

# BALL PLAYERS' WINTER PURSUITS

## Farming Engages Many of the Big League Stars, While Others Pull Teeth, Sell Automobiles, Assist Undertakers, Practice Law and Even Take Up Banking or Brokerage



EDWARD T. COLLINS



HUGH JENNINGS



"HAL" CHASE



"HANS" WAGNER  
Photo by Spooner & Wells



BAKER GOES BACK TO THE FARM



MANY APPEAR ON THE VAUDEVILLE STAGE



MERKLE STUDIES LAW



COLLINS WRITES FOR THE MAGAZINES AND THE NEWSPAPERS



FRED CLARK



FRANK CHANCE

WHAT does the big league ball player do with himself in the winter?

It is generally supposed that the ball player drifts back into his little home town whence he has come to a big city with his talents and just hangs around until it is time to start south again for spring training. Some supporters even think of their heroes with one foot neatly arched over a brass rail, being lionized by admiring townswomen, while the audience listens to stories of the big leagues. That was usually the manner in which the old time ball player passed the winter, but it is not true of the big leaguer of today.

With the development of baseball as a game has come the development of the individual who plays it. This is attributed to the great number of college players who have taken up baseball as a profession in the last 10 years. Most of the old time ball players were harvested from the dumps and the town lots, while many of the present big leaguers have been culled from the leading universities. Realizing that the professional career of a ball player does not last more than a dozen years at the most, with here and there an exception, the majority of them now spend their winters in constructing some sort of a business to which they can retire when there is no more room for them in the big show. And those who have not been to college are not slow to follow this example. One star said recently:

"I don't want them holding a benefit for me when I get old."

That is why the receiving teller is the favorite author of so many ball players nowadays and their bankbooks their most entertaining reading. Few of them get hoarse from repeating that old and classic refrain:

"Have another."

"Probably no man in baseball ever attracted so much attention in so short a space of time as did Frank Baker of the Philadelphia Athletics in the recent world's series. He won the highest baseball honors for his club by his phenomenal batting. He is a plain farmer in the winter. He tills the soil in the Trappe, Md. He has found the soil there rather respondent, too. Being a farmer in the winter sounds as reasonable as ice boating on the Shrewsbury in August, but nevertheless Baker is a farmer. The climate being warmer in Maryland, he is able to plant the spring crops before he leaves for the south with the team, and he devotes the winter to taking care of his live stock.

When Baker leaves his farm in the spring he has everything mapped out so that the farmer who has charge merely follows the chart. Baker is adding gradually to his land area, so that when he can no longer break up ball games he will have an occupation to fall back on. Immediately after his sensational playing in the world's series last fall several vaudeville managers offered him fabulous amounts to go on the stage, but Baker refused them all.

### Many of Men Are Farmers

"Yes," declared the hero of the series to the writer in the Athletics' clubhouse after the last game, "one manager offered me a contract for five weeks at \$1,000 a week; but, pshaw! what could I do on the stage? I guess I would look like a 'busher' all right behind the footlights. And, then, while I was away traveling the farm might go to pieces, and next year, if things broke badly for me in baseball, how many vaudeville offers would I get? No, sir. I'm going to stick by that farm. I want to go down there and shoot and arrange things, and besides, I don't think it does a ball player's eye any good looking into the calcium light every day. I'm a ball player, not an actor."

Baker went back to the farm. Used to the open air life of the diamond for six months of the year, many stars devote their off season to farming because it keeps them out of doors and in condition. Fred Clark, the manager of the Pittsburgh baseball team, owns a big wheat ranch in Kansas and is said to be worth \$1,000,000. Recently he thought of retiring to his ranch and abandoning baseball for good, but Barney Dreyfuss, owner of the Pittsburgh club, refused to let him go. Fred Clark need never worry about going back to the minors.

Frank Chance, manager of the Chicago Cubs and the winner of four National league championships and two world's pennants, has a big orange ranch at Glendora, Cal., where he spends his winters. As soon as the Cubs had finished the series with the White Sox this fall Chance hurried to his California home, where he settled down for the winter.

