

In the Club House with Diamond Stars

All Is Fun and Play When Ball Tossers Leave Heat and Strife Behind Them to Talk Over Happenings of Other Days.



BY BILLY MURPHY.
Cy Falkenberg and Jimmy Esmond of the Indianapolis Federals; Del Gainer of the Boston Red Sox; Jean Dubuc of the Detroit Tigers and Josh Devore of the Boston Braves are fond of telling tales of the national game. Here are some of the stories they spin:

S. Houghton Love, known to fandom as Slim the Human Stat, is not an ardent worshiper at the shrine of Baseball. But the sparse slubber really owes considerable of his rhapsody to the fact that he frequented a certain moor, emporium on Madison avenue in Memphis once too often in the spring of 1912.

The proprietor of the Pilsner Place was a vociferous enthusiast himself, he knew all the players by their first names, and additionally was a close friend of the manager. Naturally, when the lean and lanky Love opened the conversational floodgates and started a flow of baseball chat, the gent about the place became keenly interested. Finally, after Love had reduced the free lunch supply to sundry segments, the proprietor suggested that the athlete ought to go to work.

"They won't gimme chance," piped Love, inserting a smoked herring between his potato crunchers. "D'you see, Bill Bernhard," squizzed the white-aproned person.

"I ain't been able to see him yet."

Whereupon the trop, instructed Love to be around bright and early the next morning, and he would take him out to see Bernhard. Next morning came, and Love was on hand. Out to the playgrounds, Mr. Bernhard, Mr. Love (Proprietor aside to Bernhard): "Give this guy something to do, Bill; anything to keep him away from my free lunch counter. I don't think he can pitch hay, but you may have some fun out of him."

FACING MIGHTY LAJOIE WITH THREE ON BASES.
Now, picture the genuine surprise of this individual when two weeks later he sees the same big, gawky country boy to go to the slab in opposition to the heavy-hitting Cleveland American. Inning after inning he pitches with fair success. In the seventh or eighth the majors detecting a weak point, bunt the bases full. Nap Lajoie, the French Fury, comes to the plate. Love looks appealingly toward the managerial settee, but receives no consolation. He returns to his task—and Lajoie fans, fans with the bases full, and in the presence of some 3,000 hysterical bugling.

And there you have, gentle genius of the dope, the beginning of Love and the incidents which crystallized in Love's marriage to professional baseball, as the story is told in many a clubhouse by Cy Falkenberg, who was then with Cleveland.

Here is Jean Dubuc's favorite: Miles Mains, weight 195 pounds, height 6 feet 8 inches, possesses the title of being the only player to ever come out of the South Michigan League and to a class AA club and receive a boost of several hundred dollars in salary for the going.

The story of Mains' long-headedness is one of the interesting paragraphs of baseball's history. Several seasons ago, it seems, Mains was a star hurler with the Flint club in the South Michigan League. Attention was drawn to him and finally a deal by which Mains was to report to the Skeeters the following spring. When the contract came along it called for \$1,500 a season and this price was not altogether attractive to Mains. Hitting upon a plan he went to some newspaper friends in Flint and doctored up some letters. Mains' name was printed in effective type at the head and underneath was the name of the business and several branches that came "directly under the supervision of the player."

tained a new contract and it stipulated figures that were several hundred dollars in excess of the previous price.

Mains accepted, in fact almost sprained his thumb signing his name along the dotted line at the bottom of the document.

WHEN RIGLER BROKE IN AS ARBITRATOR.
Josh Devore says when Rigler first signed as a National League umpire he was looked upon by the rest of the staff in much the same way that ball players regard bush league recruits. Tim Hurst was in the league office, according to Devore, when Rigler first reported for duty. After being introduced to Rigler, Tim asked him if he had brought his umpire shoes with him. Rigler explained that he hadn't and that he planned to get a pair while there in New York.

"Well, I tell you, son," said the umpire. "You throw him a straight ball and we'll both duck."

Battling Tyrus Cobb, the well-known two-fisted fighter, was tenderly nursing his battered thumb when a covey of reporters trickled into his training quarters.

