

in wagers to Chicago that could have been used very nicely in New York. Merkle simply failed to touch second—and upset the nation!

During the exciting days that followed this tragedy of the diamond, the political campaign that was bidding for a share of public attention was completely smothered. The chairmen admitted seriously that they might as well have closed their offices for a week.

Frank Hitchcock, chairman of the Republican committee, with headquarters in New York, tells an amusing story in this connection:

A Congressman had just come in from Iowa and had to wait sometime in the anteroom before he could talk to the chairman. He spent the time reading the New York papers. Finally Mr. Hitchcock came out and heartily shook the hand of his caller.

"Well, what do the people think of the race out in Iowa? What is the general sentiment in your section?" inquired Mr. Hitchcock.

"Well, I'll tell you," replied the Congressman as he stuffed the papers into his pocket. "It is badly mixed. A few of them are pulling for the Giants; but the large majority seem to think the Cubs will win. They figure that if Miner Brown keeps in good shape for two more weeks—"

Then it was that the astounded chairman interrupted to explain that he was referring to the presidential candidates.

#### Story of Merkle's "Crime"

**M**ERKLE'S baseball crime, though it threw the entire East in despair, brought out something entirely new in baseball, and incidentally gave the baseball world an inside look at the remarkable mind of Frank Chance, manager of the Chicago Cubs. The incident occurred in the ninth inning of a hard fought game between New York and Chicago. After two batters had been retired and there was a man on first, Merkle was sent in as a pinch hitter, and made good by driving out a safe hit. This placed a man on third and one on first. Only one run was needed to win. Bridwell, the next batter, promptly smashed a clean hit into centerfield, and the runner on third trotted across the plate with the winning run. The crowd, thinking the game over, rushed on the field.

Merkle, who had been on first, thought likewise and started for the clubhouse. He did not go to second. The rules of baseball require the runner on first to go to second on a safe hit to complete the play. In other words, he was forced off first, and though it was a mere formality he should have advanced one base. Then the game would have been over. It was not a question of his ability to do so; for he could have walked and had ample time.

He did not do so, however; and then came the quick thinking of Manager Chance. He gave the signal to Evers, the second baseman, who immediately yelled to Hoffman, the center fielder, to throw the ball to second. This was finally done amid great confusion. Many assert that the ball never reached second, as several of the players had left the field and the crowd interfered. Anyway, the umpires decided that as Merkle had not touched the bag he was out, and as that retired the side the run did not count. This made the game a tie, and it had to be played over. In the play-off Chicago won.

By this one act of quick thinking Manager Chance won the pennant for his club. If the run had counted, the Giants would have had the championship. In a flash he upset one of the oldest customs in baseball.

Fred Merkle did the same thing that any other ball player would have done under similar circumstances. For twenty years it has been the custom for players to run to the clubhouse the moment the winning run is over the plate. It so happened that Merkle was the unfortunate player to follow the custom on the day it was to be upset. It cannot be called stupidity on his part. I have seen the best players in the country do the same thing time and again, and nobody made a protest. It was left for Frank Chance to see the technicality and take advantage of it for the benefit of his team.

That eventful day in baseball will always live in the mind of Fred Merkle as a tragedy. When he came to the clubhouse after the excitement had subsided he was the most miserable looking man that many of us ever care to see. Sitting on stools and boxes, the other players were grouped about him on every side. Merkle felt that which was in the minds of all of them. He knew that his mistake had, or would, cost each of them at least two thousand dollars, the amount usually received for playing the series for the world's championship. He had just started in the major league and was trying to make good. As they all sat there silent, one of the players made a cruel remark, without thinking of the pain it might inflict, which cut Merkle so he could not sleep for many nights.

"It seems pretty tough," said the player, in a reflective way, "for us to fight so long for the championship, and then have a fellow who has been on the bench all season come in and lose it for us."

During the days that followed Merkle almost lost his mind. He could not sleep, and became so morose that the players were alarmed about him. He lost more than twenty pounds.

#### Chance's Rise to Popularity

**W**HILE New York was abusing Merkle and he was being made the target for jokes throughout the country, Chicago was lauding Manager Chance. He was as much a hero as Merkle was the "goat."

Frank Chance is a most remarkable man. Until four years ago nobody had discovered in the unassuming Chance those traits necessary to a great manager. He was the star first baseman of the Chicago club, and, for that matter, is yet. The players had often commented on his wonderful judgment of space and speed and the fact that he had never misjudged a play; but no one thought of him as manager. He has the reputation of being the most adept batter in the business on stretching a one-base hit into a double. He can figure to a foot the distance by which he can beat a ball to second base, and by thus turning a single into a two-bagger he has often won close games.

Frank Seele, a famous manager, had been in charge of the Chicago club for several years; but his health failed and he had to retire. Charles Murphy had just bought the Chicago club, and his quick eye saw in Chance the qualities his club needed. He was appointed manager temporarily, and made such rapid strides to the top that his berth became permanent. In three seasons Frank Chance won three pennants, and has just signed a contract for five years more.

In disposition Chance is the opposite of McGraw. He is a quiet, cold blooded fellow and acts after long and careful deliberation. McGraw is impulsive.

In looking over the team that was placed in his charge, Chance found that he had a weak spot in left field and another at third base. He told President Murphy that the man he needed most was James

Sheckard, who was then with the Brooklyn Club. "Never mind the cost," he said; "we must have that man!" Then, to the amazement of the baseball world, a deal was consummated by which Brooklyn got four good players for the one man Chicago wanted. Chance had gone on the theory that to get what is needed is cheap at any price. He then set about to get a third baseman. Casey had gone to Brooklyn in the deal. He wanted Steinfeldt of Cincinnati. Steinfeldt is a wonderful player; but he had grown stale with Cincinnati. His loss was not regarded as a calamity by Cincinnati. There are many players, however, who are wonders with a winning club but are absolutely impossible with a loser. Chance knew this, and when he got Steinfeldt's name to a Chicago contract he was happy.

