

THE SPORTING WORLD

An Outfielder Is Hard to Get

(By R. W. LARDNER.) Boston, May 20.—"You ought to pay to get into the park just like the rest of the spectators." This cruel remark was made by infielder Noah to outfielder Shem in the days of the Ark League and it has been repeated, with variations, by some basemen, short-stop, pitcher or catcher, at least once every month of every season since, to the deep disgust of the various outfielders to whom it has been addressed.

The infielders and the battery men who say such unkind things know that they are stretching a point, but there usually are folks who believe that a good hitter makes a good outfielder, and that all there is to the defensive end of the job is catching fly balls and throwing them after they are caught.

When it comes right down to facts, there are probably fewer outfielders of real class than there are infielders, catchers or pitchers. One of the reasons for the shortage is the fact that the pitchers who have proved they couldn't pitch but who have demonstrated that they could hit, have crowded out who might have become capable outfielders, but whose hitting ability was a joke.

A team must have some hitters; hence, men who can't do much else have been given outfield positions because there are less fielding chances out there than anywhere else. But placing a good hitter in the outfield doesn't convert him into a good outfielder. Some of the men stationed in the gardens, for batting strength have become proficient fielders, but they are in the small minority.

Outfielders are born, not made, as a general rule. A manager or a club owner is fortunate indeed when he possesses men who can play the outfield well and bat, too. Among the clubs in the two leagues who count themselves lucky in such possessions are Detroit, with Cobb, Crawford and Davy Jones, Chicago with Schulte, Sheckard and Hofman; Philadelphia, with Magee, Titus and Paskett, and the Boston Red Sox, with Speaker, Lewis and Hooper.

Manager Pat Donovan who was once a class outfielder himself, probably gloats internally every time he thinks of the three who are playing regularly in the outfield for him. And it is enough to warm the heart of any manager to watch daily the work of a man like the peerless Tris Speaker, who is entering on his third season as a center fielder for the Sox, and who will remain their center fielder until his hair is turned to silver grey.

Right at the start, Tris has the desirable combination of efficiency in fielding and efficiency in batting. In addition to that he has something that is possessed by the chosen few—ability to "go back" on a fly ball. This is really just about the most valuable asset an outfielder can have, and it is one of the things that mark the difference between a good one and a weak one. You can almost count on your fingers its possessors. Among them, besides Speaker, are Milan, Fred Clarke, Schulte, Tommy Leach, Sheckard, Titus, Josh Clarke, Goodie, Crawford and Artie Hofman. It doesn't look like such a valuable accomplishment to the casual observer, but one has only to study it closely to realize how much it means.

An outfielder who can't "go back" is an outfielder who can't use judgment in playing his position. He must play a deep field all the while for he is constantly afraid that a ball will be hit over his head, and, that he will

make a show of himself in its pursuit.

"With a good pitcher working," remarked the speaker the other day, "a pitcher possessed of control, playing centre field, or any outfield position is a cinch compared to playing when you have no confidence in the man in the box. You can't play a batter intelligently unless your pitcher is doing his part intelligently. A pitcher who knows where his deliveries are going helps an outfielder immeasurably."

The fact that Frank Baker, for instance, hits to right field most of the time doesn't signify that he is going to hit there all the time. He's going to hit to left or centre if the ball is pitched outside to him, and the knowledge of his habits won't help me a particle unless I know what my pitcher is going to hand him.

"Signs are practically worthless unless the pitcher is able to carry out his part. An outfielder is up in the air when he feels that a pitcher isn't sure whether he is going to give a batter a ball on the inside or outside or high or low. But if the pitcher has a control and knows what he is about, the outfielder can move around with some degree of intelligence and play his position as it should be played."

