

BASEBALL CHARM ANALYZED FROM INTELLECTUAL BASIS

Connie Mack's Subtlety as a Manager Given High Place by Critics.

By HUTCHINS HAPGOOD.

In another article on the charm of baseball, I recorded the ideas of a sculptor, a sociologist, and an editor. The latter, however, was interrupted in the midst of his remarks. He had wound up with a criticism of McGraw, whom he found lacking in imagination and constructive ability. Frank Chance and Connie Mack are the two men who, as managers, appeal most strongly to the editor's fancy. Chance, just now, is at least for the moment nervously out of it, and so the editor's great man is Mack.

"Over and over again," he said, "this same shows us the truth, not generally recognized, that any man who really excels in anything is a highly organized being—that he has some kind of great intelligence and character. Mack is really masterly on the mental side. He is quiet, in the background, does not try to regulate in detail the play of the men, does not try to force the game through by constant aggressiveness, as McGraw does, in a rather unlovely way. He plans the game, in a general way, and then leaves the details to the men. In that manner he allows the free development of their playing personality. A great player, under Mack, has plenty of scope for his temperament. He can grow in his own way, and this is an important factor in the making of really interesting players. He tries to lead men in the way nature intended, and does not attempt to violate their personalities, so to speak, by making them conform to what he thinks a ball player ought to be.

"They tell a story—I don't know whether

it is true or not—about McGraw, which illustrates the weakness of the opposite method. When Marquard joined the Giants he had a great reputation. But he did badly on the New York team for several years. McGraw, it is said, tried to change his style. Marquard had been mowing down the batsmen of the American Association, but he had not been doing it in the way McGraw thought he ought to do it. He had been effective merely because he had so much on the ball and a kind of personal knack that had no marked intelligence behind it.

"McGraw tried for several years, it is said, to break the Rubes' effective but thoughtless methods and make of him an intelligent pitcher. But the Rubes did not have the head for it, and finally, after losing several years, McGraw gave up the attempt and allowed Marquard to go back to his American Association manner, which this year has won the pennant for the Giants. This shows McGraw's willful methods, which are often successful in forcing through victories, but which in the long run are not so subtly successful in the development of a team.

"Mack, with his quiet, subtle, thoughtful, psychological characteristics, would not have made such an error. Mack studies a man with no attempt to reform him, but merely to lead him in his natural direction.

"The Athletics' manager is strong on morality, but he knows he can do nothing with a 'yellow streak.' He told me that he released the best pitcher he ever had, as far as speed, curve, control, and general intelligence went as soon as he perceived that the pitcher was lacking in heart; that is, in the nerve which rises to a crisis.

One of the men playing on the Ath-

let's team to-day has been, Mack thinks, improved by a psychological Christian Science device. Mack had been reading a book of an uplift kind, with a title something like "You Can Do What You Think You Can." He sent the volume to one of his men who had convinced himself that he could not overcome a certain bad habit of play. Shortly afterward the player corrected his error and became a very valuable man.

"One of the most masterly qualities that Frank Chance evolved was his insight into the social effect of their wives on the players. A team contending for the pennant is, as the season draws to a close, notoriously nervous and tense. They are quiet, morose, and can think of nothing but baseball, and cannot sleep. The problem is how to distract them. As a rule, Chance does not want the wives of the players to accompany their husbands, for women, he thinks, by their gossiping habits, inevitably bring about jealousies, enmities, and misunderstandings among the players.

Wives in Baseball.

"But when, near the end of the season, the men become 'fine' and tensely nervous, then Chance thinks the wives are useful as distractions, as sedatives, to remove the strain and divert the players from their fixed idea.

"Speaking of the morality of players, of their psychological, conscious control of themselves, I think Merkle, of the Giants, deserving of praise. John Ewers said to me last year: 'Merkle did a great stunt when he overcame himself and the crowd after his fatal mishap in not touching second base. He showed he had great moral courage in not letting public opinion down him. Instead, it seemed to brace him up; it made him feel that he absolutely had to win out, and I have no doubt that it has helped to develop him into a great player. But he might have gone down and out if he had not had an unusual amount of heart.'

