

HUGHIE THE ORIOLE

Tale of Red-headed Shortstop Who Could Bat.

WAS NEVER AFRAID OF ERRORS

When Manager of American League Champions was an Oriole He was Considered the Best Man in the Game—Hit Often by Pitchers.

From the Baltimore News. Was Jennings, the old Oriole, the premier shortstop of the country, or is Jennings, the leader of the Detroit team, champion of the American League, the more famous man?

The answer will undoubtedly be, Jennings, the Oriole.

John C. Chapman, the former player and manager, has always claimed the credit of "discovering" Jennings. He is the son of a miner of Moosic, Pa., a little town near Scranton. While in Philadelphia one day Chapman was glancing over the papers of that city, and his eye happened to light on the name "Jennings," the catcher for the Lehigh Club. Fifteen put-outs and four hits, one of which was a home run, looked pretty good to Chapman, who was then manager of the Louisville aggregation, and he immediately wired Jennings an offer of \$15 per month, directing him, if it was accepted, to answer to Boston, the Louisville club's next stopping place. The reply received at the City of Beams was favorable, and Jennings was directed to report at once at Louisville, as the club would arrive home in a few days.

"When we reached Louisville," says Chapman, "there was Jennings. He is a green youngster, but I liked his looks and felt that he would achieve success. Jack Ryan (the same catcher who was later a short time with Baltimore, and who was here only a few weeks ago with the Buffalo team) had been hurt, and I intended to try 'Hughie' behind the bat. Jack, however, came around all right, and our first baseman, Harry Taylor (who afterward came to Baltimore with Jennings, and was president of the Eastern League in 1906, got hurt, and I said to Jennings: 'Young man, you will have to play first base to-day.')

"Dear me, mister," Jennings replied, "I can't play first base; I never played first base in my life."

Played Great Ball. "After telling him that he would just have to go in and do the best he could, he promised, and he did a very good best. He gathered in bad throws from the dirt, and he jumped for them in the air. In fact, he was a decided success. Some time afterward the shortstop, Cahill, got sick, and I told Jennings that he would have to essay that position.

"But, mister," Jennings said, as he had said before, "I never played the place in my life."

"Never mind that; go in and do the best you can."

"All right, mister," and it went at that.

"He went in and played a great game. He dived after everything, he covered ground in grand shape and he had the spectators agape with wonder. He wasn't afraid of getting errors, and made a great hit with the crowd. At the end of the season I told him that I wanted to sign him the next year, and asked what salary he expected.

"I don't know," he replied, "I'll leave that to you."

"How will \$1,800 strike you?"

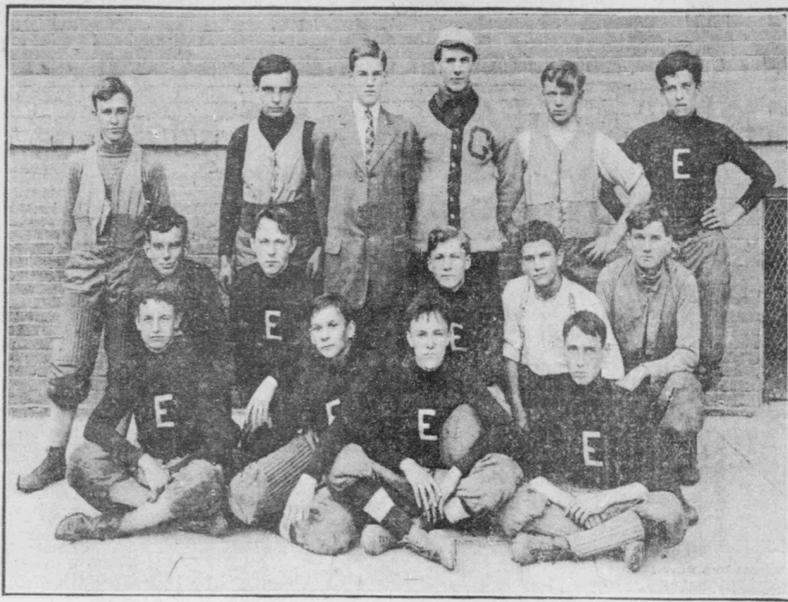
"That will be nice," he answered. So I sat down and inserted \$1,750 in the contract. When he looked over it he saw the difference and called my attention to what he believed had been my error. When I assured him that the figures had been raised intentionally, he said: 'Mr. Chapman, I will try to work very hard for you for this.' And he did.