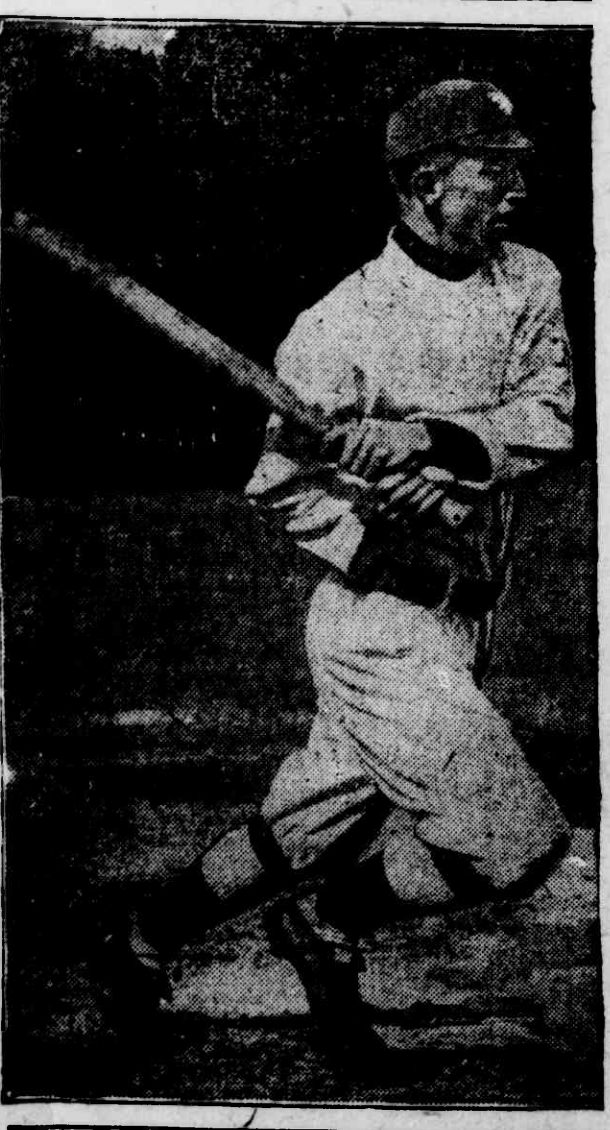
For example, suppose that Larry Lajoie, whose hardest drives are to centre and left, is at bat. It won't get me anything to play deep centre or move to the left if the pitcher is going to serve up to me on the outside. For Larry is likely to hit that kind of a ball two or three miles into right or right centre. If the pitcher hands him one inside, the chances are he will hit it to left field. If the pitcher doesn't know where he is going to pitch I might as well plant myself where the ground is hardest and just wait for the crack of the bat.

"It certainly is a fact that some batters are easier to play for than others. Why, it's next to impossible to lay for some of them. Take Ty Cobb. You've seen him hit like a shot down the third base line, pull a ball a mile and a half into right, or lift it away over centre fielder's head. In cases such as his, you might as well play one place as another. You can't tell where or how far Ty is apt to send a ball."

"One of the most discouraging parts of an outfielder's work is 'chasing.' With one, two or three men on bases, and the score close, some one hits a ball past me, on the ground or on the fly. I turn my back to the diamond and start running as fast as I can go. My one idea is to recover that ball and get it back to the infield before everybody has scored. I know that everything depends on my speed, but still I don't know just how far the runners have gone or how much chance I have of stopping any of them. Nevertheless, I must keep on going. The drive may have been ticked 'home run' the minute it was hit, but usually I don't know whether or not it is one until I have recovered it and thrown it back. You see the work may be entirely useless or it may be the opposite. Whichever it is, I've got to do it. If I want to hold my job, if there's one thing a manager or fan hates to see, it's an outfielder loafing after an extra base hit.

