEW TIMERS' CLUB TO BE ORGANIZED

Members to Be Eligible Must Have Had Long Experience in Athletics.

"ME TOOS" WILL BE BARRED

Passing of the Star A. C. After a Career of Thirty-six Years on Track and Field—Other News.

Track and field sport for the next season promises to be enlivened by the advent of a new clockers' club, the plans of which have been discussed by the men really interested in the welfare of athletics and who like to see only genuine records admitted on the athletic annals. The Junior Timers Club is the title under which the organization will float its banner, and if the report is to be believed a man will have to possess certain qualifications before he is eligible for membership, and all will have to undergo the most searching investigation. No man will be considered except one who has served a lengthy term in connection with active athletics in the capacity of clerk of the course, judge at the finish, scorer, inspector or some one of the other duties wherein men acquire some knowledge of competition and its vital points.

When the club assumes fair working order it will not be possible for any one to come to a meet arrayed in glad rags and a tall hat and plant himself on the finish line of sprint or other races and set himself up as an authority. Neither can he claim eligibility in the new club because he might have spent a term at country fairs timing camel or dromedary races, for only actual acquaintance with track and field sports will go toward securing the diploma of the club. Even should an applicant for membership chance to be connected previously with athletics his record must be above question. For instance, if a man once happened to be discharging the duties of referee and allowed any one competitor to foul everybody in the race, it will count against him; or if at any time he allowed an athlete to start in the final of a sprint who did not earn his right by actual competition it will also militate against him.

It is understood that men with good eyesight only need apply for membership and those wearing glasses must satisfy by a test that their vision is good to discern the smoke of a pistol at 100 yards away or more. It is said that the watches to be sanctioned by the new club will be on the plan of those used for timing greyhound and whippet races, with the stop on the wheel. This is claimed to be the only class of watch which can render correct time for sprint races. Those behind the new move have it that the old style of watch with the stop and start worked from a lever was more or less of a toy and got up for amateur horsemen and others of that ilk who liked to see themselves around watch in hand and be pointed out as official timers. In clocking a sprint of 100 yards these watches always made the time a fifth of a second faster or perhaps two-fifths when in the hands of a beginner, and it will ever remain a mystery why this style of watch has been given the least credit in the timing of amateur sprint races.

Another variety of clocker which will find it impossible to gain admittance to the new club is the "me too" class of athletic follower who has been going around with his watch at the various meets and returning times which mislead the public into the belief that there are some phenomenal sprinters on hand.

After a career of about thirty-six years the Star A. C. of Long Island City is on its last legs and except some athletic philanthropist looms up in the near future with a helping hand the old club will pass into history. Curiously enough, the association, which was one of the landmarks of Long Island City, is the victim of the march of civilization and transportation, for the very day the Queensboro Bridge spanned the East River it sounded the death knell of the Stars. Men who lived around Greenpoint and Ravenswood all their lives and who supported the club did not relish the sight of the bridge nor the output on Sundays of baseball fans, so they moved away to Brooklyn and across the Newtown Creek to other lands. Some of the athletes joined the Long Island A. C., while a few who emigrated to The Bronx found associations for the athletic tendencies in the Mohawks and Mott Havens. Gradually the membership decreased until now only a few of the stickers of the old club are left. A few of the banners won by the athletes in former days remain and they are in the possession of Bob Kennedy, who stuck to the club while a stick of it remained. He said yesterday that he did not know what to do with the timeworn trophies except to present them to the oldest member of the club now alive.

What promises to be a phenomenal middle distance man has come to light in the West, and for a nineteen-year-old athlete to reel off the half mile in 1:56 and come close on 1:54 in a handicap means that there is something hard ahead for the veterans and other cracks. Howard Clark is the name of the newcomer and he hails from Miami College. He is booked for the tryouts at Chicago and all the big A. A. U. events, so the season will not be very old before he will have a chance to show his real speed. At the present it is said that he is only afraid of Ira N. Davenport of Chicago. Only recently Clark made a new Central A. A. U. indoor record for the half mile by doing 2 minutes 1 2-5 seconds at Cleveland.