"Why did you go into the butcher's shop armed?" the great batter was asked.

"Why do I go up to hit against Walter Johnson with a bat?" was the quick retort of Tyrus, the demon. "A butcher, like a smoke ball pitcher, has too many things he could easily throw to lay a man out."

STRATEGY OF MCGRAW IN TIME OF GREAT STRESS.
In 1911 when the Giants struck their slump and the Cubs had crawled to within four games of them there wasn't a man on the club who could hit the ball. One day Larry Doyle came to the bench and declared that he had just seen a load of empty barrels. In some way this superstitious hunch gave him confidence or something. At any rate he went out and got four singles that afternoon. McGraw, as a rule, laughs at superstition, but in doing so an idea dawned on him.

The next afternoon Chief Meyers reached the bench with the glad tidings that he had seen some empty barrels and he also began to hit with Larry. The revival of spirit seemed to affect the whole club. Before the week was over nearly every player on the team had seen empty barrels and the slump was over. Beginning with that spurt they pounded the ball for the rest of the season—and won out with ease.

"To this day, though," said Arlie Latham recently, "they don't know that Mac sent me out after the first day and hired that truckman to drive along Eighth avenue every afternoon for an hour before the game."

And, speaking of baseball superstitions, the Athletics have one all their own—one that came near causing them trouble in one of the games of the last world's series. Those boys believe that they can change the luck at a critical moment by hurling their bats in the air and letting them fall where they will. Probably you fans have often seen them do it. They also believe that they can keep up their good luck by continuing this practice.

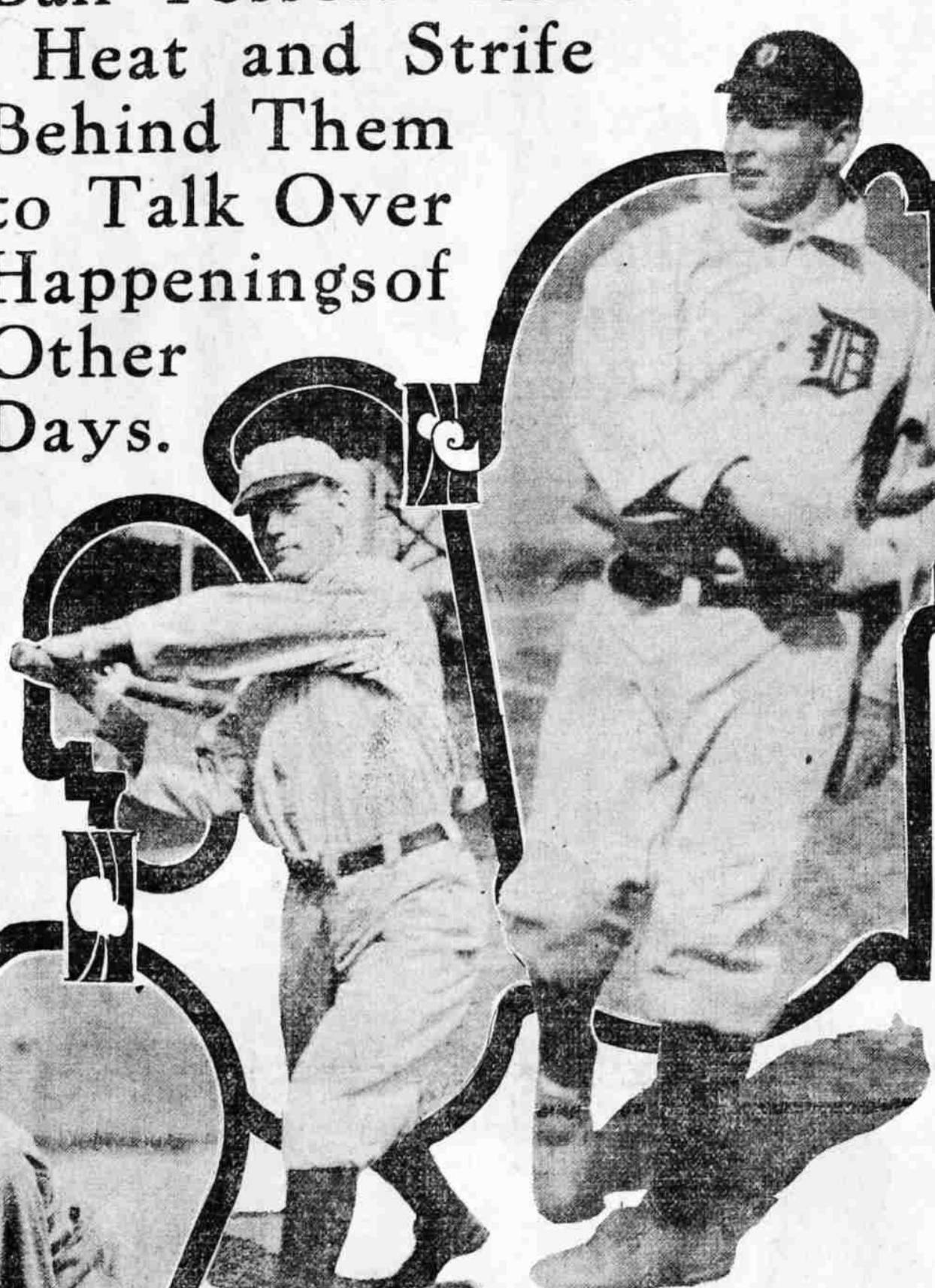
During the first game in which Baker hit the home run the Athletics started tossing up their bats the minute that ball was hit. As the bats came down Stuffy McInnes couldn't get out of the way in time, causing a painful bruise. He limped to first base and for a while Connie Mack was afraid he couldn't go on with the game.