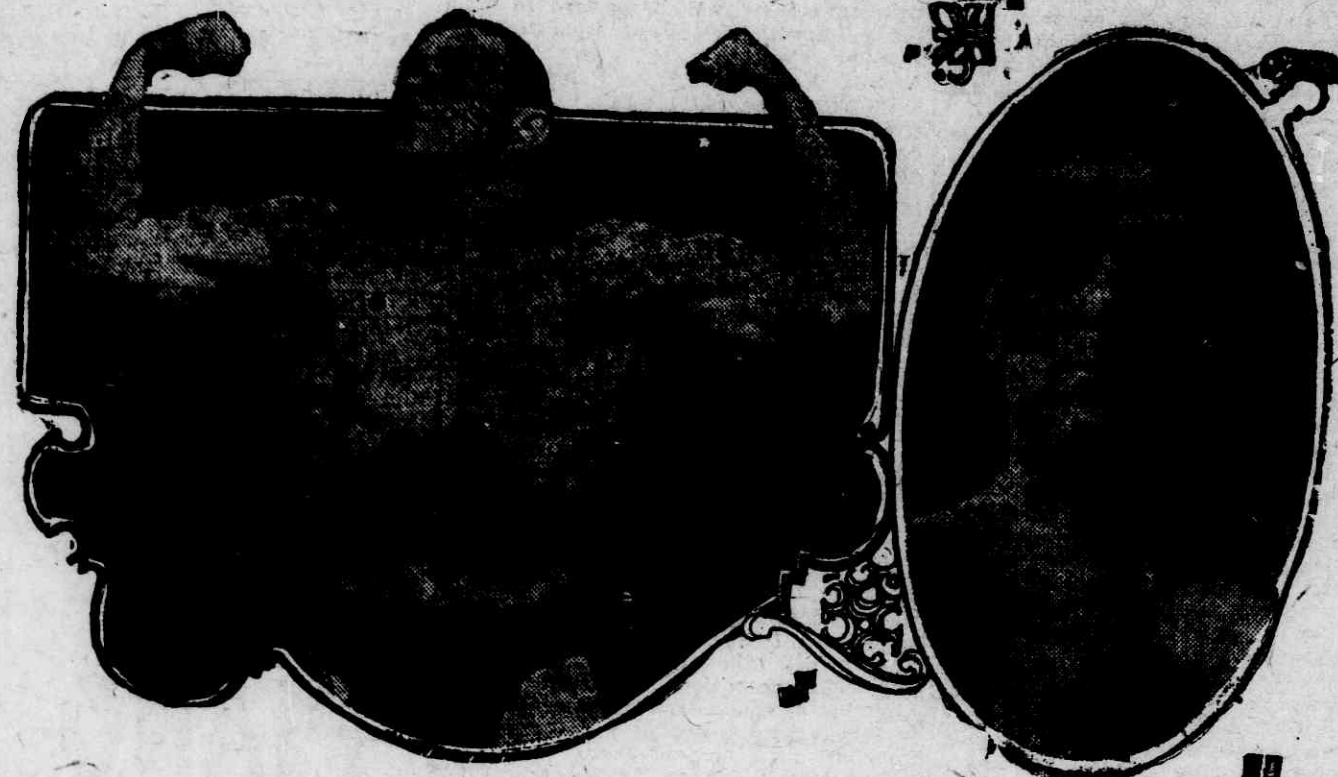
"A strong arm isn't the only thing necessary in the make-up of a good throwing outfielder. There are men whose arm comes close to the long distance throwing record or to anybody for accuracy, but who invariably throw to the wrong place. Suppose there's a runner on first base and the next man up makes a base hit to my field. The runner turns second just

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HUSKY "GIANTS"

Seala Becker, speedy young outfielder of the Giants, who is making Devore, Snodgrass and Murray, the regular trio of veterans, hustle some to hold their jobs. Becker is so good that McGraw is using him for several innings in practically every game the New York outfit play, at these times supplanting either Devore or Murray. Becker can cavort in any garden equally as well as in the others and therefore is of great value as an utility outfielder. McGraw has devoted considerable time to teaching youngsters how to stand up and bat, as he figures he will be a coming star in the slugging line, since, with his present awkward form, he is doing more than his share of the artillery work.



