

Connie Mack vs McGraw-Dope on Battle The Fans W'ont See

New York, Oct. 13.—While the Athletics and Giants are fighting on the diamond for world supremacy, another battle will be waged behind the scenes, so to speak. Little of this contest will be seen by the fans, but it will be just as fiercely fought and the result will be equally as important as the melee on the field. Reason—the winner of this clash will by virtue thereof bring victory to his men on the field.

Connie Mack on the one side, "Muggsy" on the other, meaning Cornelius McGillicuddy vs. John J. McGraw. The latter, gallant skipper of the Giants, has often been referred to as "the little Napoleon" of baseball. Will his rival prove the "lanky Wellington?"

Herewith are given brief sketches of the principals and their working methods.

JOHN J. MCGRAW.
He is Irish. He is a scrapper. He has been called "Pugnacious John McGraw." When McGraw starts something, he generally finishes it—generally within the realm of possibility. He is game. He is a worker. When he doesn't accomplish that which he attempts, it is because he is not equal to the task—not because he did not try hard enough. He puts forth every ounce of effort he possesses, "lives" the task he is undertaking.

"The way to achieve success," says McGraw, "is to make good right at the spot where you happen to be now." This epitomizes the story of John McGraw's career.

McGraw has the reputation of being a hot-headed fellow. This is probably due to his tendency to kick at the umpire and scrap, verbally, with players of rival teams. He could not be stamped a "chronic kicker" one who kicks for the sake of kicking. When he has a kick to make he makes it, and the object of his wrath is not likely soon to forget the incident. But he never kicks unless there is a likelihood that something is to be gained.

McGraw wants to win every game. His fighting spirit is contagious. He has his players on their toes, and singer is a watchword. From his position on the bench while the team is in the field, he gives words of encouragement to those who make mistakes, while his energetic coaching on the lines, while there are bases, keeps the men on the jump. If a player becomes careless or indifferent, the Giants' manager knows how to call him down in the hardest kind of way, using bitter words of criticism that cut like a knife.

Yes, he is a scrapper and a worker, but all this would be wasted virtue if there were not the brains to guide it. McGraw has the brains. Apparently impetuous and responding to the impulse of the moment, he is in fact a different proposition. He thinks so quickly in rapid action that he seems spontaneous. But it is not. McGraw always thinks before he leaps. That implies the meaning that he looks to the future. Which is quite true. But it does not mean that he "crosses bridges before he comes to them." Quite the contrary.

One day in the early summer the writer sounded McGraw on the subject of prospects. McGraw, one of the very few managers who waxes indignant when asked what his team will do. You will find that most managers will rush into print with an optimistic yarn about their team, but McGraw came back with this:

"That is a foolish question. No manager has any idea what his chances for success will be until he sees his team work for months at least. Then he might be mistaken, for something may happen to put the team out of the running."

Seldom has McGraw said anything that gives a better insight into his nature than that statement. He is noisy, but not boastful, as the remark shows. Moreover, he gives due credit to the time worn truism that "nothing is certain in life and baseball." Realizing this and the fact that the whole pastime is built upon a foundation of "chances," John long ago figured his general system of attack, which is to hazard much, succeed as often as you can, but don't be afraid of the possibility that you will not "get away with it." It is as a result of this method of McGraw's that the Giants during the past season swept into oblivion all records for base stealing. "Nothing tried nothing done"—had they stayed gang would have been lucky to lead the second division.

But there are other traits than these that are essential to the making of a successful baseball manager, whether he be a McGraw or a quiet retiring Connie Mack. There are qualities that must be possessed by both types. So far as can be seen, McGraw has a goodly share of these. He knows a ball player when he sees him, either when a gem in the rough or when a polished, perfected veteran. Let a man make every mistake in the baseball catalogue—it does not faze McGraw if he thinks the man has the good in him. The

big thing about it is that McGraw knows more often than he thinks. Take the Merkle case. The new great first baseman would be buried deep in the "bush" if it was not for McGraw's wisdom in seeing that his failure to touch second in 1908 did not reveal the true Merkle—that a grand ball player lurked inside the man who pulled the most notorious "bone-head" play of history. It was not forebearance on the part of McGraw that urged him to stick to Merkle. It was because McGraw knew he had a star.

