

A TALK WITH MARQUARD, HERO OF BASEBALL FANS

The Pitcher in His Day of Triumph Recalls When He Was the \$11,000 Lemon—Fickleness of Public Favor—How He Became a Pitcher—Baseball as a Profession

To see Mr. Marquard? The bellhop's tone was reverential. I nodded, conscious enough of the distinction. "Mr. Marquard will be down directly." The bellhop's tone was still reverential but he spoke the name with an unctious that made it carry. A prosperous looking old gentleman on a seat near the hotel desk looked up briskly. A placid looking old lady did the same. A youngish man who had been reading a paper regarded

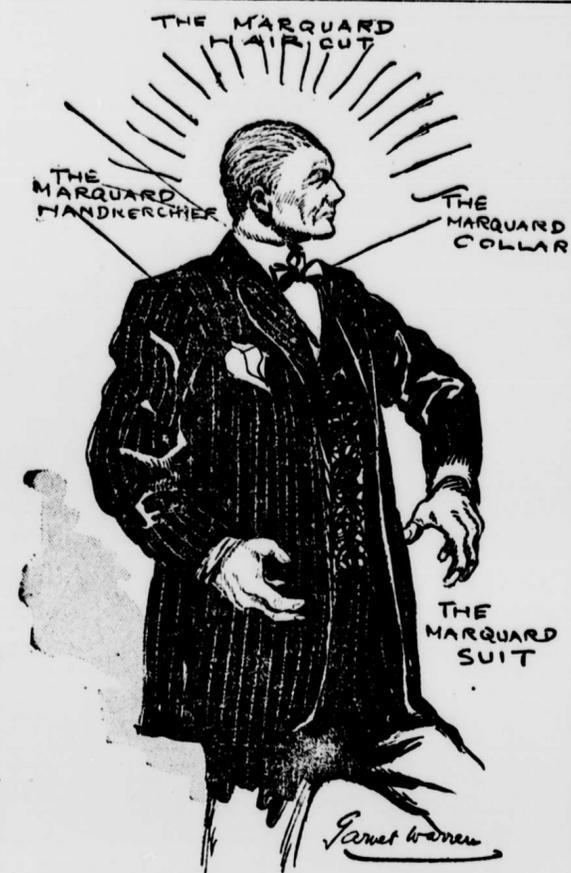
angle in the small green chair of depressing memory. "But I don't care now, and that's why I'm going to win the twentieth. Confidence—that's the whole story. If a man's got confidence he can do anything, I guess." The gentleman in the nearby seat forsook his paper and undisturbedly listened. "You can have all the speed in the world," the oracle went on, "and all the control, but somehow they both go wrong if you haven't got confidence to back 'em."

on balls and then McGraw took me out. That was my finish. "After that they called me everything; and I want to tell you," said Marquard to me, although he had a small audience by this time, a second gentleman having sidled up, "that I learned the baseball public in a way I shan't forget. The newspaper writers who'd been telling me what a wonder I was opened up and the public followed them. It—it was awful. All the glad hands can't shake that lesson out of me, now I'm going some, and all the applause can't deaden it.

"Well, it was like that for three years. Then as I was warming up one day a fan called out, 'You big stiff, why don't you show something?' Now fans had often called that out before—it seemed the regular thing, but that day it sort of sunk in and hardened, and I made up my mind I'd show some, and I kept it in my head I could show some. "That was a little over a year ago—in June, 1911. Then came July 4 and that first game with St. Louis. I struck out fifteen men in one game that day."



RUBE MARQUARD—A STUDY IN ANGLES.



"And I think I've got the words 'eleven thousand dollar lemon' memorized better than any other four words in the language. If I'd open a paper the first words I'd see on the sporting page were those that made up 'eleven thousand dollar lemon.' If some kid saw me on the street he'd call out 'There goes the eleven thousand dollar lemon.' "I'd get it in the baseball grounds whenever I'd show my face. I'd get it in the hotel when I'd catch little scraps of conversation. If I went to a show some comedian would be sure to have something about it. The fans were full of it. Why, I stopped reading the newspapers and got so I even hated to show myself on the street for fear I'd be recognized. It—it was awful. "The one thing I couldn't sidestep was my mail. I'd get twelve or fifteen letters a day. I call 'em 'big stiff' letters, because they always commenced, 'You big stiff.' 'Get back to the plough!' they used to say, and if it hadn't been for McGraw I don't know but what I would have felt like doing it. "He's a great pal of mine, McGraw. He had faith in me when I guess I'd lost faith in myself; for if a baseball pitcher hasn't got all the nerve and confidence in the world the fans can break his heart."