WORLDS TWO GREATEST WRESTLERS

The two foremost wrestlers in the world, George Hackenschmidt, the Russian Lion on the left and Frank Gotch, the American champion on the right, who have been signed to meet in Chicago, before the Empire Athletic Club, on Labor Day.

Gotch-Hackenschmidt Championship Match Is Arousing Interest

(BY BERT E. COLLIER.) Chicago, Ill., May 20.—The signing of articles between Frank Gotch, champion wrestler of the world and Hackenschmidt, the "Russian Lion," admittedly the contender for the title, proved a select morsel for the sporting fans hereabouts. According to the agreement which was reached after months of wrangling and much side-stepping on the part of Gotch, the champion is to receive from the Empire Athletic Club of this city which will stage the affair, Labor Day, \$20,000 as his share of the purse, \$1,000 for training expenses and fifty per cent of the picture privileges. Truly a princely portion even for a champion. According to the promoters, it is expected that the match will prove more attractive than the Johnson-Jeffries bout, while from a box-office viewpoint, a new record is almost sure to be hung up.

The final details, the signing of articles, the posting of a \$5,000 forfeit by each party as well as the club, was not without pyrotechnics, which at one stage of the negotiations augured none too well for the clinching of the match. However, the diplomacy, thoughtfulness, not to mention pugacity of Jack Curley, manager of "Hack" to whom the lion's portion of the credit must be accorded for finally nailing Gotch down, was well attested. Curley, after months of bullying and country-wide chasing of the champion, finally conceded the unprecedented demands of Gotch even to the \$1,000 for training expenses, which is donated not by the club but by Curley. Coming directly from the top of his successful handling of Hackenschmidt to whom he guaranteed \$20,000 for twenty weeks in this country, it cannot be said other than that Curley is entitled to the impressive laurel wreath.

That Gotch was reluctant to sign up was admitted even by his staunchest admirers. In fact, from those close to the man from Humboldt it is learned that he had grumbled that he would never sign for this match to take place earlier than Labor Day. The reason for this was that the champion had been palpably unfit for a match other than with third or fourth raters. Even for these, many of whom he met during the past winter, there are those who

stand sponsor for the statement that in each and every one he had a "shade," an ace or whatever one might choose to call it—the product of a manager who is past master in the art of lemon-selecting. There is yet another point that is illustrative of Gotch's very, very, inmost feelings about this match—his demand for fifty per cent of the picture privileges. In this, experts hereabouts, those who know the wrestling game backwards as well as through the usual channel, point out that Gotch feels that in Hackenschmidt he is his training rival's having secured a decision over the "Lion." The point raised by the experts is that, if there had not been a considerable doubt in the mind of Gotch as to his ability to down Hack, he never would have held out for the pictures. For if Gotch wins, the pictures will be practically worthless, that is, compared to what they will draw, in the event that Hackenschmidt is returned the winner. There is still another point in favor of this argument and one that was and is well known to Gotch, and that is that when the Lion wrestled the champion before, he (Hackenschmidt) was a sick man, suffering from an acute blood disease, which caused him to break out in large blotches and seriously retarded his training. On the night of the memorable struggle, Gotch and Hack maulled each other for two hours. At the end of that time and without having gained a fall, the Russian gave up the match from exhaustion. It was, however, a different Lion that invaded this country during the past winter and who so easily trimmed all comers, topnotch fighters, and who left at the conclusion of his contract with Curley, disgusted because Gotch would not keep his many-time promises of signing up for a match, which led to the now-famous expression of Hack, who in tones indicative of contempt, said: "Mr. Gotch is an awful ill-lars."