Those two men filled the gaps in Chicago's club, and the road to the championship was as certain as quality of material could make it. Chance had proved himself a winning manager at one stroke.

While Chance is popular with his players, because he always stands by them, there is not the same kind of affection between them as the Giants have for McGraw. Chance never loses his temper nor does he resort to harsh methods; but at the same time he does not fraternize with his players and perpetrate practical jokes upon them as does McGraw. He has more dignity and reserve than McGraw; but at all times is absolutely fair and impartial with his men. His players know that they can always depend upon him.

#### Chance and McGraw at the Game

**D**URING a game Chance will sit on the bench and figure on a play for sometime before he issues orders for its execution. On the other hand, McGraw is likely to be standing on the coaching line when a daring idea will suggest itself to him. Without a moment's warning he will start a spectacular play so unexpected that it carries the opposing club off its feet and gets the players completely rattled.

One day in Pittsburgh, McGraw was on the first base coaching line talking to Sammy Strang, who was a base runner at first. Sammy had made several feints at starting for second and had the pitcher puzzled.

"Mac, I'm going to pull a new one here," Sammy whispered to the manager. "I think I'll start after the catcher gets the ball."

It sounded like a foolish move, as the game was close; but the quick witted and daring McGraw saw a chance to spring a surprise.

"Pull it, Sammy," he said. "You might get away with it."

Strang made another feint as if to start to second; but the pitcher didn't worry about him this time and threw the ball to the catcher. McGraw had signaled to the batter not to strike at the ball.

The catcher, thinking that Strang would not start, made a motion as if about to toss the ball back to the pitcher. Then, to the amazement of players and spectators, Strang dashed toward second. The catcher was so dumbfounded that Strang had covered half the distance before he could start to make the long throw. The second baseman and shortstop were also so disconcerted that neither of them ran to cover second. The ball went rolling into the outfield, and Strang ran all the way to third. It was a brilliant move, and proved the origin of what is now known in the game as the "delayed steal." It has developed into one of the most successful base steal-

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## BETWEEN THE MAN AND THE TIGER

**H**IS name was Goulias. He was of medium height and physique; but he possessed athletic vigor, no doubt the strength of the primitive man who like the actual gorilla had no other weapon to floor his enemy than his fists,—mass of arms infinitely vigorous. He was garrisoned at Tienyen, a post situated at the end of the Gulf of Tongking, adjacent to an ocean of wooded mountains whose undulations under the waves of eternal green verdure lean over the sea in strange granitic cliffs.

Goulias was ever without any weapons. He had a fearless contempt for wild beasts and pirates; for he could depend upon the strength of his arm, which, like another Milo, could uproot a young tree and make a stick of it.

One evening in the darkness of night without a moon, when storm menaced, he came back from the home of the post receiver where he had been detained, really splitting the darkness as he went, so dense it was. From the stretched sky full of heavy clouds fell a dark shroud. He walked groping, the familiar knowledge of the smallest obstacles of a many times overrun way permitting him to rejoin his post. On the turn of the street at the point where it closely fitted between the palisades that inclosed the last houses, he saw two shining lights. In the matted darkness of the night they would have appeared like distant watch lights, if the unsteady yellow phosphorescent gleams had not escaped in sudden flashes and he not heard the pant of heavy respiration near him.

In the middle of the profound umbra in which entire nature was engulfed, in the silence of the sleeping village, in the deserted streets, alone, that noise and the gleams gave signs of life. But those signs are signs of death for those who perceive them.



By Count Jean de Sentillait

Goulias held in his hand a flexible rattan. To be quick in the act, he lashed the space between the two shining points, the left arm stretched to prevent the defense of a ripost, the body well settled upon the strong base of his open legs. On the instant that he struck, he was half thrown down by the shock of a mass that pounced on him, clutching him horribly,—his flesh trembling under the grievous scalds of its claws that plunged into his shoulders and thighs while the hot breath bathed his face with a fetid breathing,—but, like the jaw of a trap, his two muscular arms stretched round the tiger's neck, his hands pinching, squeezing, and smashing like a vise.

A double rattle was heard,—the rattle of the wild

beast suffocating, the rattle of the man stifling. On his breast, along the thighs, Goulias was tortured by the lacerating scratches. His flesh and muscles plowed by the paws of the tiger, fastened with the four limbs to his prey, were torn piece by piece.

In this berserker animal struggle, all the chance was for the wild beast, whose phosphorescent stare pierced the darkness and lighted for him alone the movements of his adversary. Nevertheless, the tiger was suffocated, the neck twisted, and the breast crushed; but the man's blood flowed in soft streams, and with that blood his life.

Of the two, man or beast, which would hold out the longer? Goulias was worn out. He must let go when his rigid hands like steel clamps were lifted by repeated spasms; the paws loosened and dropped and the tiger fell backward, dragging him with him. The two bodies rolled on the ground. Staggering, the Lieutenant raised up. Tottering, stumbling, he arrived at the post. At the entrance of the guard-house in full light he appeared a bloody specter before the eyes of the terrified soldiers.

The adjutant and a few men under arms ran to the tiger. They found him stretched between the palisades, the body still slightly quivering in the last convulsions.

The horrible drama was played in such complete silence that the Annamese who reposed in the neighboring *canha* were not attracted.

Goulias died three days after that incredible fight. As he had only flesh wounds, he would have been saved had the post possessed the antiseptics and bandages necessary.

This is the only unique fact in the history of the animal reign where a man overcame and suffocated in his arms the king of wild beasts.