WINTER FODDER for BASEBALL FANS

ANOTHER JAB AT SOUTHERN TRAINING

May Be Eliminated in the Future, Is the Tip From Cullen.

By Clarence L. Cullen.

Special Correspondence of The Star.

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Will the subtropical spring training trip for ball players eventually be cut out?

It begins to look something like that. There has been more talk about and against the southern spring training business this year than ever before, and there've been some rumblings on that subject for several years past.

The original rumbler on that topic was Clark Griffith. He never could see the training-in-tepid-climates thing. Never could perceive the advantages of taking a bunch of men, all used to the temperate zone, into the humid countries and putting them through their course of sprouts there, only to fetch them back to the rawness of their own section a few weeks later on to get them all stiffened up and knocked out of kilter.

Griffith was outspoken on that subject as long as five years ago. He never made any bones about his dislike of the gummy climate training business. And his views on that subject have spread—spread widely.

An official of the National League, who asked not to be quoted, gave me his views on that matter the other day.

"In my opinion," said he, "the end of the southern training business is in sight. There are several managers of clubs in the league with which I am connected who are beginning to sour on it. They've good reason to sour on it, too. They find that the southern training provides too many charley-horsed men for them when the teams sail back to the north to begin the season. It's all very fine and flowery and all that for the players while they're actually training in the south. They work off the meat easily under the gummy sun. They feel bully and nimble and agile while they're in the south. They think they're going to jump over the moon for themselves after they've been training in the south for two or three weeks.

Stiff in the Cold.

"The trouble begins when they bob back to the north. Then a nor'east-by-easter hits them in the small of the back or somewhere, and they begin to stiffen up like black strap molasses glugging out of a barrel in a country store on a winter's day. The pitchers get on the fritz first. The marrow in their salary fins congeals into unmalleable glue. No matter how they've been blazing 'em over in just the right spot under the balmy influence of the southern suns, just as soon as they crawl out onto an early spring lot up this way they find that they can't throw a rock at a hen with any reasonable prospect of hitting the lady bird. Some of the pitchers are so friz up, so to speak, that they can't get themselves thawed into heaving shape till the ides of June are at hand—and many a big league championship has been won and lost by the first of June, don't ever forget that part of it.

"But it's not the pitchers alone. All of the players feel more or less severely the immense climatic change when they wabble back north from their southern training expedition. When they get back north you'll find 'em sticking around the steam radiator in the hotels, sort of nursing the small of their backs and trying to keep the draft from the front door, only 350 away from them, from hitting them on the wishbone. They find that they can't get or keep warm when they return to the north, even when they're draping themselves around the heaters in the hotel lobby.

"But it's the devil and worse for them when they mooch out onto a raw, drear, bleak ball yard up north, and start in to give an imitation of ball playing. Did you ever, when you were a boy, try to play marbles on the frozen ground in the middle of winter? Well, that's about like it. You remember how stiff your knuckles were, and how you couldn't shoot your taw marble within forty-seven cubits of the marble that you were plugging at? Same with ball players trying to work real cute for themselves and the spectators when they return from spring practice in the south.

"Athletes should be trained in the same climate in which they're going to do their work. That, I think, is a dictum that common sense stands for, aside from all other considerations.

"There's no reason on earth why ball players of the big leagues should not be trained precisely as Marathon runners are trained up here in this section of the world. They could do their outdoor work, the work that takes the winter blubber off, just as well, and a whole lot better, north of Mason and Dixon's line than they could below it. And they'd have the immense advantage of being hardened, when the playing season begins, to the sort of climate in which they're expected to deliver the goods.

Later Start Better.

"Of course, if the ball playing season began late in May, say, why, the situation would be different. Then the ball players could train in the south with advantage, because they wouldn't feel any change in climatic conditions when they got back to the north. The wather in the north would have all of its craggy edges taken off by that time, and they could hop out on the ball lot and feel coltish and things. But with the season beginning so early in the spring that the leaves are hardly full-formed on the trees and the chill blasts shrieking around the ball yards sometimes for a full month after the opening date, the southern-trained players are in bad and no mistake.

"As I say, the ball players could be well trained in open-air spaces not far removed from the towns in which their clubs are. They could do their long gallops in the open, rain, snow or shine, and they could discard the meat that way just as effectually as the running chaps do by that system. The prize-fighters get down to weight and put themselves on a fine edge by training in the winter climate of the north, don't they? You won't find one pug out of fifty who could be bullied into doing his training stunts in a southern climate—except, of course, the California-bred chaps, like Jeffries. The pugs know that the southern climate is enervating in its effects upon men who are going to do their work in the north, and that's why they take their road trots and the rest of their work right near the scenes of their northern operations, and in all kinds of weather, at that.

"As for practicing, why, the ball players could do that under cover. Inclosures are always to be found where they can sail the sphere around the place without hitting too much wall. They don't have to play these regular spring training games that we're reading about now, you know. They're unnecessary. All that they really need is to practice whacking at the pill, get their signals down pat and their arms loosed up, and plenty of places could be found them to do that, as I say, under cover in the northern climate. They could do their hard work out in the open, and their ball stunts under shelter, and it's ten to one that they'd all be in a heap better shape to begin the schedule than they are under this system which yanks them back from the magnolia lands smack-dab into the chilling domains of Boreas, whatever that may mean.