Traded Hughie. But Manager Chapman, despite his glowing tribute to Jennings' initiation to major league circles, was well content to allow Manager Hanlon to trade T. O'Rourke, a highly regarded outfielder of the time, to Louisville for Harry Taylor, a first baseman, with Jennings practically "thrown in," during the 1903 season. Jennings arrived in this city a freckle-faced, awkward lad, still very verdant, as far as the fine arts of baseball were concerned, and no one suspected—unless it might have been Manager Hanlon, with his wonderful acumen—that this lad was soon to become the talk of the baseball world, and the most brilliant shortstop that ever trod a diamond. He was truly the most wonderful fielder the game has ever known.

Absolutely without regard for his "reputation" which means that he did not care whether the official score chalked up an error against him or not, he went after drives that other shortstops would never have dreamed of interfering with, and, though he did not always do the impossible, he hit a sufficient number of cleanly large proportion of times to stamp him as the wonder of the decade. He covered more ground than any other shortstop in the business, not even excepting Herman Long of Boston, who was perhaps the second best at that kind of play. No shortstop of his day or since, had the great number of chances Jennings accepted, and the records show that he has the remarkable average of 4.5 per game for twelve years play.

It is rare that a shortstop will average even a small fraction over six per game for one year only. His earnest hustling and absolute lack of fear finally put an end to his career as a shortstop, for his arm went back on him, and during his last years of play he was compelled to play either first or second base. With his fast side partner, "Henny" Reitz, the Oriole pair far outdistanced all other teams in the matter of double plays. Able to capture apparently safe drives, able to get what came his way without wasting a second, able to get the ball away from almost any position the human body can assume, it was little wonder that Jennings and Reitz formed an incomparable pair, and it is also notable that Reitz, as great as he was while an Oriole, never put up the same game after he dissolved partnership with Jennings.

Hit by the Pitcher. But not alone was Jennings famous for his fielding. That might be expected to be starting at any moment, but as a batter, there got to be one stunt for which "Hughie" became famous to the world over—getting hit by the pitcher. That was the expected, and rarely, indeed, led a game pass in the good old days that "Hughie" was not picked in some portion of his anatomy by a pitched ball. In those times the baseball "powers" that were not "on to" the tricks of the trade, for the simple reason that there were very few "tricks"—points which might be turned to advantage, carefully thought out beforehand and developed to a science. Get started by passes, was one of the old Orioles' carefully worked-out methods, and as McGraw's ability to get passed by the four-ball route, after having fouled off the good ones, resulted in laws penalizing fouls, so Jennings' recognized law of getting started led to the



Top row—McGiffin, Brown, McCoy (manager), Kerr (owner), Purner (captain), Leland. Middle row—Farnsworth, Murray, Pappas, Thompson, Babcock. Bottom row—Chase, Nottingham, Donn, Smith.

SOME REAL IRISH FIGHTERS

Summers, Moran, and O'Keefe Have No British Blood in Them.

Champions of England in Their Respective Classes—Not Imitations, Like Bill Squires.

New York, Oct. 5.—Lovers of the art and the practice of boxing in New York will be the greatest losers by the lull in the game, for just as it comes through the bosom men of Britain have arrived to show what they can do in the ring. Had not the ministers begun to urge on Gen. Bingham to do what he didn't want to do, New York would have had a chance to see on the home grounds Owen Moran, Johnny Summers, and Pat O'Keefe, who come so near holding championships in England that they are considered the best men in their classes.