THEY ALL LOOKED ALIKE THIS DAY TO NORTHERN.
Many may recall that Hub Northern made four consecutive hits in his debut, and contributed materially to a Brooklyn victory in his first game in the majors.

A right-hander started the game for the visitors. His slants were nuts for the Southerner. Later a substitution was made. But Northern continued to hit 'em where nobody resisted. At the close of the seventh or eighth inning Manager Dahlen laughingly remarked to Northern as he came to the bench: "These boys all look alike to you, don't they, bo?" "Look alike?" Say, this guy is the easiest thing I've struck since I left the bushes."

So busy had Northern been plinzing up base hits that he failed to notice when the opponents sent a left-hander in to rescue the right-hander.

It is with reference to mysterious Mitchell that Joe Birmingham says that if he lives to be twice as old as he is now he will never forget his first managerial duty. That was the release of Walker, who had been signed by Manager Harry Davis. Mitchell had done a strong-arm



UPPER left—Del Gainer. Below, from left to right—Josh Devore, Jim Esmond, Jean Dubuc, Cy Falkenberg.

punched for the Yankees his opponents were the Naps. When Lajoie came to the bat Thompson frankly didn't know what to do. So he turned around to the field umpire and confessed his plight and asked for advice. "Give me a tip on what to throw," he said.

act on the stage and could handle any man on the Nap team as he would a baby. He also enjoyed a peculiar disposition. Realizing these facts, Joe did not relish his task, especially when Walker beat him to it by saying very firmly: "There is no doubt of my sticking to you, Joe, is there?" Joe's nervousness disappeared. He was almost brave again. "You're fixed," he said. "Go to the office and get your pay."

He wondered why Walker did not live up to his reputation and annihilate him. He is still wondering how he escaped. But it seems that Walker had been released so often that he was used to it. A week later he bobbed up in Cincinnati and almost induced Hank O'Day to sign him. O'Day only escaped when Walker declined to sign unless he were made a free agent at the end of the year.

MAKING A "HOME RUN" OFF FRED FALKENBERG.
Falkenberg is one of the tallest pitchers in captivity. Every now and then some twirler, advertised as being more perpendicular than Fred is sprung on the public, but few survive the test.