"There are other reasons. I was reading the other day that Delehanty of the Washington club bucked about going south with the Washington outfit, because he said, and said truthfully, that the southern gag had given him a bad dose of malaria on a previous training trip and that he'd had all sorts of bother in trying to eliminate the malarial poison from his system.

Malaria on Tap.

"That experience of Delehanty's is no uncommon one. Plenty of northern ball players become infected with that southern malaria dope during the spring training stunts. And, once they get that malaria stuff into their systems, they're woggiebugs for the rest of the playing season, if not for a considerably longer period.

"Again, the southern training trip is an immensely and needlessly expensive affair. If it were actually necessary the expense involved would not be any valid consideration. But when it isn't at all necessary, but, in my opinion and the opinion of wiser base ball men than I am, positively harmful, then the matter of the expense of the thing reasonably becomes a very decided and distinct consideration.

"I wouldn't be in the least surprised to see the southern training trips altogether abandoned within the next two or three years. When the players come back from the south soon and start in to work, and many of them find that they're all punked up by the northern spring, there'll be a hot renewal of the anti-southern training thing, and I wouldn't be surprised to see enough of the managers of both big leagues go on record against the southern training business to cancel that stunt at an even earlier time than I am anticipating."

MANAGERS' MISTAKES.

Edwards in Cleveland Plain Dealer.

You never can tell by the looks of a recruit how much base ball ability he may have stored up ready to deliver when he gets the opportunity and the proper encouragement.

Pat Tebeau once said that Billy Bradley was so awkward he would never make a ball player, while the same clever manager turned Tommy Leach down because he was so little.

Billy Nance, at the time in question captain of the Kansas City club, ordered George Stovall off the field. George was only an amateur and Nance said the field was intended for real ball players.

Walter Johnson once signed with Tacoma for $75 a month, but was released because of ineffectiveness. Within a year he was a member of the Washington club and one of the pitching marvels of the decade.

Matty McIntyre, twice a member of the American League champions, received a scanty trial with the Athletics, but was turned loose before the season opened.

The Cleveland magnates and scout could not see Rube Marquard, but their lack of judgment in this case may be demonstrated.

Detroit once had Pitcher Cicotte, but discarded him and the young Frenchman almost beat the Tigers out of a pennant last season.

The Boston Nationals once regarded Jimmy Collins as a base ball lemon and shipped him to Louisville, but were mighty glad to be able to get the great third-sacker back again.

Harry Howell was of so little account that Griffith threw him in "to boot" when he bought Jack Powell.

Harry Davis was canned by several managers before he became one of the best first basemen in the land.

Topsy Hartsel, still regarded as one of the very best outfielders in the business, was regarded as a joke by Cincinnati and shipped to the Indianapolis farm.

Lancaster was the first club to give Rube Marquard a trial. The opposing team scored nine runs off him in one inning and his release came mighty quick. Three years later New York paid $11,000 for the same pitcher.

Some ten years or more ago Fred Clarke went up to Dayton to look Elmer Flick over. Flick fanned three times and Clarke designated him as a lemon. A year later Clarke would have been willing to pay five times what Armour had asked for Flick.

Ty Cobb could run when he first reported to Augusta, in the South Atlantic League, but could do little else. He was farmed out a couple of times before he was finally counted a regular. Toledo let Nig Clarke go a few years ago, Strobel not considering him worth three postage stamps. About the same time Addie Joss was farmed out to Tecumseh by Toledo. The other pitchers, however, went bad and Joss got his chance.

Kid Elberfeld had trials with Philadelphia and Cincinnati and was placed in the discard twice before making the most of his opportunity with Detroit. Lou Criger, another star, was farmed out by Cleveland to Fort Wayne prior to his becoming a regular with the old Spiders.

So it goes. A manager may never know when he has a diamond in the rough in some youngsters just off the lots or out of the bush leagues. You cannot blame the managers, however. If a recruit fails to show at the outset, the manager cannot afford to retain him. The manager is hired to win games, not run a kindergarten for recruits who may make good at some time in the distant future. Consequently the farming system was adopted, so that a club would not lose the services entirely of a recruit who seemed to have some promise.

Three I League.

"Barn storming" is sport and every ball player who has had experience in this line manages to get more fun out of a few games than he does during the championship season, writes Addie Joss.

When the All-American and National League teams were working their way to the coast a few years ago the clubs were scheduled to play at Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

This city is represented in the Three I. League. The season had closed a few weeks previously and as the ground-keeper had not touched the diamond it was naturally rough.

To make matters worse a circus had used the grounds a couple of days before we got there and it was almost impossible for the infielders to tell where a ball would bound.

Early in the game some one hit a ground ball to Claude Ritchey, who was covering the keystone position for the National League club.

"Rich" can play a bad bound as good as any one, but this drive, just as it was about to reach Claude, hit one of these ruts and taking a false bound, hit him just above the eye.

Ritchey was blinded for a moment, but resumed his position. As he went to the bench at the end of the inning with a beautiful "shiner," some one jokingly remarked: "Well, Rich, a fellow needs three eyes to get them on this ground."

"I should say he does," replied the clever second baseman; "no wonder they call it the Three I League."

For Sunday Base Ball.