Of the questions sure to be thrashed out by the experts throughout the country, is gameness, for this is surely going to be a potent factor in the forthcoming match. Dealing first with Gotch, it must be said that he has been given credit for being the possessor of indomitable courage. On the other hand, there are those

Aviators Sick At 4,000 Feet

Paris, May 20.—Dealing with the subject of "Mal des Aviateurs," (sickness of aviators) M. Dastre, one of the professors in the Faculty of Sciences in Paris, recently read a paper before the Academy. The sickness of aviators is said to be very like mountain sickness, only it comes on much more rapidly. The sensation is experienced at a height of about 4,000 feet and again in the descent. One thing M. Dastre endeavored to impress upon his hearers was that a sound heart was before all things necessary for those ascending to great heights. Another point of advice was that anyone who had experienced ill effects from an ascent should not allow the matter to rest when the sensations had passed away. Such any one should make a point of consulting his doctor at the earliest opportunity.

Australians Are Sore On Papke

(By W. W. NAUGHTON.) San Francisco, Cal., May 20.—Some of us would like to know if the Australian critics think any better of Billy Papke than they did before he was downed the rising young Antipodean fighter, Dave Smith. Papke's ring work was ridiculed from the very beginning. They renounced the "Illinois Thunderbolt" a false alarm, the first time they saw him put up his hands. By the time Dave Smith had won from him on a fave and hard-headed Cyclone Thompson had made a punching bag of him, the Australians were puzzled to imagine how Papke had ever made any headway with his fists in his own country. They considered him the poorest apology for a world champion they ever had laid eyes on. It was rather humiliating for some of us who had seen Papke at his best and who had warned the Australians to be on the lookout for a high-class exponent of the Queensbury pastime. But it's a long lane that has no turning, and now that Papke has come back to his own, as it were, all necessity for apologies or explanations is done away with. Of course, if Papke had kept up his poor work to the very last in Australia and if it had become necessary to say something in defense of the good

The Troubles of The Big Umpires

(By W. S. FARNSWORTH) While traveling with the Yankees on their first Western trip this spring I met Umpires Tom Connelly and Jack Egan, two of the most competent indicator holders in the American League, and for that matter in the country. It is seldom "His Umps" will talk about his troubles, but Connelly and Egan gave me a lot of interesting dope concerning the jobs and players in general.

The life of an umpire is a tough one, believe me. Many a fan has sat up in the stand and wished he could secure such a position. They figured it pretty soft to ride around the country witnessing all the great diamond battles. But if they only half realized the hardships connected with the position they would never have another longing for the job.

While a baseball team is securing the "breaks" and winning, the players find the going smooth, but when that antiquated lady, Dame Fortune, is strutting around with the opposition, the players' life is far from being rosy. And it is just the same with the umpire.

For days he may not be called on to make close decision and he and the players get along like brothers. But for weeks he officiates in battles where for inning after inning, he has to decide eyelash plays. The players of both teams continually pounce on him and argue with him, the home fans roast him to a brown. It is then that the job gets on his nerves and makes him him long for home and the farm. The umpire is practically exiled, too. He cannot mix with the players after the game and go out and have an evening of sport. If he wants to go to a theatre he must travel by his lone self. While it may have many personal friends on the teams, it would never do for him to be seen in company of a ball tosser. The fans would say that he was favoring the player if he did.

Connelly and Young Mullen, who is breaking in this year in the American League—and let me add he appears to have the makings of a corking good official—were on the same train with the Yankees on the return trip of the New Yorkers from Washington last

month. When their appetites drove them to the dining car they found the players occupied nearly every seat. Connelly informed his young protegee that it would never do to be seen back to their chairs and waited at least an hour and a half for the diamond warriors to fill their bread baskets.

There are certain kinds of players who make all kinds of trouble for umpires, and others who never cause a ruckus, no matter if they were called in a close decision. And it is the umpire's decision without a murmur in his life," Egan told me. "One day I was working on the bases in New York and called Chase out on a very close decision. 'That was a hair-line decision, Hal,' I remarked. 'I thought I had it beaten, Mr. Egan,' replied Chase, 'but you could tell better if you could.'"

"The call he had to see, why I know of 50 players who would have been ready to scalp me had they been in Chase's place."