Now Charley Harvey, the manager of the English stable, must look to other fields. He must go to Philadelphia and California to show his men? These New Yorkers who want to see them in the ring must take that long and tiresome trip to Philadelphia. But there is little doubt that all who care to see the best that Britain has turned out will pay the price and take the trouble. Leave out Jim Driscoll, and Moran and Summers are the greatest featherweights across the water. They are very like to meet him to determine whether or not they are better. These men hold the high position in the English ring that Abe Attell holds in this country.

Pat O'Keefe is not so well known. He and his manager say that he has cleaned up the men of his class across the water, and he is hunting for the scalps of such men as Mike Siltman, Young Ketchell, Bill Papke, Henry Melody, and Joe Thomas, on this side of the water.

"Yes, I know there have been some famous—what do you call them?—lemons over here from England," said O'Keefe. "But, you know, Moran and Summers, as well as myself, are really Irish. We were raised in England, but we have no English blood in us. So please don't put us in the same class with Bill Squires and Jack Palmer."

Although all of these men—even O'Keefe—speak with decided English accent, it is true, as he says, that they are Irish. They are Englishmen only by the fact that their parents lived in England.

Harvey has been flooded with offers for his men. Jim Coffroth wants Moran for Frankie Nell, and Tom McCarey wants him for Abe Attell. Jack McGuffigan wants him for any one good enough to meet him before the National Athletic Club, and another manager will give him the three Brits, one right after the other.

Of course, the match that Philadelphia and New York is anxious to see is that between Tommy Murphy and Summers. They went at a whirlwind pace before the National Club, in Philadelphia, some months ago, and those who saw the bout would like to watch another meeting.

There is little doubt that Harvey's men will be the busiest pugilists of the fall and winter. They ought to be ready to go home in the spring with more money than they ever saw before.

FIGHTERS DISCHARGED.

Commissioner Bingham's War on Boxing Gets a Jolt.

New York, Oct. 5.—Commissioner Bingham's war on boxing got another jolt in Jefferson Market Court yesterday, when Magistrate Cornell discharged Mike Newman, manager of the Long Acre Athletic Club, 158-160 West Twenty-ninth street, and the two boxers caught in Thursday night's raid, Tommy Nelson and Joe Black.

The magistrate declared that the police were entirely outside of their powers in making the arrests, and suggested that the matter be brought to the District Attorney's attention. He refused summonses, however, for Commissioner Bingham, Inspector Burns, and Capt. Whelan, saying that the question was a complicated one.

HARVARD LOSES VAIL.

Rowing Coach Refuses to Be Interfered with by Undergraduates.

Cambridge, Oct. 5.—Harry Vail, the professional sculler, for many years coach of the Varsity Boat Club of Harvard, has resigned, and E. J. Brown, for some years connected with the Jefferson Point Rowing Association of East Boston, has been appointed to succeed him at the Varsity Club. This change came without warning when Vail returned from his vacation in St. Johns.

Vail's determination to quit was hastened as a result of an exchange of views with two undergraduates, a class crew captain, and a varsity crew candidate who had been dropped during the eliminating process last spring. Vail claimed that the undergraduates were interfering with his business. He plainly told them that they were totally ignorant of the subject and that it would be far better for Harvard rowing if undergraduates attended more strictly to their own business. After a finding that the breach between Vail and the college rowing authorities was beyond healing, E. J. Brown, with whom he had been associated in amateur rowing for many years, was named for Vail's place.

EVERS' UNDERHAND THROW.

How Chicago Second Baseman Developed the Shabby Heave.

Chicago, Oct. 5.—West Side ball fans who attend daily the games played by the Chicago Cubs, two-time winners of the National League pennant, have long watched and admired the clever, fast fielding of Johnny Evers around second base. His speed, his quick, snappy throw, and his headwork have all been likened to the masters of the fielding art around that corner, to Fred Pfeiffer and others of the old-timers.