NEW YORK, March 20.—Since the passage of a bill legalizing Sunday base ball games by the Indiana legislature plans have been formulated for the introduction of similar measures in two other states. At Harrisburg the Pennsylvania legislature will soon consider a bill legalizing Sunday games between the hours of 3:30 and 6:30 p.m. and providing for a scale of licenses from $25 to $500, according to the size of the grounds. It is said that the new owners of the Philadelphia National League Club, including several state senators, are behind the measure, and that it stands an excellent chance to become a law.

A bill legalizing ball games on the Sabbath will be introduced in the New Jersey legislature at Trenton shortly. It will provide for fixed hours and may also call for the payment of a state tax on gate receipts. Sunday games have been played for several years in various Jersey towns, including Hoboken, Newark, Paterson and Elizabeth, without interruption. It is reported that Jersey City and Trenton politicians who are indirectly interested in the national game will advocate the proposed bill. In New York state there is apparently no chance for a Sunday base ball law covering professional games, but the amateur clubs have been fighting for legislation at Albany for several years.

WHY CRIGER LEFT THE BOSTON TEAM

Real Story of the Trouble Between Lou and Boss Taylor.

HOUSTON, March 19.—Lou Criger is probably the most contented man in camp, though, be it known, the entire squad is about as happy a lot of men as has ever been assembled together. The new catcher has his wife and little son with him and is one continual round of smiles. He is popular with all, and has undertaken the task that is expected of him with a vim and vigor that bodes ill for the other candidates for this year's American League pennant.

In the most important branch of base ball the Browns have strengthened, whereas its two most formidable rivals can be said to be weaker. In developing young pitchers there is hardly a man in a class with the Elkhart receiver, and as an inside man he is the best in the business.

As a sample of the results he produces with young pitchers, it is conceded that he developed the Boston pitching staff, and to get verification of this one must only hear the praise bestowed upon him by those that have had the benefit of his teachings. Jake Thielman, when passing through St. Louis recently, picked the Browns to win the pennant and gave as his reason the strength that Criger would add.

Criger "Calls" Taylor.

It seems that the bottom of the whole Criger matter was a petty difference which the catcher had with Taylor, owner of the Boston team, a man who is hard to get along with. During the last summer Criger had noticed that several little annoyances had been thrust in his way and made mention of it. Young and Criger went to Taylor late in the season and Lou asked Taylor "If he had anything against him?" Taylor answered "No." Criger said:

"I am pleased to hear this, as I like Boston."

Taylor said everything was satisfactory and he had no idea of letting Lou go, as he appreciated the fact that the catcher had been the means of making valuable material of Steele, Burchell, Cicotte, Arellanes and Wood, and the value of this staff would depreciate many fold were Lou an absentee.

The coolness failed to disappear, though, and again Criger and Young went to the owner with their grievance and Lou wanted an understanding. Taylor hemmed and hawed, and finally said:

"Well, Criger, I'll tell you. Last year I gave you $400 to make a trip to Colorado for your health, and you failed to do this, so that is what I have against you."

Lou Thoroughly Cured.

In explanation Criger stated that he had gone to a health resort in southern Illinois, and also to St. Louis to go under a doctor's care, and had not only spent the $400 that the Boston owner had advanced, but had expended several hundred dollars of his own and had effected a cure; furthermore, he gave the Boston club the best he had in stock.

Young at the time stated that if Criger was to go he wanted to go also, and desired to finish his career with Criger.

Last fall, during the final Cleveland game, President Hedges said that a lack of brains behind the bat was the reason the Browns failed to win the pennant, and that next season he would have the best catcher in the American League.

Further questioning failed to bring any more light on the subject, the impression being that either Criger or Sullivan was to be a member of the 1909 Browns. During the world's championship series in Chicago President Comisky was approached and the question asked:

"If an offer had been made by the St. Louis management for Sullivan?"

The "Old Roman" answered in the negative, so it can be seen that Criger was a Brown probability as early as September, 1908.

Taylor Throws Young Down.

Another matter which Criger has in his heart against "Champagne Charley" Taylor is that he led the Boston public to believe that he and Young were anxious to leave Boston. Lou says this was far from the case, as he was a favorite with the Boston public.

Still another sore spot was the treatment accorded Young. Both were promised that if any trade was made the battery would stay intact. McAleer understood that this was the status of the case when the last league meeting was held, and accordingly went to Taylor with a munificent bid for the veteran pitcher's services. Taylor seemed to think favorably of the matter. What happened in the meantime, when Somers & Co. cajoled Taylor into parting with Young, is ancient history. Down at the bottom of the whole trouble is a matter of a paltry $400, which Taylor has allowed to stand in the way of upbuilding a promising ball team.

FIRST BASEMEN WILL KEEP JOBS

There is one position on the American League teams the coming season which will be filled by familiar faces. Aside from the question of whether Freeman or Unglaub will play bag No. 1 in Washington, there seems not to be the slightest doubt that the same men who filled this position on the teams last season will again be on the job this year.

Chase is certain of his place with New York. That also holds good for Jake Stahl at Boston, Donohue at Chicago, Davis at Philadelphia, Jones at St. Louis, Rossman at Detroit and Stovall at Cleveland.

Danzig, the Red Sox's new man, is said to be a good player, but he will have to go some to displace Stahl.