"That winter I went to McGraw. 'I've got all the confidence and nerve in the world now,' I said. McGraw looked at me as if he wondered what was coming. 'Just watch me this year,' I said. 'Just watch me go. I'm going to break all records. Nothing can stop me. Now, remember, all records.' "He looked at me kind of funny for a while. "Well," he said, 'show me and I'll treat you right.' "Yes, he's a great pal of mine, is McGraw. He stuck to me; he had faith in me when I scarcely had another friend. But the public! "The great Marquard solemnly nodded



BROAD IN THE SHOULDERS AND WITH ENORMOUS HANDS, HE TAPERS DOWN TO THE ENDS OF HIS VERY LONG LEGS.

FIND MY NAME ON EVERYTHING IN A DEPARTMENT STORE.

me with envy. A dusky attendant led me to a chair with his most distinguished considered his intention of seeing me? Marquard? Who that knows heroes knows not that name? Who that believes that the breaker of baseball records is quite the equal of the angels and infinitely greater than Alexander does not reverence it now? Who has not heard it shrieked ecstatically from the bleachers, triumphantly acclaimed from more exclusive parts—the subject of universal rejoicing, the one name that Progressives and Conservative Republicans alike unite upon—Marquard! I looked up. A very tall, very broad shouldered young man was approaching; a well dressed, well groomed, tanned young man with brown eyes and heavy eyebrows; a young man who tapered down to the ends of his very long legs and who swung two enormous brown hands as he approached. I didn't know him, but I suspected him from these hands; I suspected him from those shoulders. I should certainly have known him in any case from the sensation he created near that hotel desk. The prosperous old gentleman totally neglected the placid old lady and stared rapidly at Marquard. The placid old lady entirely disregarded the prosperous old gentleman and stared at him also. The clerk temporarily neglected a patron and stared too. The young man with the newspaper was all eyes. "Good morning," said the tall young man. He put out one of the enormous brown hands and pressed mine with a grip which seemed inadequate to his size. It was an inconclusive sort of grip, though the hands felt enveloping—and very hard. He subsided into a green cane chair and proceeded to become a study in angles. However Mr. Marquard sits he seems to make an angle. Angles seem to him like pitching and fever and the things he can't help. He thrust a vast perspective of left leg over an equal quantity of right leg and proceeded to look angularly comfortable. He didn't even remotely suggest the "Rube" prefix with which baseball writers have credited him. He had something of the air of a college boy, though about ten years older than the average college boy. He looked ten years older than his 22. His dark blue needle striped suit was well tailored. His spotty, fancy waistcoat was the same. His yellow oxfords and yellow socks were unmistakably metropolitan. "Pitching to-day?" I asked. "Not to-day—not till we get to Chicago," said the hero in a deep, well regulated voice. It was an experienced voice. It suggested the face, mature and self-controlled. The adoring bellboys' eyes followed his lips. A gentleman in a near seat drew up closer and appeared to be too industriously absorbed in his paper to be absorbed in it at all. "Feeling sort of strung up about it?" I ventured, for it was his twentieth game and that which, if he won, would more than equal all pitching records. "No, I don't care now. I've tied it and I don't care. I'll win that game sure. (He didn't.) It was that last game when I was strung up. Say, that was awful. Those two last innings—' He lapsed into a stream of the technical in baseball, while I tried to look intelligent. "Yes, those two last innings—' He shook his head expressively. "I was shaking all over. He shook his head reminiscently and made another

"Good morning, Mr. Marquard!" An important looking person interrupted from the rear. He looked like money. He put out a gratulatory hand and shook the recumbent hero's. "Pitching to-day?" "Not to-day," repeated Mr. Marquard, "not till I get to Chicago." "Come out and have some golf, then," said the important looking man eagerly. "I'd like to, but we leave town to-night, and—"