Fred Snodgrass, the center fielder of the Giants, is another California farmer, and he declares that he prefers farming to baseball, although he occasionally mixes a dash of winter baseball with it, as is shown by some of the California newspapers' box scores of games played in the state where baseball is in vogue the year round. Snodgrass' name is

often mentioned as among those present when the scorer is marking down the lineup. Said Fred immediately after the world's series:

"I am going to dig for California right away and invest the money I made out of the world's series in California real estate. That is the great life—up at daylight and around with the cows and horses and chickens."

"I don't like that up at daylight thing," said "Josh" Devore, who was in Snodgrass' audience at the time and is somewhat of a humorist; "but that part about being around with the chickens sounds good to me."

Clarke Griffith, formerly the manager of the Cincinnati Reds, is another ranch owner, having saved the money he made from baseball and invested it in property.

It is surprising how many ball players practice law during the off season and make a success of it. No doubt that comes from the experience gained in handling umpires. But, on the other hand, some umpires are reading, law, too, perhaps with the end in view of being able to take care of ball players.

Besides getting \$18,000 a season for managing the Detroit club in the American league, Hugh Jennings has a lucrative law practice in Scranton, Pa., where he spends all his time in the winter. Just to show that he is versatile, however, besides the law and baseball, Jennings picks up a few hundred dollars each fall writing accounts of the world's series games for a newspaper. And he is not one of those authors by proxy, either, but insists on "writin' his own stuff."

"I got \$50 for each story," he told a friend after the last series, "and I was worried to death during that close fifth game in New York for fear that the Athletics would win it, which would give them the championship, and my career as an author would be cut short there and then, and, worse yet, my pay would stop, too."

As an attorney Jennings really sparkles. They say in Scranton when he has charge of a case and gets worked up to the proper pitch, he stands on one foot, his attitude on the coaching line, kicks the other one in the air, and emits his famous "Ee-yaah." After this happens opposing counsel throws up his hands and offers to settle.

"Eddie" Grant, formerly the third baseman on the Philadelphia National league team, and at present affiliated with Cincinnati, is a graduate of Harvard law school, and has a practice in Boston which he leaves in charge of his partner during the playing season. In his case, as in those of many ball players, baseball is simply a means of support until he can build up a sufficiently large practice to live as he desires.

Fred Merkle, the first baseman of the Giants, has been studying law two winters at his home in Ohio and expects to be admitted to the bar there this year. Merkle has tried many cases in petty courts and has a reputation as an orator in his home town. He is well read and intelligent, and it is due only to that one incident when he lost a championship for the giants that he has been rated as a bonehead. Even Connolly, the umpire who fined Merkle \$100 in the world's series, admits that he is an orator.

### Lawyers and Writers

"Dave" Fultz, who used to play center field on the New York American league team and was one of the best outfielders in baseball, studied law during the winter and practiced until he had a remunerative clientele. He then retired from baseball and is now a successful practicing lawyer in New York.

John M. Ward, once manager of the Giants, is another baseball lawyer who began to practice while still in the game.

The newspaper business is beginning to claim more and more ball players in the winter. "Eddie" Collins, the second baseman of the Athletics and, "Cap" Anson's own words, "the best second sacker in the game today," spends his winters writing in his home in Lansdowne, just outside of Philadelphia. He has done some very creditable work for magazines and wrote a week for newspapers last winter. He is a graduate of Columbia university, where he specialized in English.

"Christy" Mathewson, generally conceded to be the greatest pitcher the game has ever produced, is something of a writer, and hopes to progress along this line of endeavor. Mathewson has done magazine work, and covered the recent world's series for the papers in such creditable style that the St. Louis Republic printed an editorial which declared that when Mathewson had passed as a pitcher he still had a future as a writer.

Before leaving for Cuba with the

Giants, Mathewson started a series of articles on "inside" baseball, the data having been gathered from his experience of 11 years in the big league, and which the big pitcher hopes will be favorably received by the critics.

"Matty" has entered various fields of endeavor during his winters. Once he was an agent for a life insurance company, the theory being that, on account of his baseball popularity, he would be able to sell many policies; but, oddly enough, the thing worked out just the other way. Each person whom he approached insisted on talking baseball

with him, and the prospective customer couldn't be brought around to such a commonplace, everyday subject as life insurance while "Big Six" was present. Life insurance can be discussed with any agent, but there is only one "Matty."

"If I had to live by what I made out of the life insurance business," asserted Mathewson, as he tendered his resignation, "I would starve to death."