Like most of the star athletes he came to take up running in a peculiar way. In telling how it came about Capt. Stone of Miami spins a yarn to this effect: "That boy is a wonder. Just a year ago he came to me and asked to run in the 300 yard race in the First Regiment Armory and I entered him. He won the event in 36 4-5 seconds, despite the fact that he ran in a heavy pair of basketball shoes. That performance convinced me that he had speed, and I decided to prepare him for the quarter and half mile. He won both these events at the Big Six meet in Columbus last June, beating the best men in the State. In the dual meet with Earlham he won the 440 yards in 50 1-5 seconds over the Oxford track, which is slow on account of the 220 yards being an upgrade. He won the 880 yards at Cleveland in 1:56. His race Saturday was the first indoors this winter. I have entered him in the Chicago A. A. U. championships on April 6, the Big Six meet at Columbus, Ohio, in May, the Western Intercollegiate championship June 1 and the Olympic tryouts at Chicago June 5. The only man I am afraid of is Ira Davenport. Clark will meet him in all of the meets save the Big Six meet, which is open only to Ohio State Conference teams."

A. T. Yeoumans, the Welsh walker who created such a sensation a few years ago by some wonderful heel and toe performances, wants to turn professional and engage in a series of races with George Goulding of Toronto. The Welshman is willing that the contest should be for the sum of $1,000 a side, and if the Canadian is willing to turn "pro" Yeoumans will come to this side of the Atlantic and train. It is not known whether Goulding will take any notice of the proposition, but it is not very likely that he will forfeit a trip to Stockholm at this stage for a match which he can have at any time. Some five or six years ago Yeoumans made a great stir when he walked a mile in 6 minutes and 13 seconds and he was once credited with beating 13 minutes for two miles, but his records were never accepted by the English A. A. A. as it was the opinion of the experts that he did not walk at all.

For a while the critics were in doubt about the fairness of Yeoumans heel and toe method, but they finally came to the conclusion that it was but a sort of stiff legged trot like which may be seen around New York in the indoor games. The move of Yeoumans was a clever attempt to turn a run into a walk, and had it not been detected the mile mark would have been surely reduced to about 6 minutes, and it is beyond calculation what would have been done with the other standard marks. When moving Yeoumans stiffened his back, hips and knees, and when he made the stride he brought down the foot not on the heel but flat on the ball, which did not throw the knees, hips and back out of gear. This trick maintained the appearance of a walk while in reality it was a "creep," or run on the sly. Ninety-nine per cent. of the walkers use the same trick on this side of the water, and as it is a method which would not pass a foreign judge for a second it is little wonder that the American Olympic committee contemplates leaving the walkers off the team.

The International Olympic Committee in deciding to allow the official medal to be given to the winner of the pentathlon at Frisco in 1915 has imparted a bit of a boom to the Panama-Pacific Exposition sports. It is understood that the Frisco people are going to ask the American committee if the team to Stockholm cannot wear the figures "1915" on their shirts with the Stars and Stripes. What good such a policy might serve is hard to understand, for it is hardly likely a single man from Europe would have the courage to make the trip to Frisco to compete three years from now.

The athletes from Texas, who have designs on the trip to Sweden, will come to Chicago for the tryouts. At first it was thought that they would come to Boston, but when it was found that they could make the journey a day shorter by trying the Windy City Boston was declared off the map. The Texans are of the opinion that they have at least four men who will make the team, not including Gwinn Henry, who they think is the greatest sprinter on earth.

Most of the old time college athletes remember W. Y. Winthrop of Cambridge University, who was the champion weight putter of England and the colleges in the '70s. He passed away recently in Porto Rico, where for years he had been engaged in the business of orange growing. Winthrop was the first college man to put the 16 pound shot over 40 feet. He was English champion with the shot in 1878, '79 and '80.

