



THE WORLD OF SPORT



Putting Ball On the Runners

Doing This Properly One of Things Which Make Great Infielder.

Ability to tag a runner is the one point that marks the difference between a good and a mediocre second baseman. Pennants have been lost in the past just because the man at the keystone station lacked the instinctive sense of touching a base stealer at the right time. Any league manager will tell you that as many games are lost by the failure of a second baseman to "get" the runner as any other fielding cause, or, to put the case stronger, almost twice as many battles are lost because of this feature.

One case in point was the standing of the Chicago White Sox last season. Jackey Atz, the regular second baseman of the team last year, was a good, fast man, but he is not a star on tagging base stealers. It has been figured that his failure in this respect cost Comiskey's team a number of hard fought games, and it is largely due to this that the former world's champions finished so low in the pennant race last year.

Take a great second baseman like Larry Lajoie of Cleveland, "Germany" Schaefer of Washington or Johnny Evers of the Chicago Cubs. Watch any one of them when a runner starts to steal. Few men are able to get past them, provided the throw from the catcher comes anywhere near good. They seem to take the throw and touch the runner in one motion. Evers and Lajoie probably are the peers in this respect. The instinct has to be born with a player.

Atz and many other second basemen of both leagues have diligently practiced tagging men, but many times they are a second late where one of the great purses at the keystone would have the runner started back to the bench. Few fans realize how important a thing it is to get a man on second during a close game. It means that there is an even chance to score on anything like a safe hit. That is the reason why the second base is like a bunker on a golf course or a dangerous turn in an automobile race. Once past the obstacle means an easier task ahead.

Many of the stars have a way of straddling across the line, thus leaving the stealer no way to reach the sack except to use football tactics. Frank Isbell, the old White Sox second sacker, who is now playing with Wichita, was a wonder in blocking, equalling Schaefer and Lajoie, according to many critics.

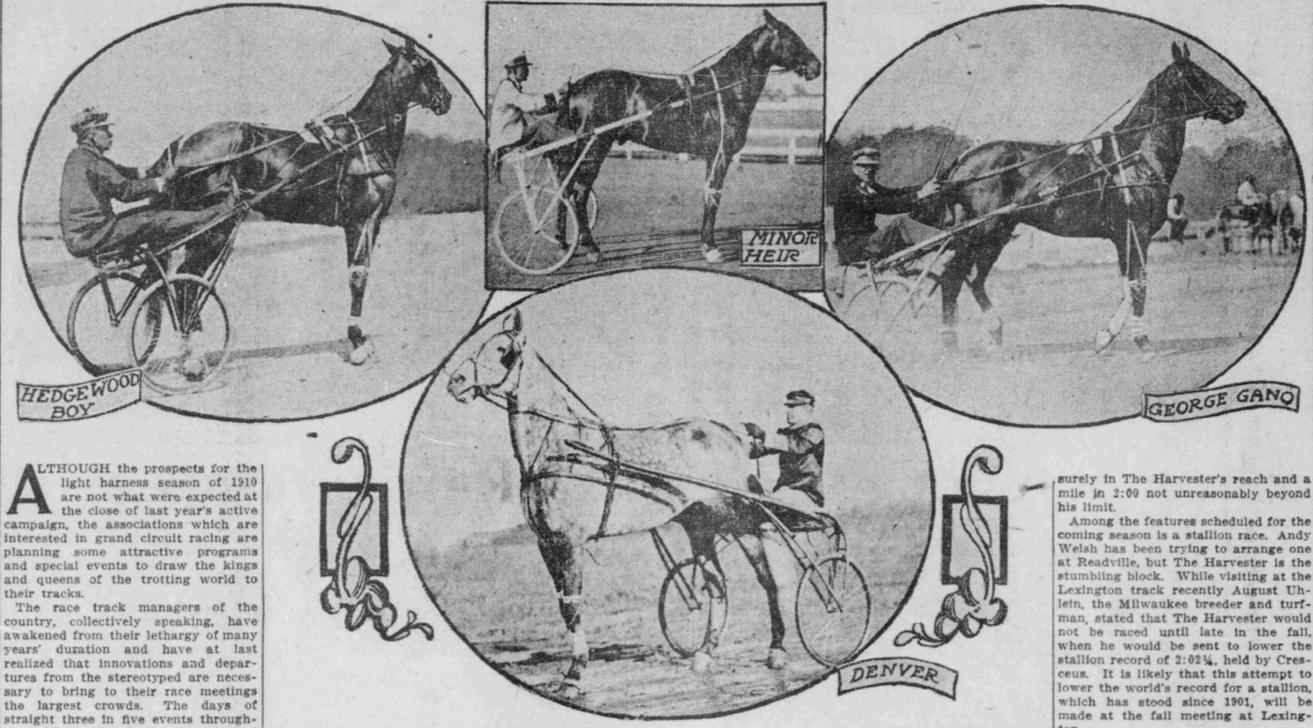
All three men would make great fullbacks on college football teams, being of large size, powerful and able to resist a shock. But men like Evers, who are of slighter build, rely more on their craft and speed.