The same condition will not exist with reference to any other position on the teams and shows that the present crop of first basemen is the best available. It used to be that the manager of a ball team never gave first base much thought. After all the other positions had been filled to his satisfaction, he would take whatever was left and use it at first base. So long as a chap could catch a thrown ball he was thought capable of filling the place.

In the old days Charley Comiskey revolutionized the system of play at that bag, and not until Fred Tenney broke into playing the position did it dawn upon the base ball world that first base was a rather important position after all.

Today as much attention is given the selection of a player for that position as for any other, for in these days a team must be well balanced to hold its own.

Salvie Is a Phenom, Sure.

One of the young twirlers who will be given a trial by Connie Mack this year is Gus Salvie, who last season made a remarkable record for a youngster in the matter of star performances. Salvie was with the Columbia, S. C., Club of the South Atlantic League last year, when he twice manipulated the horsehide so effectively that not a hit was made off him in either game.

He held one team down to four hits in twelve innings, and he secured the record for the league by shutting out Savannah in a sixteen-inning 1 to 0 contest. Savannah made only three hits off Salvie in this contest, and he struck out ten batsmen.

Of the thirty contests in which he worked, Salvie won fourteen, lost fifteen and tied one. His record, however, looms up better than this, for in the thirty games his opponents made only 175 base hits, an average of less than six to a game, and only eighty-five runs, or less than three runs to a game. Salvie gave 89 bases on balls and fanned 189 batsmen. His fielding average was .955 and his batting percentage was .144.

After being the star pitcher of the East Providence, R. I., high school team for three seasons, Salvie was given a chance with the Regents of the Providence Amateur League. From there he went to the Richmond, Va., club. Hughey Duffy drafted Salvie for his Providence club, and then sent him to the Columbus, S. C., team.

Salvie is now only twenty-two years old, as he was born in Jamaica Plains, Mass., in 1887, and for the last fourteen years he has been living at East Providence, R. I.

PLAYERS WHO GET ONE MORE CHANCE

Eighteen or Twenty Men Will Be Given Another Tryout for Major Leagues.

Something like eighteen or twenty players are now about to try their luck in fast company for the second or third time, after a brief chance to think it over in the minor leagues. The coming back of these men will offset the departure of the veterans of the national game for the last ten or fifteen years who have been sent to the minors the past winter.

Some former Detroit players are coming back for another trial, notably Clements, the outfielder; E. Jones and Justus, pitchers; Archer and Stannage, catchers.

Three former Naps are also "come-backs." They are Earl Moore, Jap Barbeau and Catcher Starnagle. Moore gets another lease of life with the Philadelphia Nationals.

Jap Barbeau put in two good years at Toledo, after being released by Cleveland, and if he fails to be retained by Manager Clarke of the Pirates, Bresnahan will probably give him a third trial. A come-back, grabbed by Murray, is Clements, the Jersey City outfielder, who once wore a Detroit uniform in the days of Ed Barrows' management of the Tigers. He went to Detroit under the name of Schultz. He is the man who broke the base-circling record at the big field day at Cincinnati a year ago last fall. Others that Murray has picked up are Shortstop Shean, who was tried out by Connie Mack two years ago, and Catcher Crist.

In Briscoe Lord Cleveland gets a man who was tried out by Connie Mack and shipped to New Orleans after he had fallen a victim to malaria. Lord looked like a real live wire when he first joined the Athletics, and many experts predicted that he would crowd Seybold for the team. But the youngster's health gave way and it has taken him two years to acquire big league form again.

Frank Chance will have four men that have seen big league ball before. They are Catcher Archer, Outfielders Stanley and Hayden and Pitcher Kroh. Archer was with the Detroit champions in 1907 and caught one of the games of the world's series, says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Then he went to Buffalo, and now he joins the club against which he played in the greatest series of base ball. Pitcher Kroh was twice tried out by the Boston Americans and shipped to the minors each time. Outfielder Hayden was a member of the Red Sox as well but after his famous encounter with Hobe Ferris, in which Ferris kicked Hayden in the jaw, he went to Rochester and then to Indianapolis. Chicago took him last fall and he aided the Cubs to win the pennant. Stanley was a member of the Washington club for two years and was noted for his ability to field. Weakness at the bat caused him to drop out of the American League.

The New York Americans are scheduled to try out a few men who have been "up" before, the come-backs being Ward, Knight, Brockett and Hughes. The last two were with New York before, and perhaps have been only "covered up" this time. Ward used to be with the Phillies and jumped to the Tri-State League, while Knight served a year at Baltimore after being let out by Boston.

Cincinnati gets Roth from Milwaukee, Roth having been a member of at least three big league clubs prior to his signing with Milwaukee. Walter Justus, bought from Lancaster by St. Louis, had a brief trial with Detroit, while Cleveland and St. Louis formerly tried Catcher Starnagle, now secured from Altoona by Brooklyn. Catcher Stanage, touted as a wonder by Detroit writers, once worked for Brooklyn and St. Louis. Detroit got him from the Eastern League.

Champ Osteen, tried by New York, Washington and Chicago Americans, is now a Cardinal.

Some Salt With This.

"When I was captain and manager of the Richmond, Va., team in 1894," says Jimmy Gilman, "a long, lean, rakish fellow came to me one day and applied for a job on my nine.