The neatest, fanciest part of this trim little ball player is that lightning throw to first, such as he is so often called on to make when a fast sprinter pushes a slow roller between Chance and the pitcher, necessitating the fastest kind of footwork, agility, and accuracy in stabilizing the ball with one hand, to be followed by that quick throw to first, in order to get the runner.

So often has Johnny turned this play that the fans are rather disappointed when he slips up on it, as he will one in a long, long time, just to remind the "bugs" that he is human. His wonderful speed and agility are taken as a matter of course.

Evers himself ascribes his development into a top-notch second baseman to the cultivation of that underhand snap throw, which he uses with great execution on batters who hope to beat him in the play before he gets his arm over his shoulder, and to get his arm over his shoulder, the credit of having taught him this style of throw, and how to get rid of his old way of using the round-arm toss.

"When I joined the Cubs I was fast enough on my feet," says John of Troy, "but I threw a ball, no matter where—to first or home, it was just the same—with that overhand style that costs lots of time. It really isn't much, but it may be just that flash that loses the runner. I was allowed to ramble along with this kind of work until Frank Chance took hold of the club."

"Soon after Chance became manager he talked to me of trying an underhand, and he has been hunting for the scalps of such men as Mike Siltman, Young Ketchell, Bill Papke, Henry Melody, and Joe Thomas, on this side of the water."

"Yes, I know there have been some famous—what do you call them?—lemons over here from England," said O'Keefe. "But, you know, Moran and Summers, as well as myself, are really Irish. We were raised in England, but we have no English blood in us. So please don't put us in the same class with Bill Squires and Jack Palmer."

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TY COBB IS A MARVEL

Youngster's Work Has Been Big Factor for Detroit.

LEADS AT BAT AND ON BASES

Half a Hundred Thousand Dollars Would Hardly Tempt the Tigers to Relinquish Claim on Their Great Player Who Cost the Club \$750—Does Not Like a Cross Fib.

Tyrus Raymond Cobb, the baseball sensation of the season, will not be twenty-one until December 18.

His remarkable all-round ball playing for the Detroit club has kept the Tigers in the race for the American League championship, and all baseball experts agree that he is no doubt the find of the season. They are also unanimous in the opinion that he is one of the greatest ball players that ever donned a uniform.

Cobb is the leading batsman of the American League, as well as one of the foremost outfielders, run-getters, and base runners. Six feet in height and balancing the scales at 172 pounds, he looks the ideal athlete, and gives promise of some time being ranked with the immortals of the profession.

Off the field Cobb is as unassuming as a modest maiden from the rural districts, a striking contrast to his demeanor on the ball field, where he is a most alert bundle of nerves and compelling aggressiveness, off like a spark from a trolley wire at the least opening, and displaying a ready wit to take advantage of every opportunity to win.

Found by Armour. Cobb was playing with the Augusta club of the South Atlantic League in 1906 when Manager William Armour realized that the youngster was a comer, although he had not reached his eighteenth birthday. Armour agreed to purchase his release for \$750, but the Detroit club refused to permit the deal, and Armour, having faith in his man, paid the money out of his own pocket. Subsequently he convinced the Detroit owners that the youngster was worth the money.

Cobb remained with Detroit last year as an extra man until late in the season, when he was tried out on the regular team and became a batting sensation. His aggressiveness was not to the liking of one member of the club, and it was thought that the young man would be traded, but Hugh Jennings was too good a judge of talent to allow him to go. He soon had him playing the game of his life, a game fully as strong as anything in the two big leagues. The fans were amazed, and everywhere there was a desire to get a look at him.

"I never mind how the crowd acts toward me, but I always save the pleasant things I find in the newspapers, and I am very much obliged to you for the nice things I have read about myself from your pen."

This quotation is a repetition of what Cobb said at his first meeting with the writer at the Copley Square Hotel last Thursday, and it was pleasing to one who has written about baseball for the last twenty years to realize that some few at least appreciate a word of praise, even when praise is well deserved.