GUARANTY FOR DISTANCE.

Rambler Company's New Offer Explained by Local Manager.

Comment on the 10,000 mile factory guarantee on Rambler cars is made by H. E. Field, manager of the Thomas B. Jeffery Company of New York.

"To give an idea of what this guarantee means," says Mr. Field, "think how far you could drive your car before exhausting a 10,000 mile guarantee. Step into the Rambler in New York and journey across four States to Chicago. Take your bearings and strike due West across seven States to the Golden Gate. Run down the coast to Los Angeles. Turn back over the mountains and on through 800 miles of desert to El Paso. Then on to New Orleans and back by way of Atlanta through eight States to the city of New York.

"Strike out again cross country for Chicago. Then drive your car straightway across the American continent to San Francisco. Yet you have not exhausted the 10,000 mile Rambler guarantee."

Every purchaser of a Rambler in the future will receive a copy of this guarantee, and its limitations in regard to accessories an dother features will be explained to him at that time.

MANY COMPLICATIONS IN SCHOOL ATHLETICS

Games Committee Has Basketball, Swimming and Track Squabbles to Settle.

STUYVESANT'S DEFIANCE

Medal Athletes in Amherst Games Will Go to New England—De Witt Clinton Baseball.

A very badly complicated state of affairs in high school athletics remains to be straightened out by the games committee at its next meeting, which will be held on Tuesday. The basketball, track and swimming championships are all hanging fire, and the many schools, practically all of them, that are involved in one way or another in the muddle arewaiting with more or less impatience for the settlement of the problems. Perhaps the most serious matter that will come to the attention of the committee is the basketball deadlock which exists between Stuyvesant and De Witt Clinton. It was pointed out just the other day by a man whose contact with scholastic athletics is intimate that here is involved the actual powers of the body, for Stuyvesant High School has refused to accept the decision of the basketball committee. The purpose of the high schools games committee is obviously to keep peace among the schools and failing in this means that something is wrong.

The fact that Stuyvesant refused to play on the City College court was not taken so very seriously at first in spite of the fact that the basketball committee had ordered the game to be played there, but when both parties continued to stand pat the question came up as to what would happen. It is thought that the most that the games committee will do is to declare the game forfeited to De Witt Clinton, but just why Stuyvesant should remain in the organization when it refuses to abide by its rulings is not very apparent.

A letter was received by H. H. Wright of De Witt Clinton last week from one of the Stuyvesant faculty suggesting that the game be played at the Eighth Regiment. Mr. Wright sent back a flat refusal and there the matter stands.

The swimming championships are another matter which will have to be decided at the meeting on Tuesday. The High School of Commerce promises that it will not drop the case until summer unless it is decided in its favor. The trouble arising out of the plunge is now of course in the hands of the referee, Dr. Louis L. Welzmiller of the West Side Y. M. C. A., but the merits of the case must be decided officially by the committee. It is possible that Dr. Welzmiller may himself be called before the committee to give his version of the row. Coach Rotherham of the Commerce swimming team in explaining how the protest came about said that in both trials by Schwartz of De Witt that swimmer used his hands together with a slow crawl, which of course would disqualify him. Rotherham says that he protested to Dr. Welzmiller and that the latter admitted that Schwartz had fouled and said that his trials would not count. When the score was computed the meet was first given to Commerce and then was declared a tie on the ground that Schwartz's three points for second place in the plunge had not been counted in.

Commerce is nursing another sore spot on account of the decision of the committee in the Weinstein case. A number of lawyers have been consulted in regard to the affidavit which was presented by the boy's mother to the effect that he was only 15 at the time of the indoor championships and they all said that it would have to be accepted. The committee will again take up this affair, and if it is not settled in favor of Commerce it undoubtedly will be appealed to the games committee of the league.