The same thing is true in the case of Chief Meyers, one of the steadiest catchers in the business today and a demon hitter. When McGraw first got his talons on the big Indian, Meyers was a lumbering cow-like hulk of a man, less like a ball player than like an ice wagon. Rube Marquard, the sensation of 1911, was called "cheese" by fans all over the country through more than two years, until he began to pitch some of the greatest baseball ever dished up from the mound. Devore, Snodgrass, Becker, Fletcher, Herzog, Doyle and Mathewson can also attribute their present value on the diamond to the sagacity of McGraw. Red Murray, who came from the St. Louis Cardinals, is about the only member of the Giants' squad who was not made into a ball player right in McGraw's backyard. But Murray has vastly improved since he became a Giant.

McGraw's talent in dealing with individual players is as manifest in developing them as in picking them out. Only one glaring failure blots the escutcheon of his managerial journey—the fall down of "Bugs" Raymond, who topped off to Detroit. Fans that year tossed bouquets at Connie for getting a good team together so quickly, but they didn't know Mack was planning for 1909 in 1907. Mack is a baseball teacher as well as manager. In this he has a great advantage over the majority of managers. There are few leaders who can take a raw recruit and mold him into a star. Most big league managers expect their new men to be almost the finished product from the start.

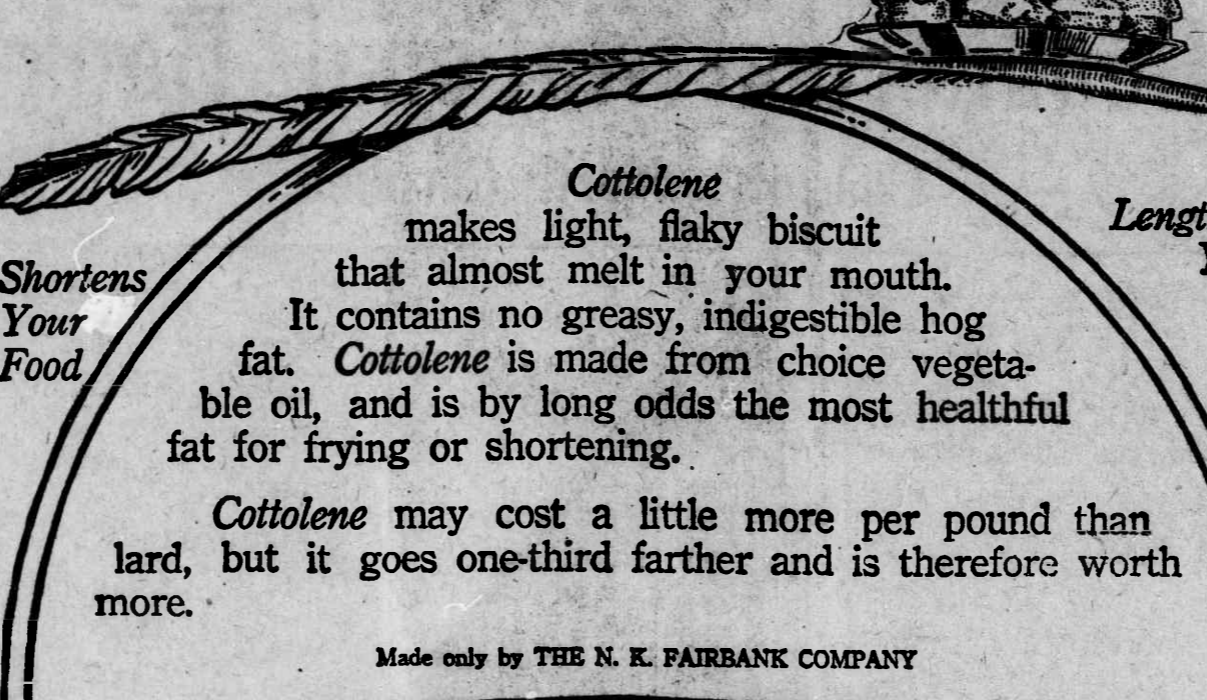
Others release youngsters outright with this statement: "The boy is promising enough, but he lacks experience. He must be taught the ways of the big league. Not so with Connie Mack. When he recognizes undeveloped talent, he keeps hold of it in some way or other. Had Eddie Collins, Jack Barry and Jack McInnes started with other major league teams, these chances are strong that they would have been canned inside of a month. For a bunch of jokers there never had been any to compare with the trio when they first joined the club. If anybody but Connie had been the manager, they would have been quickly shunted to the bushes. Collins fielded like an absent-minded camel, and Barry would turn hand-springs in the effort to get a bunt. McInnes looked so little forlorn and dejected that it seemed a pity to separate him from his family. Unlike the fans, Connie had an eye that could see the 18-carat stuff while the fans saw only the dross. He kept the trio working patiently and their records today bespeak volumes of praise for the sound judgment of their manager.