"Matty" once went into vaudeville with "Chief" Meyers, his catcher, and May Tully was introduced to lend professional tone to the sketch, which was called "Curves." It needed all the tone that it could pick up, because the general opinion was that Mathewson as an actor was a great ball player. That was last winter. He had another opportunity to go into vaudeville again this season, and got the "big time," but he refused.

"I don't like it," said "Matty," "and I don't see why I should do what I don't like to do."

The big pitcher is going to spend this winter in writing and playing baseball in Cuba. He follows the stock market closely, consulting the financial page after he has read the sporting page.

### Coombs Farms and Shoots

The fancy prices offered ball players to go into vaudeville have resulted in many of them appearing on the stage in recent years. The latest acquisition to this branch of art is a trio of pitchers from the Philadelphia Athletics—Bender, Coombs and Morgan. Bender and Coombs were winning pitchers in the world's series, and as a result were offered colossal vaudeville contracts, while "Cy" Morgan has had previous experience in the calcium and was brought along to give his more talented teammates stage steadiness.

John Coombs, of the stage and behind the scenes, is a farmer in Colby, Me., where he has several acres of land of which he is very proud. (He was married a year ago, and is building up the farm to retire on when his "salary whip" gives out. Coombs is also very fond of shooting, taking three or four of the other Philadelphia players up into Maine with him after the baseball season each fall for a month's trip.

Joseph Faversham Tinker, the shortstop of the Chicago Cubs and one of the hardest batters that "Matty" has ever had to face, is a regular actor in the wintertime, playing in the "legit." Tinker sometimes varies his stage career by appearing in vaudeville, but as a rule he prefers the heavy villain parts in melodrama and gets his stiff across with a bang. He admits it himself. He has also played the role of heavy villain in a game or two against the Giants.

"How could I help being an actor with that middle name of mine?" asked Tinker once.

Nobody had any good reason on the tip of his tongue, so "Joe" has kept on acting.

Roger Bresnahan, formerly the catcher on the Giants and at present the manager of the St. Louis Cardinals, is a detective in Toledo, Ohio, in the winter. They say he broke into the business because he made a reputation catching men stealing second. As soon as Roger started sleuthing there was a noticeable decrease in crime in Toledo.

"Well, of course, as soon as he said that, I was in a torment, a fever of



NAPOLEON LAJOIE



"CHRISTY" MATHEWSON

"No, sah," said George, "but we done pass over into another state. Can't use drinkin' glasses in this state."

### Why a Man Likes a Dog

"Why does a man like a dog?" responded the suffragette lady, fiercely, and repeated, "Why does a man like a dog? Well, there are numerous reasons, though a dog is not a reasoning being. A dog will lick the hand that beats it; a dog will eat a crust and a bone and bless the giver; a dog thinks whatever a man does is right and proper; a dog has no rights that a man has bound to respect; a dog asks no embarrassing questions; a dog is always grateful, no matter for what; a dog does not ask the man to stay at home nights; a dog is satisfied to love the man whether the man loves the dog or not; a dog submits to any and all impositions without protest; a dog does not consider itself a man's equal; a dog lets a man have his own way; a dog doesn't want to vote; a dog is just as glad to see a man when he gets in at 3 o'clock in the morning, almost helpless, as though he hadn't gone out at all; a dog has no mother in sight, and a dog can't talk back—can't talk back, mind you, not won't talk back. That is why a man likes a dog."

"I got the idea instantly and my hand went to my change pocket. George looked furtively about the corridor. I did the sleuth toward the door. Talk about your conspirators! Then my associate in crime tiptoed softly to his linen locker, opened it and brought out, not a large black bottle, but a small, plain glass and passed it to me.

"I grabbed the precious object, sidled into the smoking compartment and proceeded to drink my fill at the cooler. I felt inexpressibly guilty. I feared to feel the stern hand of outraged authority upon my shoulder. But I drank with the recklessness of the hardened offender."

"Then I returned the glass, and a compensation, to George, who smuggled the receptacle back to its hiding place. When we could both breathe freely again I asked him whether he did much business with his aqueous blind pig."

"Lard, yes, sah," he answered, with a broad grin. "That there drinkin' cup 'lar was the best thing ever happened for us porters. Ain't a day passes but anywhere from six to twenty passengers gives me the high sign for water. It's good business."