"Telephone, Mr. Marquard." Things were stirring with the hero. "How did you come to break into baseball?" I asked when he returned and precipitated himself again into the little green chair and complicated himself into the intricacies of a further knot. "I was about 16," he answered in his serious, even way, "and I'd come into Cleveland from the farm and was throwing at nigger dolls one day at a sort of side booth, when I noticed a fellow watching me. I was pretty good at hitting those dolls. Finally the man came up. "You'd make a good pitcher," he said. "I laughed and threw some more. "You'd make a crackerjack pitcher," he said after a while; 'have you ever played?' "No," I answered; 'I've been too busy ploughing.' "Well, I'll give you \$5 for every game you pitch. At \$2 for every game you pitch, and—well, we beat the life out of the other teams. After a while the City League team offered me twenty a week, and twenty a week looked about as big as a million dollars in those days. In the first fourteen games I gave two bases on balls and twenty-two hits."

Mr. Marquard hurried himself into an ocean of technicalities, while I still bore up intelligently. The nearby gentleman edged an inch nearer and smiled delightedly. "Two bases and twenty-two hits in fourteen games!" reminiscently repeated Marquard, when a radiant young gentleman, hitherto unobserved, projected himself on one of the hero's hands and vigorously shook it. "Good morning, Mr. Marquard; good morning," said he. "Pitching to-day?" "Not to-day," replied the pitcher; "not till Chicago." "How about a spin in my car then?" said the radiant young man eagerly. "It's right outside—"

Mr. Marquard was understood to say that they left that night. "And then I joined the Giants," continued the Giants' great pitcher, "and then—he nodded his head with impressive solemnity—"I got mine." Mr. Marquard thoughtfully pulled at the strings of his yellow oxfords as he uncoiled himself from his latest angle. "I'll never forget that day," said he in his even, comfortable tone. "There were 30,000 people there—all come to see the wonderful \$11,000 pitcher they'd heard so much about. They expected him to pitch \$11,000 worth—just like that. Nothing but a miracle would have satisfied 'em. Well, I warmed up a bit and then McGraw came and said: "I'll pitch you." "I was so nervous I could scarcely stand; honest, my legs were shaking." The hero paused and culminated in his familiar "It was awful." "The first ball I pitched," he went on, "I hit the batsman on the back and knocked him flat; then I gave three bases

that game where I knocked the fellow down, you know. Yes, if there's one thing in the world that's more fickle than any other thing it's the public. "The public's got no memory, no gratitude, no heart, no consideration for illness, hard luck or any other thing under the calendar. The public loves just one thing—a winner. Give them a winner and watch them go up in the air. Watch them make a hero out of him. Watch them follow him through the streets and make all kinds of a fuss over him. But let that hero make one bad play and good night. The public! "Mr. "Rube" Marquard dropped his tanned feet 2 deliberately down upon another chair at the end of his walk and at a distance from his preceding resting place, to the pathetic dismay of the two gentlemen that had edged up. Mr. Marquard regarded the chair in a calculating way, cocked a comfortable leg over one of its arms, found a completely new fashion of angle and addressed himself to the subject again, which was evidently a favorite one. "The public," he repeated once more. "It doesn't realize how hard a player works, and I don't think it wants to realize it. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the ball player is doing the best that is in him. But the public is unfair. It's like the audience on an amateur night—it doesn't give the performer a show. And once started it keeps at him till whatever confidence he has is out of control. "The public roasts the life out of me for three years, in almost any part of which I could have made good if they'd only given me a show. Now I'm going pretty well they've got me for the hero part and expect me to fall for it. They're all up in the air about me," said Mr. Marquard, indicating a more limited control of metaphor than of curve. "Why, after that nineteenth game," said the record breaker hugging his knee at yet a newer angle, "two policemen had to go up with me in the elevator from the baseball grounds. They wanted to shake my hands off. Watch 'em if I ever slip up the least bit—watch 'em turn again." He turned himself at this point to observe an ecstatic attendant rushing forth to him once more. Another telephone call. The hero was still in requisition. He had spoken all his criticism in the same deep, even, untroubled tone like a good natured giant who yet was disillusioned. At 23 his manner gave the impression of a philosopher of 50 who had peeped behind the veil and knew his human nature. "Another auto ride," he announced when he came back. "Lord, how they do come in these days! It's—it's—." He searched round for another ultimate and decided upon "terrible." "And what are some of the impositions of heroism?" I asked. "The hero looked somewhat perplexed. "Huh?" said he. "What's that?" "What are some of the stunts they do when a chap's a hero?" I explicated. "Oh," said he, relieved at once, and then confidentially: "Say, they're a joke." "I suppose you first notice you're a hero around the hotel where everybody knows you. They whisper after you when you're a hero. And don't they stare! I always think of a picture of Jeffries with a mob at his heels when I think about myself these days. "And invitations—don't you get 'em! You heard these two, didn't you?" I nodded. "There's lots like them. Those three telephone calls were invitations. "The people sure do love a hero on the baseball grounds. You sure can't tell it by the hand shaking you do. And the letters! I told you about the 'big stiff' letters, didn't I? I get the other kind now. "I believe I get thirty of 'em a day. Oh, all kinds of letters. Fathers want advice as to whether they ought to let their kids become ball players. Kids write and want to know how I throw my curve ball. And love letters! Lots of 'em," said Mr. "Rube" Marquard seriously, as if those letters might have been last wills and testaments or as calmly as though they had been leaflets from a dentist. "Then your heroism doesn't affect you very seriously?" I said. He shook a serious head. "It don't affect me at all," he answered, "because I know just how much there is to it—just about." He calculated. "The three games going the wrong way'll about fix me as a hero. No," he shook his head again. "The fans cheer and they say 'We've got to take our hats