Naturally, because of his unusual height, Falkenberg is the target for a lot of joshing, both from the press and the public. Very fortunately for Falty the jibes of the fans have no effect on his pitching. He knows he is tall, also that he isn't very broad, also that he scarcely measures up to the perfect man, so he is content to take the kidding with a smile, just so long as he can pile up a majority of victories and draw down a fat salary.

During a game at New York two years ago, Falty was having an

easy time of it with the Yankees. Before the game was half over the Naps had assumed a commanding lead. The crowd having given up its hopes of victory, began to get its money's worth kidding Falkenberg and roasting the umpire. "Say, Falty, how do you make a living in the winter?" asked a fan after the tall pitcher had fanned in an attempt to bunt.

"Get wise," answered his neighbor. "He's a model in a macaroni factory." Even Falkenberg had to laugh, and he has since admitted to me that none of the quips handed him ever struck him any tinner. Incidentally, he is seriously considering acting on the suggestion.

According to Eddie Cicotte, Kid Gleason, the assistant manager of the Chicago White Sox, pulled one of the funniest bits of repartee ever heard on the baseball diamond, at the expense of Amos Strunk, of the Athletics, in Chicago one day.

"Walsh was pitching one of his usual air-tight games, and when Strunk hit an easy grounder to short, Gleason started to kid the player," said Cicotte. "Strunk returned the compliment and compared Gleason to a bit of old junk."

"The Kid gave a short laugh and then turning to Billy Evans, who was umpiring, exclaimed: "Billy, look at the original door knob!" "As he spoke Gleason pointed at Strunk's head. "Amos flushed to the roots of his hair; tried to answer, couldn't, and then retreated to the Philadelphia bench.

"During the remainder of the season all a player had to say to get Strunk's 'goat' was 'door knob.' "Amos would fight at the mention of that."

JERRY JEROME IS COMEDIAN OF THE AUSTRALIAN RING
The American prize ring has had its share of comedians. There was "Rough House" Burns, for instance, who got even on his opponents by making faces at them from the floor when they knocked him down.

And there also was Joe Wolcott, who could be depended upon to do something in almost every fight he engaged in to set the audience to laughing. But, according to "Snowy" Baker, who is full of information as to the boxing game in his part of the world, the real comedian of the ring is to be found in Australia.

This funny man's name is Jerry Jerome. Jerome, states Baker, is 45 years of age and weighs 184 pounds. He tells time by the sun and counts in sevens.

quint at the sun and does some "carklating."

"Ah meet you here at 7 o'clock in the morning," he will finally say. "That's too early," declares Baker, who, though not so backward about leaving his bed in the morning as some American promoters, does not like to be aroused at unseemly hours.

"Make it 11 o'clock," he suggests. Next day he puts in an appearance at 4 o'clock in the afternoon. "What's the matter, Jerry?" demands Baker; "you're late."

The colored man looks his surprise. "Why," he declares, "it's 11 o'clock."

"It's 4 o'clock," declares Baker. Jerome takes a squint at the sun. "You're right, Mr. Baker, you're right," he declares, "it shuah am 4 o'clock. All my fault. The sun ain't running right today."

As a fighter Jerome is no mean antagonist for any man to tackle. He knocked Jack Cordall stiff in a punch and went seventeen rounds with Dave Smith. If he trained there is no telling what he would accomplish in the ring. But Jerome has a dread of hard work. He has absolutely no conception of responsibility and must be watched constantly before a fight lest he go away to some neighboring town in quest of a crap game and fall to put in an appearance at the ring-side.

On one occasion, the night before a fight, states Baker, he had Jerome sleeping in a snanty all by himself, while hired men kept watch on the structure. But in the wee hours of the morning Jerome escaped and it required a hunt of several hours in taxicabs before he was located.

Jerome fights with right hand extended and hits only with his left. The right is used merely as a guard.

Then perhaps Baker will want to make an appointment with Jerome to discuss a prospective match. "What time can you meet me tomorrow, Jerry?" he asks.

The black fellow takes a careful