Australia Swimming Champion Coming to America.

If the schedule carries out, Frank Beaurepaire, the champion swimmer of Australia, will be seen in America in open competition. Beaurepaire plans to come to America after the international swimming contests in Brussels. He recently arrived in England accompanied by R. M. Collins, honorary secretary of the Victoria Amateur Swimming Association, who has mapped out an itinerary for the swimmer which covers about eight months. New York is on the list for a visit, and the critics who say it is understood that the pair will sail for home from San Francisco. How long he will tarry here is not stated, but no doubt he will stay long enough to test whatever speed there is in the local crawl experts.

The Two Minute Trotter May Come This Season

HARNESS HORSEMEN LOOK FOR THE HARVESTER, 2:06½; PENISA MAID, 2:04½; OR UHLAN, 2:02½, TO TURN THE TRICK DURING THE 1910 CAMPAIGN



ALTHOUGH the prospects for the light harness season of 1910 are not what were expected at the close of last year's active campaign, the associations which are interested in grand circuit racing are planning some attractive programs and special events to draw the kings and queens of the trotting world to their tracks.

The race track managers of the country, collectively speaking, have awakened from their lethargy of many years' duration and have at last realized that innovations and departures from the stereotyped are necessary to bring to their race meetings the largest crowds. The days of straight three in five events throughout, with the race lasting five, six, and sometimes even seven and eight heats, to be carried over two or three days, are things of the past. While such races very properly will continue to be planned on the programs, novelties and features have been introduced all along the line.

In this the tracks of the country are following very largely, consciously or otherwise, in the lead of the Readville track, long noted for its aggressive, initiative policy, culminating with its rich \$50,000 American Handicap Derby, that attracted probably more attention than was ever given to any other race in the trotting world. The early announcements of race programs show that this year there are to be many novelties in the way of stakes, the Taverner stake at the Cleveland grand circuit meeting being one of the most conspicuous in this line. Then there are to be races for four-year-olds, stallion races, contests for amateur drivers and, it is to be hoped, something in the line of team and saddle races.

There were so many sensational performances during the 1909 season that close followers of the sport are already figuring on the chances for record breaking performances during the coming racing year. The two minute mark appears to be the goal aimed at, and there are several candidates for a place in the charmed circle. There are at least five or six trotters which showed wonderful form last year that have been picked as possible two minute fliers in 1910, and the followers of the big line feel confident

that the mark will be reached this year.

In the matter of record breaking last year was sensational, to say the least, for marks that had withstood the assaults of a score or more of years yielded to the inevitable. Native Belle's two-year-old performance in 2:07½, at the trot being, of course, the most meritorious. It is rather early yet to merit any accurate idea from what quarter, if any, are to come the youngsters that will continue this time shading stunt. But thus early in the season one thing in connection with time hits is certain. It is that there will be lots of shooting at the even two minute mark, and among good judges four horses stand out rather pre-eminently as the most likely to get down to the two minute figure.

These four have all shown their ability as race horses and in this respect differ somewhat from Lou Dillon, the world's trotting champion, of whom it may be said without detracting in the slightest from her glory as a record breaker that she was never a consistent race mare. The four to which horsemen look as at least furnishing the bulk of the entertainment in endeavoring to attain the even two minutes for the mile are, in the order of their present records: Uhlán, 2:02½; Penisa Maid, 2:04½; The Harvester, 2:02½, and Soprano, 2:08½ as a three-year-old.

On the form he showed last season the chances favor Uhlán, for which C. K. G. Billings, the present owner of Lou Dillon, paid \$35,000 after Bob Proctor, the Readville trainer, had marked him in 2:02½. Uhlán has been wintering at Thomasville, in the south. While he will probably be used very largely for matinee racing by Mr. Billings, it is certain also that he will be sent to beat his record before the year is out. Uhlán proved his racing qualities last season in his races with the great Hamburg Belle, forcing the mare to trot in 2:01½ and 2:01½, the season two heats ever trotted in a race. Uhlán turned the tables on Hamburg Belle at Readville, winning in 2:04½ and 2:03½, and later trotted in 2:02½. Trainer Proctor stated last year that he thought Uhlán would surely trot a mile in 2:00 this year, and good judges feel this prediction will come true.