"Then, again, there is Chief Meyers. She apparently was not a great nature player. I remember only last year bearing him say, with a sort of wistfulness, that a catcher had to think with impossible speed. He mentioned some catchers whom he admired and envied for their lightning minds, and seemed

to realize that he himself was rather slow. But he also said that he was determined to learn all he could, and, apparently, by deliberate study, he has now acquired almost as much as the great catchers have by instinct."

The poet, with whom I also attended a game, was struck with the beauty, irony, and pathos of it. "It is obvious," he said, "that all these great league players have a very delicate nervous organization. If they haven't it, they stay in the minors. They must have an exquisite physical instinctive intelligence to make these plays so quickly and with such unerring choice. They cannot make the great leagues without this nervous quality, but this delicate organization, without which they could not be great players, brings their lives, as players, to an untimely end. The fact that the average life of a great league player is only seven or eight years shows the intensity that is put into the game, when the game is played at its utmost speed."

"Whenever I see a play that is exquisitely perfect, I see beauty and sadness at the same moment; just as a fine line in poetry is sad, or an exquisite sweep of the painter's brush. The inevitable thought comes of how much we all have to pay for the extra expenditure of nervous, imaginative, moral energy by which we do the really fine, the exquisitely beautiful thing, whether it is in art, in action, or in baseball. To be at the top means to pay heavily, to go continually at more than our greatest intensity. Thus, we who strive for excellence are exploited by an overambition.

"As we left the Polo Grounds, the poet was downcast and sad, and talked gloomily about the torturing beauty of the sunset.

Some Shakespeare Statistics

A Shakespearean enthusiast with a turn for statistics has discovered that the plays contain 106,007 lines and 84,790 words. "Hamlet" is the longest play, with 3,209 lines, and the "Comedy of Errors" the shortest, with 1,177 lines. Altogether the plays contain 1,271 characters, of which 187 are females. The longest part is that of Hamlet, who has 11,650 words to deliver. The part with the longest word in it is that of "Constantin" in "Love's Labour's Lost," who tells Meth that he "is not so long by the head as honorabillittudittatibus."

PROLOGUE DELIVERED AT CORONATION PERFORMANCE

Spoken by J. Forbes-Robertson

On the occasion of the coronation gala performance at His Majesty's Theater, London, Tuesday, June 2, 1911.

First, to our Lord the King his kindly crown—
Henceforth that not from custom takes its cue,
But speaks untrammelled, and by that free choice
Wherein the heart alone instructs the voice—
Next, to our Lady Queen the thoughts that rise
When love and reverence look on gentle eyes!

Then to our welcome guests from overseas
A loyal pledge to do our best to please,
And prove our Art beneath this royal dome
Almost as good as what they get at home.

You may remark that all our programme's courses
Are drawn from relatively ancient sources,
Whose worth has stood the killing test of Time;
For, though of ebb and flow in their prime
The advocacy never was in doubt,
To choose was odious; so we left 'em out.

The name of Shakespeare was at once selected,
As being widely known and much respected;
Whose worth has stood the killing test of Time;
For, though of ebb and flow in their prime
The advocacy never was in doubt,
To choose was odious; so we left 'em out.

Them in "The Critic" you will please compare
The eighteenth century's undervalued air
With our more modest ways, who loathe a puff,
Especially of other people's stuff.

And, last, in rare Ben's phantasies of Spring,
A pretty dith to set before a King,
Though as a habit Spring has long deceased,
And Zephyr's new address is somewhere East,
Yet when you note our chorus, fair of face,
Licence of limb, a galaxy of grace,
Scoured to illustrate our best traditions
(With their respective managers' permissions),
No loss of human charm shall thus deplore;
We're just as beautiful—and rather more.

So runs our scheme. How follow, by your favor,
Some observations of a general flavor.
Permit me to open to this our sport,
And, anyhow, approximately short.

Side: we are numerous, and we make pretence
Of tears or laughter at the Truth's expense.
It is our calling, under Art's disguise,
Thus to divert imaginative eyes.

And sometimes, in our more expansive moods,
We even play at being kings and queens,
But he, the story of our golden age,
Whose reached that all the world's a stage,
Where every man alive must play his part
Unaided by the mystery of Art,
Such is your burden, in the day's full beam,
Playing your part, to be the thing you mean;
So stand you even, to serve your country's need,
No King of shadows, but a King indeed.