The Amherst interscholastic track games for the alumni trophy which was won last year for the first time by Poly Prep will be held this year at Adelphi Field in Brooklyn on May 4. Last year the games were new and another meet conflicted with them, but in spite of that there was a big field of competitors and some good performances. There is little doubt that this time practically all the schools in the city will send their teams and that the games will be one of the features of the outdoor season. An added attraction will be the offer of the Amherst alumni to send all the winners of the games to the regular Amherst interscholastic meet at Amherst.

The Princeton meet has the centre of the field for next Saturday and is sure to be interesting from every standpoint. The competitors will include the best of the scholastic athletes hereabouts.

The evening recreation centre basketball championship will be decided on Saturday evening at the Sixty-ninth Regiment Armory. The jumping contests will be run off also.

De Witt Clinton is confident of a winning baseball nine because she starts the season with probably more veterans than any other school. There are Rozelle, Telfer, Shea, Christgua, De Angeli, Mintz, Moore and Harris among the old Clinton players, and in addition to them Betsch, Kesnick and Baker of Townsend Harris have come to the school. The schedule follows:

March 30, Riverside Athletic Club at home.

April 1, New Rochelle H. S. at New Rochelle; 6, Adelphi Academy at Brooklyn; 10, Erasmus Hall at Brooklyn; 13, Clason Point M. A. at Clason Point; 17, Poly Prep at Brooklyn; 20, Jamaica H. S. at Jamaica; 24, Fordham Prep at Fordham; 27, Curtis H. S. at home.

May 1, Columbia Freshmen at South Field; 4, Stuyvesant H. S. at home; 7, Barringer H. S. at Newark; 11, Morris H. S. at home; 15, Manual Training in Brooklyn; 18, Townsend Harris H. S. at home; 21, C. C. N. Y. reserves at Jasper Oval; 25, Commerce at home; June 1, faculty at home.

Prospects at the High School of Commerce are not so rosy so far as baseball is concerned. The only veteran upon whom the coaches have to count is Archibald, the pitcher. Harry Aldinger refuses to say anything beyond the fact that the chances are only fair for an average team. This does not mean much, because Aldinger is not in the habit of booming up his teams very hard until they have done something.

Miss Grace Strachan, the district superintendent of schools, has offered a trophy to go to the school which wins the championship in the Roosevelt Athletic League.

The events for the novice elementary school games on June 1 at Curtis Field have been announced as follows:

85 pound class 50 yard dash and running high jump; 100 pound class, 60 yard dash, 440 yard relay race and running broad jump; 115 pound class, 70 yard dash and running high jump; unlimited weight class, 100 yard dash, half mile relay race and 12 pound shot-put.

Each entrant will be allowed to compete in only one of the meets held on June 1. This rule will prevent a boy from taking part in both the novice and the championship games.

PLANS OF ROAD DRIVERS.

Weekly Matinees to Be Held on the Speedway on Sundays.

In spite of the agitation which has arisen in the minds of the uninitiated over the annual report of the turning over of the New York Speedway to the motorists, the light harness devotees are calmly making their plans for the coming season on the Harlem River drive.

The New York Road Drivers Association has a membership of 400 and in view of the fact that there are a greater number of good horses owned by amateurs than ever before in the history of the organization there is every indication that horse racing on the Speedway this season will surpass that of any previous year.

It looks also as though the one time rival clubs, the Road Drivers and the New York Driving Club, were about to join forces. For many years there has existed a kind of jealousy between the two organizations and this antagonism prevented the members of one club from participating in the matinees held by the rival organization. Fortunately all hands have agreed to bury the hatchet and it is probable that a majority of the members of the Driving Club will take an active part in the matinees this season.

The talk of dissolving partnership with the Brooklyn club, which arose at the close of the fall season, is no longer heard, and the rampant members have been pacified with promises of a square deal next season. Several of the New York members said that they had not been fairly treated by the Brooklynites while racing over their track at Parkway.

The regular weekly matinees which have been held on Wednesdays heretofore will be held on Sunday afternoons this season. If the road can be put in condition for the fast steppers there will be some interesting workouts next Sunday morning.