"'Who are you?' I asked.

"'Me? I'm Lariat-throwing Joe O'Brien,' he said, as if astonished because I didn't know him.

"'What's lariat throwing got to do with base ball?' I sneered, trying to move away.

"'Not much, cap'n, not much, perhaps, unless you're playing in a snake country like this,' he replied, soft and gentle like; and then he told me his story.

"'I'm a ball player by profession and a lariat thrower by birth,' said Joe O'Brien. 'My father and grandfather made their living roping horses and cattle on the plains. When I was fifteen years old I could whirl a lariat over the horns of a cow or bull as well as the best of them.' Jake Wells, my star catcher, came in at this time and heard the rest of O'Brien's story, heard it and believed it, for our ball park in Richmond was a regular sunning place for snakes. Great, sleek black fellows as long as a fishing rod would crawl under the rotten fences and bask in the soft grass and the mellow sunshine every day.

"'One day,' O'Brien went on, 'I was playing center field at El Paso, Tex. The outfield was almost alive with black-snakes. I stepped on at least a dozen while I was chasing the ball. Many of them were big enough to swallow a bird or a bunny at one gulp, but they were perfectly harmless and showed no resentment when I accidentally trod on them. In the ninth inning, with a man on third and two out, the man at bat hit the ball far over my head. I ran back to where it rolled just in time to see it disappearing between the jaws of one of the largest and most beautiful black-snakes I had ever seen. There was no time to try to rescue the ball, and so I seized the reptile by his wriggling tail. All my old lariat-throwing instinct came back to me like a flash. I swung the snake around my head two or three times to get up speed, and then with great adroitness straightened him out with a sudden snap, his head aimed toward the plate. Swifter and straighter than I could possibly have thrown it the ball shot across the field, straight into the catcher's mitt, and the runner was out by just a step. Do I get a job?'

"'Yes,' says I, 'you do,' and the base ball records for 1894 will tell you that Lariat-throwing Joe O'Brien was the best outfielder the fans of Richmond ever applauded."

Columbia After Pennsy.

NEW YORK, March 20.—Columbia's track and field team will meet that of Pennsylvania on Franklin Field, Philadelphia, May 22, which will give the Blue and White team two dual meets this year, as usual. The finances of the team are in better condition, and it is expected that, with a strict curtailment of expenses, there is little chance of disbanding the squad.

ORIGINAL IRON MAN OF BASE BALL GAME

Radbourne Pitched Twenty-Two Successive Games for Providence Grays.

Remarkable in many respects was the base ball season of 1884. In that campaign the record for successive victories for a major league club was established by the Providence Grays, who put together twenty straight; Charley Sweeney fanned eighteen men in a nine-inning contest, which still remains a big league record, and Charley Radbourne gained fame and renown by twirling twenty-two consecutive championship games. Early historians of base ball say that Rad, kingpin of pitchers in his time, worked in twenty-seven successive battles, but the files of base ball papers of that year show that twenty-two was the number. It is possible that the "Old Hoss" pitched twenty-seven consecutive contests, but if he did so five of these were exhibition affairs, of which there is not now any trace, writes E. J. Lanigan.

Radbourne not only pitched twenty-two games in a row for the Rhode Islanders twenty-five years ago in order to win the pennant for the Providence team, which was managed by Frank Bancroft, now business representative of the Cincinnati club, but he officiated on the rubber that season in seventy-two contests, and when he wasn't pitching was playing either right field, shortstop or first base. Radbourne seems to have been base ball's original iron man. Certain is it that there is no flinger nowadays capable of pitching twenty-two games in a row, or of accomplishing what Radbourne did in 1884—winning fifty-nine contests.

Sweeney Deserts.

Providence's average that year was .750, the National League teams then playing 112 games. Of the eighty-four triumphs of the Grays Radbourne was responsible for fifty-nine, Charley Sweeney bagging the lion's share of the other wins. But Sweeney jumped the Rhode Island team in midsummer, leaving the Grays with Radbourne to depend on to win the pennant. They had two other hurlers—Conly and Miller—but these men were inexperienced, and Bancroft seldom used them.

There are many tales of how Radbourne started on his record-breaking exploit of pitching twenty-two straight games. Some chroniclers say that Sweeney walked off the field in St. Louis and refused to pitch any more for Providence, leaving the "Old Hoss" as the team's lone boxman. If the Californian did this the public prints of 1884 do not mention that fact, and the tale that the team had no other pitcher than Radbourne doesn't agree with the scores, which show that Miller and Conly were on the club's pay roll and occasionally twirled for the Grays after Sweeney jumped to the St. Louis Maroons of the short-lived Union Association.

Radbourne's remarkable record of twenty-two games in a row, of which nineteen were victories, started August 21, 1884, against the Chicago club, and ended September 24, against the same team.

Eleven Straight.

Eleven of Radbourne's twenty-two games were consecutive victories, the break coming September 9, when the Buffalos, with Jimmy Galvin pitching, took the Grays into camp by a score of 2 to 0. The Bisons on that date, moreover, stopped Providence from recording twenty-one triumphs in a row. The temporary setback did not disconcert Radbourne and his teammates, for they got busy again and won eight contests in a stretch. Their next defeat was sustained at the hands of Detroit, which club had Charles Getzein on the rubber, and then won its only game of the season from the champions, the score being 7 to 1. September 24 the Grays again were beaten, this time by Chicago, and on the next day Radbourne took a well earned rest, Conly doing the flinging for the New Englanders.