"And so, after all, the legislative wind which abolished public drinking cups in a dozen or more states has blown good to somebody."

### THE AQUEOUS BLIND PIG

"You'd scarce believe that in this bright land of ours, at certain times and places, a man has to intrigue and to fracture the laws to get a drink of plain, everyday water," said a commercial traveler.

"It's a fact. The sightless porcine is familiar enough—pardon me, I mean only by reputation, of course—to all those who inhabit or traverse the arid regions of prohibition; but it should come as a shock to the teetotal mind to learn that passwords, bribery, winks, underhand transactions and hanky-panky are necessary to the thirsty wayfarer nowadays when he desires nothing more desperate than a clear draft of nature's beverage."

"I was traveling west over one of the big railroads a few months ago when this matter was first brought to my attention. It was in a Pullman, mind you, and the road was not a 'differential.' I had paid a full grown price for my ticket."

"It was a warm evening, and by the time I was ready to turn in I discovered that I had developed a thirst. I meandered aft to the smoking compartment and drew up alongside the water cooler. No drinking glass, not even a tin cup."

"Full of righteous irritation, I summoned the porter."

"George," said I loftily, "there is nothing to drink from."

"No, sah," admitted George, grinning.

"Well, I told him, 'produce.'"

"Can't be done, sah. I collected all them drinkin' glasses two hours back. You collected them? You deliberately confess that you collected them? What for—souvenirs?"



CLARK GRIFFITH

Bresnahan became rather chummy about this, and some of the men who live around New York by the dexterity of their fingers heard about it. Roger visited New York to attend a baseball meeting, and his watch and pocketbook were stolen. After he returned home he received them back through the mail, with this inclosure:

"We admire you as a ball player, but your work as a detective is crude. Just to show you that Toledo crooks are bush leaguers compared to those in New York."

Bresnahan ceased to pursue his trade as enthusiastically after that, and this winter he is paying very little attention to it because he is so busy with the affairs of the St. Louis club, being abundantly reimbursed for managing it.

Hoblitzell, the first baseman of the Cincinnati club, is a dentist off the diamond, practicing in Cincinnati. "Hobby" is said to be a very popular dentist, and is building up a large and lucrative practice. He is also something of a society light, winter and summer. He carries a dress suit with him on the road wherever he goes and devotes considerable time to wearing the wax off the hall room floors.

It was once said that big "Larry" McLean, the catcher on the Cincinnati club, was a society man, and an anxious reporter, eager to make a little extra money, thought to write a story about this ball playing Beau Brummel, so he wired McLean:

"Do you wear a dress suit every night?"

"Think I'm lucky if I have one union suit," came back the answer.

Many ball players have become lumbermen. No not on account of the construction of their heads. Frank Bowerman, formerly the Giants' catcher, is in the lumber business in northern Michigan. Fielder Jones, formerly the manager of the Chicago White Sox when the team won a pennant and a world's championship, has such a remunerative lumber business in the northwest that he has turned down several large sized offers to return and manage the White Sox.

Perhaps the most peculiar profession of any ball player who ever chiselled his way into the big league is that of "Rube" Ellis, the left fielder of the St. Louis Cardinals. He was an undertaker's assistant and playing ball "on the side" in Los Angeles when he was adopted by a scout for the Cardinals. Since making good in the big show he has gone into the undertaking business for himself and has a place of his own in Los Angeles.

### Lured Back to the Game

Many ball players work so energetically during their winters that they build up businesses which require all the time they can give to them, and they retire from the game before their time. But frequently "the call of the game" brings them back.

At the end of the season of 1910 "Jake" Stahl, the first baseman of the Boston Red Sox, announced that he had played his last game of big league ball and that he was going to retire to become the vice president of the Washington Park National bank, at Sixty-third street and Evans avenue, in Chicago. For some time before his retirement he had devoted his winters to banking, his father in law being president of the same bank. "Jake" Stahl was established behind a mahogany desk with a pushbutton handy to call his office boy and a stenographer right at his elbow. On the door it said:

"J. Garland Stahl, Vice President."

Nothing about first baseman.

