



## "JOE" TINKER, THE PERFORMING "CUB," BATS OUT A FEW FAST ONES

By J. A. Fitzgerald

**EVERYBODY UP!** Here comes "Joe" Tinker, one of the old settlers of the Chicago National league team, and he's got a lot of loose talk he wants to hurl around. Hold out your dish because he carries one of the finest brands of fan food you ever tasted. And don't be afraid to ask for a second helping. This is his little party and he doesn't want any one to go away dissatisfied. From your position in the grandstand or bleachers or on the wrong side of a knot-hole you've heard him bouncing oratory off the umpires time and again, but now you have the opportunity of hearing him wallop Webster's delivery at close range.

There may be a few foreigners in the audience who are not aware of the fact that Joseph is superintendent of that portion of the "Cubs" real estate which lies between second and third base. He has been on patrol duty there for years, and as a result of his vigilance thousands of ambitious young basehits have been cut down in the full bloom of youth. Many a healthy swat has left home fully determined to make a name for itself, only to meet a violent death at his hands a second later. His direction is the grim route for basehits.

All of which gives rise to the impression that our young hero is against basehits of all kinds an impression which is entirely erroneous. It is only basehits of foreign make, those manufactured by opposing players, that arouse his ire. He makes no secret of the fact that he dislikes them, and even has been known to go out of his way to discourage them. On the other hand, he is particularly fond of those which bear the Tinker label, and spends a large share of his time in planting them in safe places. Any pitcher in the National league will corroborate this statement. They regard him as one of the most dangerous men at large.

### Pitcher Needs an Alibi

When a new pitcher has filled the bases and sees him walking toward the plate he begins framing an alibi as to why he left the big league. Old



pitchers don't cheer when he faces them under such conditions. No less an authority than "Christy" Mathewson, master workman of the whole tribe of twirlers, has given it as his personal opinion that Tinker at the bat with men on base is his idea of no situation to make merry over. In addition to being an expert gardener and wood turner, Tinker has a topknot which he uses for something else besides a hatrack.

"Come on, now Joe! Get in the game!"

"Give me one about shoulder high and I'll lose it," came the confident reply.

"How old are you?"

"Help!"

"Strike one! Come across with your age!"

"That was a mile away from the plate," protested Tinker.

"Strike uh!"

"I see you're determined to make me bat at it, but I hate that underhand delivery. I'm in my early thirties."

"How early?"

"Thirty-two."

"What's the objection to displaying the birthday certificate?"

"There's a lot of youngsters on the team and when they learn my age they'll expect me to take them on my lap and tell them stories. And the minute a ball player hits the thirty year thing his mail is filled with advertisements for rocking chairs, slip-

pers, false teeth, foot warmers, shawls and the rest of the equipment used in the Oslar league."

**Afraid of New York**

"You don't look to be a day over twenty-five."

"That's the kind of ball I like," said Tinker. "It cut the plate."

"How long have you been kicking up the clinders?"

"This is my thirteenth season. I've been in Chicago eleven years."

"It's your own fault. There's any number of trains to New York every day."

"I might have made the trip if I had some sheet iron clothes," laughed Tinker. "I guess I leaned against that one, all right, all right."

"Chicago hasn't got anything on New York when it comes to the shooting game," was the feeble response.

"Not an awful lot, but there's this difference," said Tinker. "Out there they at least give a man a chance to throw up his hands before making a Swiss cheese out of him. If Jesse James lived in New York right now his mother would be afraid to let him out after six o'clock."

"That one took a nasty bound, Joe."

"It's your own fault. You didn't play it right."

"You're strong for Chicago aren't you?"

"I'll talk about it fifteen innings any old time. If I had my way I'd have been born there."

"Where did the Stork miff you?"

"Muskado."

"I didn't ask what bit you. I asked where you were born. You misjudged that one."

"I got it with one hand," insisted Tinker. "I was born in Muskado."

### Product of Kansas City

"Is that an insect or a regular stoppage place?"

"It's a regular stopping place in Missouri but I didn't stop there long. A few minutes after I arrived I learned the name of the place and I put up a frightful roar. I kicked and kicked, until at the age of three the family moved in to Kansas City to pacify me. Kansas City is eighty miles from Muskado, but doesn't brag about the close connection."

"Go on! Go on! Your story interests me strangely!"

"Singularly enough I started to grow after reaching Kansas City," continued Tinker.

"Why did you stop short?"

"To become a shortstop," said Tinker. "You hit into a double play that time."

"You're entitled to two bases on that hit."

"I've got everything today," said Joe. "I'm going to break up this game in a minute. You figure me shorter than I am. Most fans do. I'm five feet eight, but they generally guess me two or three inches shorter. I'm upright, but the uniform gives me a square look. Business of laughing. Ha, Ha!"