In the twenty-two games Radbourne's opponents only thrice were able to make ten or more hits off him. August 28 the Chicagos, who finished fourth in that year, got eleven wallops off Providence's iron man, while August 30 and September 18 the Detroits, who were tailenders, made ten safeties off him, the first of these games going eleven innings. Showing his great and sustained effectiveness, Radbourne's adversaries were able to bat only a .211 clip in these twenty-two games and averaged less than three runs to the contest. His record of twenty-two straight engagements follows:

A Great Record.

Date.	Against.	Res.	Ab.	R.	H.	SO.	C.B.
Aug. 21	Chicago	W	32	3	8	4	6
Aug. 23	Chicago	W	37	3	6	2	6
Aug. 27	Chicago	W	33	3	6	5	1
Aug. 28	Chicago	W	36	4	11	2	1
Aug. 29	Detroit	W	34	1	7	6	0
*Aug. 30	Detroit	W	44	5	10	7	1
Sept. 2	Buffalo	W	30	0	3	10	0
Sept. 3	Buffalo	W	34	1	9	7	1
Sept. 4	Cleveland	W	33	1	8	3	0
Sept. 5	Cleveland	W	32	4	5	8	0
Sept. 6	Cleveland	W	31	0	6	8	1
Sept. 9	Buffalo	L	29	2	5	8	1
Sept. 10	Cleveland	W	35	3	9	1	2
Sept. 11	Cleveland	W	33	1	5	11	0
Sept. 12	Buffalo	W	34	2	6	4	0
Sept. 13	Buffalo	W	35	1	7	7	1
Sept. 15	Cleveland	W	35	2	9	6	0
Sept. 16	Detroit	W	32	2	6	8	1
Sept. 17	Detroit	W	34	5	7	7	2
Sept. 18	Detroit	W	38	6	10	4	2
Sept. 20	Detroit	L	39	7	9	9	3
Sept. 24	Chicago	L	33	5	7	6	3
Totals			754	61	150	133	27

*Eleven innings.

GEORGE MULLIN TO WORK FASTER

Here is some good news for the long-suffering fans about the American League circuit, who have always phoned home to keep supper warm when it was announced that George Mullin was to pitch for Detroit. Although Mullin has never acquired the reputation in the papers for being slow that Cuppy and Joe Doyle did, he consumed about as much time in his delivery as either of the human tortoise. But Mullin is to work with haste in the future. Charley Schmidt, the Tiger catcher, stands sponsor for that statement.

In his weekly hold-out letter to the Detroit papers Schmidt says:

"At this time I want to say something about George Mullin. Well along in the season Mullin was losing and all the other pitchers were winning. George had the blues. He had bees beaten in Chicago and then they got after him strong in Boston. I 'kidded' him at the time and he was so sore over his bad luck that he would not talk to me for two days. But one night he came to me and said:

"'Charlie, what do you think of my luck in pitching?'

"I said, 'George, I will tell you why you can't win. When you go into the box the infield gets set and you don't pitch until they relax. Then you pitch and they are not set for a ball if it is hit their way, and that is why so many go by that would be fielded if you would pitch quicker. I asked him to try it next time and he said he would. He beat Boston 2 to 1 and pitched the game in one hour and thirty-five minutes, and followed it up by beating New York in one hour and twenty-eight minutes. He was the most tickled fellow I ever saw and he finished out the season pitching fast. He pitched fast against the Cubs and he said he was a third better by pitching fast.

"I want to make a prediction that Mullin will be one of the winning pitchers of 1909. If he isn't, I shall be badly fooled. Regarding the other pitchers on the club, I will say that 'Wild Bill' will repeat sure. Suggs will make good this time and the club does not need a thing to strengthen it.

"Keep your eye on Mullin this season and see how near I come to picking a winner."

Were Good Base Runners.

It is not always the fast man who makes the best base runner. Ed Delehanty and "Big Bill" Lange in the heyday of their careers were as good as the best. It was not fleetness that made them wonders on the paths.

Both were big men who had sliding down to a science, and this, with the fact that they managed to get a lead and took advantage of their bulk to intimidate basemen, made it next to impossible for them to be caught.

Every pitcher has some peculiarity which lets the runner know when he is going to pitch. Once Lange or Delehanty was wise to this they took advantage of it.

When under headway these men kept the man who was covering in view, and whichever way he went for the throw they slid the opposite way.

Both were big fellows, and whenever the baseman refused them right of way they never hesitated to slide into him.

STRIKES AND SPARES.

Reisler bowled 110, 105 and 106 in the Royals-Arlington set, averaging 107.

O'Donnell averaged 203 against the Warriors. You're looking good, Danny.

The Monotype team rolled a 1,028 game against Columbia. What's the matter, going crazy?

Rodrick of the Royals averaged 111 against the Arlingtons. A regular three-ace affair.

Rice had games of 225, 156 and 214 against the Farmers. That 156 score spoiled a good set, Tony.

Myers of the Commissioners had scores of 182, 244 and 203 in the G. P. O. set. Oh, you naughty "Cupid."

The Manhattans took two out of three games from the Puritans. Wieser was the best with an average of 200.