The vice president got through the winter all right and did pretty well in the spring training season, having only two or three slight relapses from "J. Garland" to "Jake." But it was in the summer that the attacks became acute and the "Jake" Stahl, first baseman, began to get the upper hand of J. Garland Stahl, vice president. He lasted through the mornings fairly well, but in the afternoons he wore a callous spot on his finger pushing the buzzer to get the office boy to run out and

buy him the latest baseball extra. When the malady became most malignant he forgot that it was beneath the dignity of a vice president to dash out in the street bareheaded and buy the latest extra himself.

And now J. Garland Stahl, vice president, announces that he will become just "Jake" Stahl, ball player, again next season and forget the banking business except in winter.

"A man can be a banker at any age," said "Jake" Stahl, ball player, recently to J. Garland, the banker, "but he can be a first baseman only when he is young."

Vincent Campbell, the hard hitting outfielder of the Pittsburgh club and the son of one of the wealthiest brokers in St. Louis, declared at the end of the season of 1910 that he was through with the diamond for good and that he was going into business with his father. This decision was reached after the father had made an urgent appeal. But Campbell did not last half a season as a broker before the "call of the game" got him. He joined the Pirates in June and intends to keep on playing ball now until they cut the uniform off him. He will be a broker only in the winter.

Several ball players have become engaged in the automobile business, motors having become very popular in the profession lately. "Ty" Cobb, the great outfielder of the Detroit club, who led all the ball players in both leagues in hitting and stealing bases this season, is probably the best known automobile agent. He is in the business in Atlanta, Ga., near his home. Cobb has won two automobiles offered as prizes by his prowess on the diamond, and if he continues at the present pace he will be able to stock his own store from his winnings. At present Cobb is devoting a little time to the stage, having been tempted by an especially fat offer.

"Hans" Wagner, the big shortstop of the Pittsburgh team, is also in the automobile business, having a garage in Carnegie, Pa., his home. Wagner has been interested in automobiles for some time and started his garage several years ago. The minors will never receive "Hans" Wagner.

Automobiles are getting to be as common among ball players as noses. Every one has one. "Eddie" Collins of the Athletics, "Connie" Mack, the manager of the Athletics; "Ty" Cobb, "Larry" Lajoie, Frank Chance, "Rube" Marquard, Frank Baker—or perhaps it would be simpler to name those who haven't cars.

### What the Umpires Do

Even the umpires devote their off season to other pursuits. "Bill" Evans of the American league is in the newspaper business in Cleveland, from which profession he was recruited to become an umpire. "Bill" also gets gay and contributes a story to a magazine occasionally, just like a regular author.

Rigler of the National league is studying law at Virginia university and is doing very well. John Kling, formerly the catcher of the Chicago Cubs and now connected with the Boston team, has a pool parlor in Kansas City which pays him so well that he refused to sign a contract with the Cubs one season that ran up into the thousands. "Big Larry" McLean, the catcher of the Cincinnati club, thinks that he is a "white hope" and puts in his winters boxing.

John Evers of the Cubs was formerly a prosperous shoe merchant with stores in Troy, N. Y., his home, and Chicago, but he has met with reverses recently. "Rube" Marquard, who boasts that he never earned a cent in his life except by baseball, is doing a little acting this winter. "Coley" Crandall of the Giants is a farmer, as is "Larry" Lajoie of the Cleveland team.

"Chief" Meyers, the Indian catcher on the Giants, is an interpreter, speaking Spanish very well. He once held a job as a government interpreter. He devotes his time in the winters to translating, making his home in Los Angeles, Cal. Meyers is also a great student and a voracious reader.

"Dummy" Taylor, formerly of the Giants and now pitching in the Eastern league, spends his winters teaching in a deaf and dumb school. "King" Cole, the Cubs' pitcher, was a barber in Bay City, Mich., when discovered by a scout, but he has quit that line of art and expects to become entangled in a new profession shortly. Gregg, the sensational, southpaw of the Cleveland club, is an interior decorator.

Fisher, the pitcher of the New York Yankees, is a school teacher during the winter months. "Hal" Chase spends his time in California, his native state, shooting, riding and playing ball. Fred Tenney, the old Giant first baseman and the most recent manager of the Boston National League club, is an artist, and spends his winters in his little home just outside of Boston, drawing and painting. Louis Druecke of the Giants works in the cotton business down in Texas.