According to M. D. Shutt of Rock Rapids, Ia. if any trotter goes in an even 2:00 the coming season it will be his own little Penisa Maid, that delicate but sweet gaited little mare that was quite the sensation of the grand circuit of 1909. Few could see a year ago at this time where Shutt was justified in making payments on Penisa Maid, then with a record of only 2:19½, in all of the big stakes of the year. Yet she proved the year's biggest money winner, earning in stakes and purses \$22,733, or nearly twenty times as much as the

\$1,200 Shutt paid for the little mare. She returned to winter quarters with the credit of the fastest heat ever won by a trotting mare in a regular class race and, as if to cap the climax, late in the fall over the poor half mile track in her home town stepped a quarter in an even thirty seconds. Shutt says she can beat 2:00. And if his judgment is as good as the present time as it was twelve months ago she surely will do the trick.

It is proverbial that Ed Geers rarely waxes genuinely enthusiastic over any of his horses. Equally true it is that he believes he can drive The Harvester in 2:00 this season—surely that he can beat Cresceus' long standing stallion record of 2:01. He drove The Harvester a work out mile in sensational time, and, while today he holds no world's records, it is merely because Geers didn't care to drive him out last season as a four-year-old. At Readville Geers drove The Harvester a work out mile in 2:04½ against Director's four-year-old record of 2:05½, and later at Lexington he was stepped in 2:03½. Two years ago The Harvester, as a three-year-old, was unbroken in February, but by fall had a record of 2:08½. Last year he was the largest money winning trotter among the stallions and showed a trial in time that was faster than the record that had stood for seventeen years for four-year-olds. The world's stallion record of 2:02½ looks to be

Harmony Lacking In Many Baseball Clubs

THE BELIEF THAT CHAMPION TEAMS MUST HOLD CONTINUAL LOVE FEASTS IS WRONG

By TOMMY CLARK.

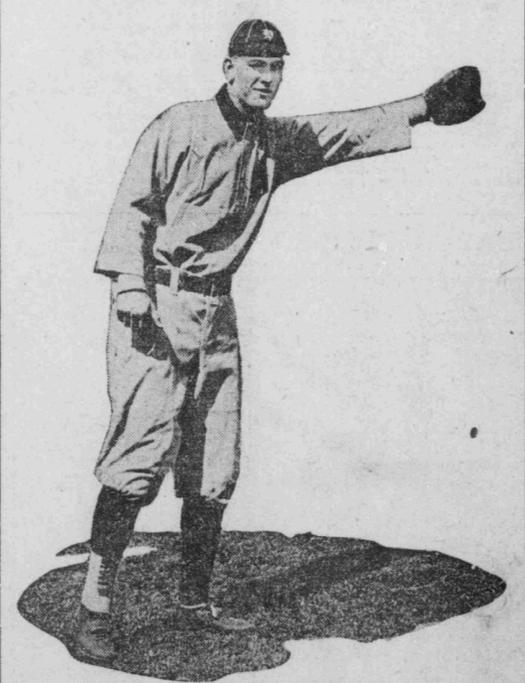
If you were to listen to the arguments put forth by the fans and a large number of critics, you would think that no baseball team in the major leagues could capture a flag without having perfect harmony among the players. It would seem a positive essential that peace and brotherly love should be preserved unbroken and that no team could win if its members quarrel and disagree. Such is not the case, however, for there is not a club in either league today where perfect harmony prevails. Every now and then you hear of some well known player getting the hook or being traded to another club, sometimes for a much inferior man, and of course the cry goes up, "Send away to restore harmony in the club." Now and then some player is in wrong, extremely wrong, and it becomes impossible to keep him, irrespective of his skill; but, as a rule, "harmony" counts as much in a ball team as the color of the bat boy's hair.

Every now and then you will hear of some pitcher complaining of not receiving good support because the other players have it in for him. Then, too, you hear about cliques and factions, with ruinous effects upon the standing of the team. Once in a great while all these things are true, but in seven cases out of every ten it's all tommyrot.