off to you,' but they don't mean it. Why, when I played that first game—when I flattened that fellow out, you know—' He returned with a sort of gloomy joy to the "big stiff" period, but the arrival of another servitor with another telephone call interrupted him. "How about the psychology of pitching?" I asked when he returned. "Er—How's that?" I elucidated. "Oh," said Mr. Marquard, his face clearing. "There's lots of 'em, I suppose." He looked ruminatively at his yellow shoes. "I suppose the great thing's to find out the weaknesses of the batsman you're pitching against. "Know those big league batsmen? Why, you've got to know 'em like your hand. I used to keep a book and watch each fellow like a hawk when he'd come up to the plate, and I'd mark down in that book just what he couldn't do. After a while I'd find some of 'em couldn't hit a fast ball. Then I'd write that down. "Then players talk among themselves and swap experiences, for the one thing that a ball player talks is shop. You never seem to talk anything else when you play ball. So you got to know the different players like an old pair of shoes. Then on a dark day I blacken the ball." "How's that?" said I myself. "I chew tobacco," explained the hero, "so when I spit on the ball it blackens up. Then I get it against my dark glove and a batsman can't see it." "I see," said I, becoming inducted to the higher scientific processes of pitching. "And the sacrifice?" "Sacrifice?" interrupted Mr. Marquard wonderingly, perplexed no doubt as to where baseball technicalities came in. "The sacrifices entailed in becoming a winning pitcher," I hastily interrupted. I feared Mr. Marquard on baseball technicalities. "Oh!" he exclaimed. "Well, you've got to live clean if you call that a sacrifice. That's about all. You can't be a winner and drink. You can't be a winner and dissipate. "You've got to store every ounce of your energy by taking your rest. I'm in bed at 10 o'clock every night if I don't take a show, and if I do I make up for it. Yes; don't drink, don't dissipate, take your rest—." Mr. Marquard seemed to be thinking very hard to find something else, but couldn't. "Well, that's about all I figure," he said. "And about the money in baseball?" "All kinds of money," promptly responded the pitcher. "I got a fair contract in the first place, but that doesn't begin to touch the money a good pitcher makes if he's going well. He gets all kinds of business chances without having to spend a cent himself. Only last week I had two invitations—one to open a cafe and—"

Yes, McGraw stuck to me. I guess lots of managers would have traded me off or dropped me. But he had faith in me and Robinson, the coach. They used to say: 'You've got it in you, if you can only find yourself.' "But the public," I repeated. "The public," repeated the redoubtable champion rising from the small green chair and pacing briskly up and down to his head again. "The fans cheer and they say 'We've got to take our hats

bank on it's the public. I learned that at

bank on it's the public. I learned that at

bank on it's the public. I learned that at

bank on it's the public. I learned that at