"Another break like that and you go out of the game."

"All right, I'll behave. I began as a third baseman, playing that position for teams in and around Kansas City. John Kling and I were graduated from the Kansas City lots about the same time. I got my first big baseball job with Denver, in 1900. I told the manager I was the best third baseman in the world, and he showed me he believed me by putting me on second. One morning I found that I made an unusual racket when I walked. I looked behind and found that I was escorting a can. I finished the season with Helena. In 1904 I helped Portland, Ore., win the pennant, and in 1902 I was invited to take tea with the Cubs."

### Wanted Third Base

"What position were you playing then?"

"Third base. I had gotten away with it at Helena and Portland with room to spare, so I handed Frank Selee then manager of the Cubs, my favorite third base solo. I'm glad to hear it," he said. "Go out there and play short today. I've been there eleven years."

"Eleven years of continual warfare!"

"This old Cub machine has surely been on the firing line," said Tinker, "and there's a lot of speed in it yet."

"When was it at its best?"

"In 1908, in my opinion. That's the year we won the pennant by one game. I refer to the famous game with the Giants. It may sound like a boast, but I don't think our work of that year will be duplicated in a hurry. The

## FOR THE FANS

Sunday before that game we beat Pittsburg before a howling thirty thousand. We had to beat them or it was all off with us. We laid in Pittsburg until Wednesday night and then hit the trail for New York. We had to fight our way into the Polo grounds that day and fight every inch of the way through the game. We won with forty thousand rabid Giant fans hooting us. We jumped back to Chicago that night and jumped right into the world's series with Detroit. We won the series. No team has ever been called on to go at such a heartbreaking pace."

"Is it true that you have designs on Hamlet?"

"I've been thinking of playing it with bare hands," said Tinker. "There's a lot of line drives in it but I think I could grab them."

### Designs on Hamlet

"That wouldn't be much of a novelty. The poor old fellow has been handled without gloves lots of times."

"If that's the case I'll stick to vaudeville," laughed Joe.

"Won't you sing us a little song?"

"Run, mother, the Indians are upon us!" shouted Tinker. "I never sang in my life. I do a lecture stunt in vaudeville. I lecture on baseball. My stage debut, a few years ago, was the result of a bet. The manager of a stock company was shy an actor when he wanted to put on 'Brown of Harvard.' I told him I'd play the part, and he bet me I couldn't. I took the bet. I had one speech twenty-seven lines long and, believe me, I did a lot of fumbling trying to master it. I was fouling it off every chance I got. I managed to get it over in good shape, and then they starred me in a piece called 'A Home Run.'"

### To Desert the Drama

"Where does the Tinker troupe open this season?"

"I've decided to leave the drama to its fate this year. I expect to make an automobile trip from Chicago to Port-



"Joe" Tinker

land, Ore., with Mrs. Tinker and my two boys. I have a big fruit farm near Portland. Along about December I have arranged to go on a shooting trip. I do a lot of shooting in the winter."

"Where do you generally go?"

"To a little place in Illinois," said Tinker. "But I think I'll come to New York this time. It appears to be the open season here the year around."

That was the wallop that broke up the game.

## BATTING AND THE POTENCY OF THE "BEAN" BALL

By John N. Wheeler

"GIVE me a natural hitter, and I will make a ball player out of him," is the often repeated prescription of John McGraw, the manager of the Giants, when discussing the requisites of a big leaguer.

Few good hitters have been manufactured. Like poets, painters and other artists, they are born, not made, the latent talent lingering there to be developed. To continue along the McGraw line of thought, the manager of the Giants has built a baseball club out of a lot of batters, and has won a pennant with it, and now appears to be well on his way toward the second. It is a notable feature that in team fielding the Giants are away down near the bottom of the list, but in the standing of the clubs, which is what really counts, they are away up near the top. There are certain faults a batter can correct that will improve his hitting.

The cardinal sin of batting is "stepping back." Many a youngster comes into the big leagues in the spring with his heart full of hope and stimulated by the same ambition to climb which actuates men in other walks of life and goes out in the field and does sensational work. Then comes the real test.

"Take a turn at bat," says the manager. The recruit walks up to the plate and the acid test is usually applied first. The manager directs the pitcher to "shoot a fast one at his bean." If the man steps back from the plate he at the same time steps back from the limelight, because his chances of big league associations go with that foot.

He puts one foot in the water pail" is the verdict of the manager, and it is the player's death warrant for fast company.

that it is not going to break and curve over the plate.

"There's a guy that's got the stuff in him," declares the manager, and he holds to him and sets about making a fielder out of the recruit. Many a man has come to the Giants in just this way.