The cliques that exist in every baseball club have no bearing whatever in most cases upon the success or failure of the team. The fact that an entire club may like one pitcher and dislike another cuts no ice at any stage—startling remarks, but absolutely true. Some of the fights among the Detroit players were dandies. When Ty Cobb joined the Tigers he was one fresh kid, and the older men tried to set him in his place. Cobb beat some players and got licked by others. His feud with Matty McIntyre was so fierce that Hugh Jennings was forced to place them in right and left field, with Crawford between them. Recently when Cobb asked Jennings to give him a trial in center Jennings did so, but Davy Jones cavorted in left instead of McIntyre. Cobb had some trouble with Schmidt also, but the latter was entitled to the decision were he to be rendered.

The old Baltimore champions were always fighting, and some of their mills were a joy to any one who un-

derstood. One day McGraw, on second, with one out, took a long chance, tried for third and was blotted off the



MORIARITY, DETROIT AMERICANS' CLEVER THIRD BASEMAN

The change of scene often benefits a baseball player. Such has been the case with George Moriarity of the Detroit Tigers. When the latter was a member of the New York Americans he was regarded as a fair player only, but since he became a member of the Tigers he has improved greatly and is now classed with the best in the American league. His batting is timely, his fielding is classy and his base running is that of the best. Moriarity has the honor of being called the most dangerous man in the game when on third corner. He has been known to steal home from last station more than any other player in the country. This season so far he has pulled off this stunt six times.

Turning to Jack Doyle, he demanded, "What do you think about it, Jack?" "I thought," snarled Doyle, "that it was a jackass play and that the guy that would try it ought to be shipped back to the bush league."

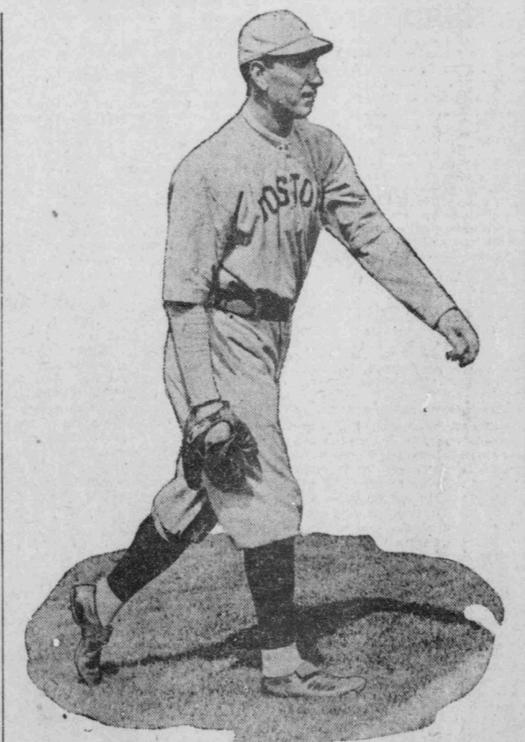
And the next moment McGraw and Doyle clinched in an unaffectionate embrace and rolled across the grass, fighting like a pair of hyenas. It is impossible for twenty or more young athletes to dwell together in harmony. It never happened yet, and it never will. It is impossible that some pitcher should fail to be popular, equally impossible that some other pitcher, a surly crab, should be otherwise than disliked. But that cuts no figure. Ball clubs do not throw down pitchers, nor do they toss away games, at least not while they are in the forefront and fighting for the flag, with the incentive of the rich world's series money following. Take this for straight goods—any time a ball club sees that coin in the dim distance it is going to get out there and play fiendish ball, no matter whether Jolly Charley grins or Grouchy Pete Thumpkin is doing mound duty.

Yes; harmony is a dream. There was never yet a championship ball club that didn't have a lot of fights among its men. There was never yet a ball club that there were not several little cliques and combinations. Better that way than in sheeplike harmony. If all the gang agreed as angel face cherubs are supposed to do they would get lazy, lopy and too utterly contented.

Harmony is a great thing in its place, but its place is not among the winning ball teams, and it's a mistake for any one to look for it there.

PLAYERS' BATS DIFFER.

Some Big Men Wield Small Sticks, and Midgets Use Big Ones. Baseball players' bats differ in size and shape as much as the players do in physique. And the strange part of it is that many of the big fellows use a small, well shaped warclub and a couple of the "rabbits" wield something resembling a wagon tongue. An instance of this is the wood piece that "Rebel" Oakes, a former Cincinnati star, but now with the St. Louis Cardinals, uses. A man can scarcely imagine such a little fellow swinging so large and heavy a bat as Oakes



MATTERN, BOSTON NATIONALS' STAR SOUTHPAW TWIRLER.