Buckholz got scores of 124, 123 and 121 in the Unions-Monotype set. Go on, "Buck," stop your teasing.

Thompson of the Stampers rolled 177, 174 and 172. Well, he tried to be consistent, and that helps some.

Who says Manager Chase is not a true sport? Didn't he loan Crist to the War quint and then beat them out?

Nachman bowled with the G. P. O. last Thursday night and had games of 168, 168 and 191. Who said "Happy" was all in?

Goodman, he of Resolute fame, had a string of 106, 101 and 103 games against the Hummers. A good man? You bet he is.

Brosnan got 203, 214 and 212 in his set against Post Office. That 209 average made Jack feel right pert, thank you.

Redeker got two good scores against the Florists—222 and 227—but spoiled a daisy set by getting 136 in his second game.

Douglas had a 213 game sandwiched in between games of 150 and 158. What's the matter "Duggie," get your signals crossed?

Essex had a set of 137, 143 and 182 games in the Navy Yard match. What were those first two games, Frank, warming-up affairs?

Hermann of St. John's rolled 103, 110 and 137 against Westminster. Too bad he spoiled a neat little set by getting that 137 score.

Lord did fairly well last week, getting games of 181, 201 and 167. They say Charlie made quite a hit at Pittsburg—with the ladies.

Bunn of the Potomacs did good work in the Fat Men set, getting scores of 183, 199 and 200. Rather late in getting your stride, Al?

Rose of the Agricultures had nice scores in the Interior set—202, 199 and 220, averaging 207. A case of a rose in full bloom.

Cooke of the Florists bowled 124, 219 and 178 in the Florists-Saengerbund set. Guess the cook mixed up a bad mess in that first game.

Hardie got 237 and 204 in his first and third games in the set with the Navy Yard. Glad to see that the Pittsburg trip did "Joe" good.

The captain of one of the winning teams in a local duckpin league won enough umbrellas to supply his entire team. Got any extra ones, George?

Woltz of the Sixth bowled 147 in each of his first and second games and then quit. That boy wasn't taking any chances on his third game, he knew when he had enough.

Is it true that Cooper and his straw hat are to be divorced? 168, 158 and 163 was the best that Jimmie could get against the Aggies last week. Better shake it, Jim.

Have you noticed the slight stoop which Bradley has been affecting the past few days? It is all due to the many medals which he has won in the Commercial League this winter.

The Fat Men dropped one game to the Potomacs, but no great harm was done. The "Fats" are so busy trying to find places for those new cups that they are sometimes caught napping.

Miller of the Navy Yard rolled 193, 224 and 206 against War, and 225, 215 and 160 against the Bureaus, an average of 205 for the six games. Charley is showing real classy work these days.

Myers had a string of 171, 236 and 176 games against the Post Office. As long as the big boy was able to get that 236 score, his friends have hopes that he will survive the Pittsburg trip.

Post Office bowled with only four men in their first game against the Commissioners, but Ward got there in time to get into the second and third. What was the matter, Jim, asleep at the switch?

The Ninth Street quint looked like a family affair in that set with Bethany, three Fowlers appearing in the line-up. Better get Fowler of the Fifth, for one more added to what you have makes a little bit more.

Doyle of the Aggies had an off week, getting 145, 137 and 165 against the Interiors. Connie must have thought he was throwing to third base, judging from the way he shot the ball down the alleys. Just a little too much speed, that's all.

"Buckarene" Comes Back.

John Freeman, the old Miller home-run hitter, will be back with the local club again this season, and all of the local fans are hoping to see the great slugger back to his old form. Freeman was injured last season, suffering a broken shoulder, and for the final month or so he was out of the game altogether. Freeman has been working hard all winter trying to condition himself for the season's work, and Mike Cantillon, owner of the local club, last month sent him a contract. Freeman not only signed and returned the contract, but wrote Cantillon a letter expressing his gratitude for the favors shown him by the magnate and confident that he would be in as good condition as ever.

For a time Cantillon figured on putting up the former Boston star on the base ball market, but hearing that the Minneapolis fans wanted to see John in a Minneapolis uniform again, the Miller leader decided to give the favorite another chance. If Freeman cannot hold his own in the all-round work he will probably be kept on the bench to wallop out an opportune hit occasionally. Cantillon received a letter from Freeman last Friday and the former Miller captain claims to be in first-class playing condition.—Minneapolis Journal.

Anson's Team Coming East.

CHICAGO, March 20.—"Cap" Anson announces he has been successful in blocking out the eastern trip which he proposed to give his base ball team this spring.

The games definitely scheduled include two in Philadelphia, April 7 and 8, when the Colts will play the Phillies and Athletics on the National League grounds there; one game in New York with the Giants, April 13, and a game in Newark with the Eastern League team, April 12 or 14.

The veteran plans, however, to book games enough to keep his team busy in the east the greater part of the month of April. He is after games in Boston, Washington and Baltimore, and expects to get dates with New England League teams after the major league season opens April 14.

STARS WHO NEVER PLAYED WITH MINORS

A. G. Spalding, Patsy Donovan and Sam Thompson Among the Number.

Ball players who become famous in the big leagues do not always work up through the minors, by any means, and this was even more so the case with old-timers. Then there was not enough money in the minor leagues to prove attractive to any but the players who hustled more for the fun than for what there was in it. Some of the older players kept away from the game as long as they could resist the temptation to play, and then broke into it without any particular preparation in the way of minor league experience. Frequently accident played not a little part in their taking up the profession.