"While I don't believe there is an umpire in the American League who would give a wrong decision with intention, it's a cinch a fellow of the wrong type is not going to get any of the worst of it from an official. 'Christy Matthewson is another great player to work behind. An umpire often makes a mistake on balls and strikes, but Matty never makes a beef. 'Ira Thomas, the Athletics backstop, is always pleading with the umpire and is really funny at times as he begs for a strike. Charley Street, of Washington, is just the opposite, and he continually crabbing when the pitcher isn't given a shade on close ones. But both are grand fellows and their brains is in their work.'"

"While Keeler was an ideal fellow," broke in Connelly. "Whenever he made a kick you could bet he was pretty near right. But Keeler realized he had nothing to gain by 'baiting' the umpire. While he may look to be a scrappy player, he seldom kicks in a decision. Cy Young, Larry Lajoie and many of the other great performers are the same.

"I consider him perfectly fit to go into the race," said the doctor. "I have examined him carefully and there is nothing the matter with him." A few days later the man rowed in the four-oared race. At the end of the first mile, he collapsed, and the crew did not finish. Of the 500 and more undergraduate rowers who have rowed in intercollegiate races since I have been connected with the Cornell navy, this was the only man who ever showed signs of collapse in a Cornell boat. Never before or since have I allowed a man to compete against my own better judgment."

There are unmistakable signs that always appear early in the training of a man who is out of condition, and that man should never be allowed to row, whether the stethoscope shows him to have a weak heart or not. Just what these conditions are, I can not explain. It may be that while rowing on the machines, the lips get a little white, or the face flushes peculiarly.

Every year at Cornell scores of men who register for the navy are dropped early in the training, not because they might not make good men for the crew, but because the light winter work on the machines shows that hard rowing would be dangerous to their own health. The elimination takes place long before training can have any injurious effects and there is almost no possibility of an unfit man getting into a Cornell race. For the young man in condition there is no more beneficial exercise than rowing. It not only develops his physical and gives him a stronger constitution, but it counts in his mental and moral growth as well.

Each year some 250 Cornell undergraduates register for the crew. The elimination process extends over a period of five months. This number must be cut to 23 men—three eights and a four, or the actual races, and the doctrine of "the survival of the fittest" applies. If the final selection, brains are more essential than brawn, and honesty is to be considered before ability. An ignoramus may make a successful pugilist, but he can never be an oarsman. The rhythmic manipulations of the sweep and sliding seats requires a technical appreciation found only in the man with the well-developed brain. The stroke must be worked out with as much precision as a problem in geometry. Its mastery is a legitimate sport that anything else is a waste of time. Therefore, I have found by experience that the best students make the best oarsmen.

In picking a crew man from the physical point of view, I look for the perfectly developed all-round man. The fellow with some parts abnormally developed at the expense of others—the muscular monstrosity—has no place

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Greensboro Winston. CHARLOTTE Greenville Spartanburg Anderson. It has a great cause of who has played for son and Q-ment with session. the ease, the before a particularly noon—and any wear defeat down game went without a solitary test was of to laugh O. One litt was on the forenoon hit. O who was allowing suth and there. There was the sue way that thirteenth proved the early. However swats of V afternoon, little while shooting-diamond league boys fore going to face hi and walked called the case. Then th hit at third, that went was equal sings his son, hum around him the throw his been chab nice one ing and three litt these four afternoon not been frame. The game that went beh it with a to first li the pill a two based lon stop the bases contribut the exhib two doub a most c from the Horey. The ho Charlotte McMillan Brandow, Garman, Cross, 2 Courts, Weiser, Haraway, Malcolm, Val Pel Totals Anderson W. Kelle Corbett, McCarty, J. Kelly, Fogarty, Bussey, Brannon Ketchel, c Scanlon, Totals *Klock of Summa Three-ba Fogarty, hits, Bus to Fogart to Fogart 4, by Sc Van Pel ditched b 2 hours, of group WHERE Charlotte An