Baseball experts say that if Pitcher Matern of the Boston Nationals was with a strong team he would come pretty near being classed as the best left handed twirler in the league. Matern has everything that a first class pitcher needs—control, speed, good curves and a cool head—but, owing to poor support from his team mates, he has been unable to win the majority of his games. Were he with a stronger club there is no doubt he would shine.

does. The opposite side of the case is represented by Bresnahan, who, while large in stature, hits with a reasonably small club. After a glance at the Hans Wagner bat one would think that the "Flying Dutchman" might just as well go and pull up a young but promising tree and use that to destroy the hopes of young

Base Sliding Is Neglected

This Department of Baseball Ignored by Clubs on Practice Trips.

Some day a man will break into baseball who will revolutionize the game. He will tear down the hive of luxury and ease in which at the present time the major leaguers lol in careless abandon, drive out all the drones and bring about a new era in the great American sport that will perfect a system of play deemed impossible in the past. He will be despised and hated. He may even be banished from the game before his mission is complete, but he will have begun a reformation that all will follow.

The idea was conceived upon watching a theatrical company rehearsing for a new production at one time. The man who was drilling that company knew he must have every movement of his players perfected or it would never "take" with the American public. The hours and hours of drudgery put in by those actors would have driven many a ball player to distraction. One man—a leading man, too—was compelled to make an entrance in one part of the play at least fifty times in one rehearsal before he did it in a manner that suited the exacting producer.

Is there a ball player in the major league today who would slide to second fifty times in one morning's practice just to get the form of that action exactly as his manager wanted it?

Baseball has grown into such prominence with the American public that it cannot much longer carry the fans along on tradition. It must be inventive. It must progress. Old fans will tell you today that the present day players do nothing on the ball field that wasn't done in the days when Charley Comiskey led the old St. Louis Browns to four successive pennants.

If nothing new can be invented managers can at least teach players to do the present things with greater accuracy and dispatch. A few players are masters, but in every instance it seems due to the players' own efforts or to their natural ability. Ty Cobb is the greatest base runner and one of the grandest all round players because he is the fastest man in the game and because he's ambitious. He worked while others slumped.

Managers tell of one player being valuable because he's a good base runner, another because he can hit, another because he can handle a ground ball so accurately or another because he can go back on a fly ball. There's no reason why every ball player in the major leagues shouldn't improve in all these matters.

Incredible as it may seem, few managers drill players in running and sliding to bases, yet that is conceded to be one of the principal features of the game. Outside of the bit of sliding one might do in a practice game, there is little effort made to teach even the beginners this important feature.

MODEST CY YOUNG.

Many good stories have been told of Cy Young, the veteran pitcher of the Cleveland Americans, but the following is probably the best. It was told by a prominent member of the Naps recently. The Cleveland team were in Boston a few days after Old Cy had set all the world talking about his no-man-reach-first game against Connie Mack's team some years ago. He came down to the local Quincy House to see the boys.

"Tell us about the game," said Larry Lajoie as the Naps gathered around the G. O. M. of the game.

"Oh," remarked Cy in that native, natural dialect that six years' residence in Boston did not change, "there ain't nothing to tell. Nothing much, at any rate. They just hit 'em right at somebody all the time, that was all. Two or three of the drives would have been good, long hits if Buck and Chick hadn't been laying for 'em. I didn't know nobody had reached first until we were going to the clubhouse. Then Jim told me.

"First time in twenty-four years," said Collins. "What is?" says I. "Nobody sees first," says he. "Didn't they?" says I. "Nobody," he says. Then I knew what all them 20,000 people were yelling about."

HARD NOT TO HIT BATTERS.

Pitchers Have Trouble—Danger Fared by Amateurs.

Baseball never has been considered a dangerous game, yet the death of young Louis Menz of Freeburg, Ill., demonstrates that it is one of the most dangerous that young men can play.

Young Menz, at bat, was looking for an outcurve. He stepped close into the plate to allow the anticipated bend of the ball. The pitcher "outguessed" him, as baseball players call it. Instead of an outcurve he threw an inshoot, a "fast ball," as professionals have it. This one hit the batter over the heart, and he died.

It is really a tribute to the excellence of pitching that so few players are injured while at the bat. Considering the tremendous speed with which the ball is thrown, the dullness of the eyes that bat but once a week, the necessary proximity of the batter to the plate, the absolute necessity of the pitcher "putting it over," it will be seen that batters are very fortunate to escape serious injury while at the bat.

Oddly enough, the danger of being hit with a pitched ball is not feared so much by amateurs as by professionals. The amateur does not stand so close to the plate as the professional. The speed he opposes is not so great. Of course the control of the professional pitcher is much superior to that of the amateur, but his speed and the width of his shoot are also much superior too.