"Larry" Doyle was far from a polished performer at second base when he joined the Giants, but one look at him in action at the bat was enough for the keen eyed McGraw. The Giants often tell of what the New York manager said after "Dan" Brothurs, the scout, had brought his find to the Polo ground.

"There's a guy that's a hitter," remarked McGraw. "He falls away on his back and hits them. It won't make any difference to him whether the pitcher is a left or right hander." And it doesn't. "Larry" stands up there at the plate and follows the ball with his eye and punches at it. He is what is known as a natural hitter and a free swinger, the acme of batting perfection. It is hard for most left handed hitters to bat southpaw pitchers.

"Larry" was very rough in his stick work when he first came to the Giants, bringing with him many of the tricks of the "honey-suckle circuit." For instance, he used to throw his bat after he hit the ball, and frequently he was not particular where he aimed it. They call it "slingin' the bat" around the lots. Finally so many catchers complained about this unpleasant habit of the New York second baseman that a rule was made in the league that whenever a batter struck a catcher by the careless manner in which he placed the bat after hitting the ball he was out of the game ipso facto, as Cicero used to say.

"Larry," who has no respect for the conventions and niceties of the big leagues, promptly got a stout piece of twine and tied his bat to himself after he had been removed from three or four games for bouncing the willow off the more or less resilient shins of several catchers, to the great detriment of the shins.

"I guess that rule was aimed at

me," he remarked "but I fooled them." "Larry" still grabs off his cap when he makes a more extensive hit than a single, and rushes around the bases with it in his hand. He is one of the most picturesque batters in the big leagues, and one of the most effective. He is now a polished fielder, but it was his remarkable hitting which first obtained for him the job on the Giants.

Many batters who have no desire to step back when they first move into the league get "beaned," and are plate shy ever afterward. That is the ultimate test of gameness in a ball player. To get "beaned" is to be hit in the head with a fast ball, and it always means going to sleep, the duration of the nap depending upon the speed with which the ball is hurled and the susceptibility of the "bean." Sometimes it results in two days in the hospital spent in a state of coma. After such a terrifying experience a man is naturally timid about standing up to the plate when the ball is again aimed for the head. Being aware of this fact, and keeping a carefully compiled list of the "beaned" boys, many pitchers have

acquired the unsportsmanlike habit of throwing the first ball at the heads of these men who have been "beaned" once. This is to drive them away from the plate. There is little sentiment in baseball.

Many men have been "beaned" and have come back strong. Roger Bresnahan, formerly the Giants' catcher and now the manager of the St. Louis club, was hit in the face with a pitched ball when the Giants were playing Cincinnati several years ago, and it made extensive alterations in his face. He spent some time in the hospital, but when he came out he was up there batting as strong as ever, and never considers withdrawing that front foot, no matter how many are shot at his head. The pitchers have long since abandoned the practice.

Perhaps the most remarkable case of "beaning" occurred in a game between the Washington club and the Highlanders last spring. "Jack" Martin was spending his first season in the big league and making every effort to get by. Walter Johnson was pitching for the Washington club, and his

kind of illness, she must be always tactful and amiable, yet firm in emergencies. Moreover, she must be extremely well dressed.

Her part begins before the steamship leaves port, for she acts as booking agent between trips, that being the source of a part of her income. In the first few days at sea she gets acquainted with the passengers and endeavors to make them feel at home. She does what may be done for the comfort and relief of those who first fear they are going to die and then lest they will not. For those who are in good condition amusement must be

furnished every evening and this holds good throughout the tour. Lectures, concert, games—sometimes there must be to divert the passengers and to make them contented. They like to get their money's worth on such a trip, and this is one of the ways of making them feel that they are doing it.

In the various ports the social director must still be on duty. She knows where are the best shops and can give advice on all manner of subjects. She must never fail any one who wants anything, and her duties do not end until she has seen the party safely returned to America.

## TRAVELING SOCIAL DIRECTORS

kind of illness, she must be always tactful and amiable, yet firm in emergencies. Moreover, she must be extremely well dressed.

## AGREED WITH THE COURT

"I WISH to make a motion," the speaker stood a little unsteadily, looking at the judge, who ignored him.

Pausing a moment, he would be a good lawyer, and a friend of the

presiding judge, but at times he was not quite in condition for decorous court proceedings.

The judge shook his head and, leaning forward, said sternly: "The court is of the opinion, Mr. —, that you are not quite yourself."

"Is that the opinion of the court?"

"It is."

"Well, that's the first correct opinion I've heard from this court," he remarked with an air of solemn approval, and returned to his chair, where he remained in imperturbable content.