We, too, we chartered actors you must know,
Move not forever in a painted show,
But off the stage (and sometimes even on)
We have our own affairs to think upon.

Now all our thoughts, these many days, are spent
On the one care—to compass your content;
For, once, among your many crav'd desires,
Bring you a love more absolute than ours,
So, when to-night, with what of skill we may,
We say our words (those who have words to say),
If here and there a positive cause is made
While memory searches for a line mislaid,
Kindly regard such failure as unique,
And due, no doubt, to Coronation Week.

At last, at last, who made this verse
Which it has been my business to rehearse,
I am to say, "Forgive his dulled rhymes;
Prologues are tedious at the best of times;
And such a time is this, when no one grudges
Mercy a chance to mollify the judges;
When a free pardon lets us go untried,
And finally excuses lack of wit."
As for the rest, the rest and last of factors
In the consideration of former actors,
Who, not content to achieve the artist's aim,
First get the House to "signify the same"—
For us, whose single end is pure delight
With or without applause, we ask to-night
For just the sympathy that understands;
Give us your hearts and never mind your hands!

When a free pardon lets us go untried,
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BIGAMY CHARGES BROUGHT BY WIFE

Mrs. Florence S. Wilson Institutes Proceedings.

Paris, Oct. 14.—Florence Schenck Wilson, of Virginia, one time wife of Charles Wilson, the manager of the Vanderbilt stables, who has been in a starving condition, has just raised enough money to go to London to institute proceedings against her husband for bigamy. Wilson recently married Miss DeLahanty, a seventeen-year-old girl, of Boston, and Florence Schenck claims he has not been divorced. She accompanied her lawyer to Wilson's house, 30 Branniston road.

"I have come in behalf of Florence Schenck," said the attorney.

"I would like to find her," replied the former husband.

"That's easy," rejoined the lawyer, whereupon he brought the girl into the dining-room.

Mrs. Schenck Wilson, in describing the seventeen-year-old girl wife, said:

"When I saw that beautiful girl, prettier than I was when I was pretty, before I got all those hard knocks, my heart melted. The girl wife, looking at me, said: 'I pity you.' 'Pity me? Why it's I who pity you,' I replied. 'You are at the beginning of what I went through with this man. He took me at seventeen, your age; and look at me now!'"

"Wilson spoke up, saying, 'Stop this maudlin sentimentality. What do you want?'"

"I said I wanted \$50 down and \$10 a week for life. Wilson then put me in the hands of Robertson, his secretary, who paid me the money and saw me to the train. I am content. If Miss DeLahanty can find happiness with the man who has ruined the lives of four women."

Common, English poet, while exclaiming, quoted from his own translation of "Dies Irae."

THE EDINBORO' WRIGGLE

Song Hit of

The Winter Garden Revue

As sung by JEAN ALWYN

Words by M. E. ROURKE.

Musio by JEROME KERN.

1. I am a plain Scotch lass from Ed-in-bo-ro town, And this
2. To do the dance-ing right, you wear your kilts and shawl, And it's
nar sas mic-kie that I dis-na ken I've a pin-ions of my own And can
sure to make the men look long at you, That's the rea-son why you ken, it's so
ar-gue all a-lone With a rag-i-ment of men, But when you talk to me of dance-ing,
pop-u-lar with men, And the girls all dance it too. The Fling is out to me of dance-ing,
din-na brag I was ad-u-ca-ted on the He-land fling, I have
deal and gone. No- one does the sword-dance soo with all their might. As he

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No. 280.

got no use for rags, I call them dance-ing jags, To the Ed-in-bo-ro jig I will cling,
laughs us-sil he gags, The Scotchman al-so brags, It's a brave, bright night to have a dance the night."

CHORUS. *Andante moderato.*
Hoot Mon! Stop your brag-ging a-bout rag-ging! There is just one dance for me.
Oth-ers are an im-i-ta-tion of the gen-u-ine sea-son-tion, That the Ed-in-bo-ro jig-gle can gie.
Hoot Mon! It's a hyp-ne-tis-ing, mes-mer-is-ing dance frae cross the sea, Stop your
gig-gle, learn to wig-gle Thro' the Ed-in-bo-ro jig-gle, Then lay richt doon and dee.....

The Edinboro' Wriggle. No. 280.

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