Will Stay in Game. I found the great young player willing to talk baseball, and the part he was taken in it, and very keen and anxious to pick up all the fine points. I learned that he had finished two years at a prep school at Stone Mountain Park, and he was about to enter college when his father died, opening his plans. The elder Cobb was State senator from the Thirty-first Georgia district, and a man of considerable influence in that part of the South. Young Cobb played ball as a boy on the open lots of his native village, and soon won a place on the prep school team as an outfielder. He was not long in securing a place with the Augusta team, and speaking of that event in his career he said:

"I had not made the big league after a year or two. I would have taken up some other profession, but now I intend to remain in baseball just as long as the salary is good."

I asked Cobb if there were any pitchers that he couldn't hit to his satisfaction.

"Well, yes," he replied, "but I don't like those pitchers who sidestep. For example, Dr. White, of the Chicago club, has got me on his staff. I hope, however, that in time I will get a better line on all the league pitchers, and thereby improve my batting."

"I have never tried to copy anyone at the bat, simply doing what is pertaining to it. I believe a batsman should assume a natural pose at the plate, and try to never give away just what he has in mind, as the fielders are likely to get a line of him and stop many a good drive."

"I try to gauge the different batsmen of the league, and keep in mind the way they hit different pitchers, and I can readily appreciate the benefit to be derived from the advice of a man like Mr. Jennings, whom I consider to be one of the leading experts of the game, and a fine fellow to work for."

A Wise Suggestion. To show that Cobb is always in the playing, Manager Jennings told of a little incident that occurred during the second game with Boston. It was in the tenth inning, and Detroit was one run to the good. Parent was on third with two down, and Ungaub at the bat. Ungaub is a dangerous man in an emergency, and has a record for hitting left-hand pitchers.

Some of the Detroit players advised pasteur Bob, and taking a chance with Hobie Ferris. Cobb consented that by passing Ungaub, Ferris would have a show to win the game with a long drive, that no one knows where to play when Ferris is at the bat, and no pitcher is yet wise to the way of how to work the Boston second baseman. Cobb further insisted that should Ungaub hit safe, it would only tie the score, and that it was better ball to take chances on both men than to put it up to Ferris.

The play was executed along the lines suggested by Cobb, and after the game Jennings complimented him for his acumen and good judgment. Cobb is a student of the game, a phenomenal player, and could not be purchased from the Detroit club for an even \$50,000. He has practically made a champion team out of a second-rater, and the Detroit club will be a big money-winner with his help in the coming season.

Great ball players come into the business very rarely, and Detroit possesses in Tyrus Raymond Cobb one of the greatest.

Dartmouth Drops Pro Coach. Hanover, N. H., Oct. 5.—It is expected that the action taken at Dartmouth in disqualifying practically a whole baseball line for playing summer ball at variance with the college athletic rules will lead to many other reforms. It has been stated that Thomas F. McCarthy, who has coached the varsity line for the last two years, will not be re-engaged and the inference is that he is blamed by the faculty for the professional spirit that pervaded the team.

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TABLE FOR SCHOOLBOYS.

Strict Training to Be Tried by University High of Chicago.

Chicago, Oct. 5.—If money can do it the University High School football eleven of this year will be a championship team of pronounced rank. Coach Charles Kennedy, the only paid high school coach in Chicago, has charge of the team, being assisted by Dr. Frew, athletic director of the institution, and these two, with Manager Roland Weary, have made arrangements to give the football candidates a training table, beginning with the opening of the first session of the fall quarter. About fifteen men will be sent to the table, but the number will be increased as fast as the men show that they have a chance to make the regular eleven.

When the University High School football candidates sit down together for the first meal they will have the unique distinction of supporting the only training table in the city. The University of Chicago football men are restricted from having one by the conference rules, while the city schools are barred from maintaining one by the rules of the Cook County athletic board of control.

This is the first time that the University High School will have tried the experiment. This year the eleven gives promise of being able to master any of the local elevens with comparative ease. A heavy out-of-town schedule has been arranged, and in order to keep the boys in the best of shape it was deemed advisable by the management and coaches to put in a table.

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