Sam Thompson, one of the greatest players the world ever produced, broke into the game through an accidental opportunity that came about in this manner:

Dropped Tools to Play.

He was a carpenter in Danville, Ind., and in his leisure moments played on the local team. One day the famous Indianapolis team of the National League blew into Danville, having arranged previously to play an off date there. The Danville club lined up on the field and it was soon noticed that it was shy one man. This proved to be Thompson, the greatest player in that section.

As the park was crowded and the Indianapolis manager wanted the admission money, he held a hurried conversation with the Danville magnate and the result was that they drove down the road for a mile or so to where Thompson was busily engaged in shingling a roof.

When asked to quit work and play in the game that afternoon Sam claimed that he couldn't afford to lose the $1.50 that he would receive for continuing at his labor. The Indianapolis man offered him $5 to play and Sam just fell off the ladder, he was so eager to get into the game.

He hit the ball all over the lot that day, and it was his terrific batting that caused Danville to beat Indianapolis. The manager of the Indianapolis club signed him before he left the grounds at a salary of $100 a month, and when they put Sam into his first game at Philadelphia he made two home runs in succession. He afterward played with Detroit and Philadelphia and was a slugger year in and year out.

No Minors for These Players.

Cy Young was another player who got into the game without going through the minor league schools.

George Browne of the Boston Nationals and formerly a Giant, one of the best of natural ball players, got his chance through the influence of Tom Kelliher. Kelliher, who was a Georgetown star and about the finest base ball player of his day outside of the major league, received an offer from Ted Sullivan, who was then manager of the Norfolk club of the Virginia State League, to report to his team. Kelliher was willing to go, but his father objected to the move, and so Tom sent George Browne in his place, and Browne made good from the start.

Pat Donovan had no more idea of becoming a professional ball player than he had of becoming a parachute jumper, as he was a druggist in Lawrence and was in business for himself. He played on the local club until he was past manhood, and then one day came the turning point in his life.

There was to be a game at Lawrence that day between two rival clubs for the championship of the city, and Pat, who was busy at the store, had not thought of entering into the contest until some of his teammates came down to his place and entreated him to help them defeat the other fellows. Pat, after hesitating for a long while, consented to take part in the game, and by so doing changed the whole course of his latter life.

In that memorable game at Lawrence Donovan performed so many wonderful feats, both in the batting and fielding line, that the following week a score of managers were besieging him. Finally he listened to the siren song, embarked on his professional career, and thus made a page in base ball history.

How Spalding Started.

The first time in his life that Al Spalding, the millionaire sporting goods man, who once was a great professional pitcher, ever heard of the national game was in 1863. Then, as a youngster of thirteen, he met a soldier at his home in Illinois, who explained to him how they played a game in the army called base ball. Young Spalding became interested, and had the soldier show him all the points in this new game. After he had mastered them he formed two teams from among the boys in the neighborhood, and soon the whole community was head over heels in the game.

Four years after his meeting with the soldier Spalding was clerking in a Chicago grocery store. Base ball had a tremendous hold on the people there and Sunday games were a feature. So, in company with other lads of his age, he went out to the grounds one afternoon to witness a game between two leading teams. The pitcher of one of the contesting clubs twisted his leg early in the game, and some one, knowing Spalding's proficiency, recommended the boy as being a good pitcher.

He filled the bill to the letter, holding down the great sluggers with apparent ease. All Chicago spoke of him next day as the "boy wonder," and he was given a contract to sign which called for $40 a week, which was a big salary in those days.

No Left-Handed Catchers.

Left-handed catchers seem to have gone out of style completely. About the only one who ever did amount to much as a backstop was Jack Clements, who did such great work for the Phillies a dozen years ago. He took on so much weight, however, that Philadelphia let him go to St. Louis and he finished his base ball career, as did Jack Stivetts, as a member of the ill-fated Misfits in Cleveland in 1899. Jack gave up the job in disgust along in June and returned to his home in Philadelphia, preferring to quit altogether rather than play with a club whose winning streak was always confined to one consecutive game.

Fred Tenney was considered a wonderful catcher when at Brown University. He broke into the big league as a catcher, going from Brown to Boston as the receiving end of the battery of Sexton and Tenney. He failed to distinguish himself as a catcher, though, and was called upon to play first base one day when the regular first sacker was hurt. He made good at once, and has been playing first ever since.

"Jiggs" Donahue is another who fell down as a catcher, but has acquired fame as a wonderful fielding first baseman. Bill Armour had him catching for the Dayton team. Then McAleer gave him a trial at St. Louis in 1902. He was a dismal failure and was dropped to Milwaukee. Cantillon despaired of him showing anything behind the plate and stuck him on first base. At first he looked like a bloomer, but he finally acquired confidence and became a star in that position.

Yale to Meet Virginia.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., March 20.—Yale and the University of Virginia will meet in track games for the first time April 10, at Charlottesville, Va., according to an announcement made here. Yale will send about twenty men and they will go to Virginia April 3. This training week in the south is expected to give the men an advantage in the later training season.