Connie has a system of winning pennants that, at first blush, seems somewhat grotesque, but that it works all right is attested by the gon-falons of 1902, 1905, 1909 and 1910 by the Athletics. His theory is to beat the tailenders. He's willing to break even with the first division teams if he can wallop the tailenders good and plenty. He does not shove in weak pitchers when meeting supposedly weak teams, but sends forth the same team to do battle with the would-be nearest contender for the title. During the season just closed, the Athletics, barely won a majority of their games with the three closest teams, but they made a show of the lowly second divisioners. Had Detroit been as successful against the weak teams as was Philadelphia, the Tigers would have beaten out the Mackmen, as their record against the other leaders was appreciably better.

An amusing anecdote on Connie Mack's superlative attentiveness to details is told by a Detroit writer. It happened during the season just closed. Connie spotted a new Indian sign on the center field fence in Detroit, which was ostensibly to advertise a restaurant. The Indian moved his eyes back and forth. The eyes were really controlled by electricity. That same attracted much attention. That same Indian came near creating a scandal in the American League, it is said. Connie Mack was for taking no chances, so he told Ban Johnson about the Indian with the lively eyes. The league president investigated but "found nothing wrong." However, he requested that the Indian's eyes be stationary, which they are now, and Connie smiled to himself in satisfaction, that whether his guess was right or not, he was on the safe side and new methods would have to be evolved if the Tigers were to put over any signal-tipping scheme.

There has been but one great disappointment in Connie Mack's career as a baseball manager. That was in 1905, when the Giant's beat his prides the world's series. And one of Connie's greatest triumphs was directly responsible for that defeat. When Rube Waddell ran out on Connie and refused to show up for the series, the Athletics' chances evaporated as so much steam. Connie had developed the Rube into one of the greatest pitchers of all time and relied on him to win the world's championship. Mack was the only manager who ever got any real earnest work out of the erratic Rube. Though Waddell infuriated other team handlers by incorrigible behavior, watched over his conduct and by this kind of treatment actually compelled this ball player to swear by him. But the Rube got one of his recurrent cases of wanderlust and was roaming in other parts when the series was called. Mack saw that the Rube was

"Light as a feather" BISCUIT



big squad of candidates in case some calamity hits his team. No manager in the game looks as far ahead as the Athletics' master mind.

Baseballdom thought it wonderful when Mack took a team of nobodies in 1909 and finished second to Detroit. Fans that year tossed bouquets at Connie for getting a good team together so quickly, but they didn't know Mack was planning for 1909 in 1907. Mack is a baseball teacher as well as manager. In this he has a great advantage over the majority of managers. There are few leaders who can take a raw recruit and mold him into a star. Most big league managers expect their new men to be almost the finished product from the start.

beginning to lose his grip and lost no time in releasing him when the St. Louis Browns presented a lucrative opportunity.

That illustrates another of Connie Mack's traits. If a player persists in violating the rules laid down by the manager he is allowed to go for Connie does not believe in wasting time over a man who does not care for his welfare. If errors of judgment are committed, Mack does not abuse the culprit, but amiably tries to show them how they can do better next time.

She Knew What She Would Do.

The new minister was noted as an indefatigable talker and when Mrs. Schuyler, who was very busy, saw him coming, she decided not to receive him. She instructed her daughter, aged four, accordingly.

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"You go and tell your mamma," said the minister, impressively, "that I'd like to know what she'll do if St. Peter sends her that kind of a message when she knocks at the gate of Heaven."

"She says," said the child when she returned, "that she'll do what you'll do, only she won't make so much fuss."

CAR CUTS CHILD'S THROAT.
Slips and Trolley Wheels Pass Over Her Neck.

Reading, Pa., Oct. 13.—Slipping under a trolley car, Catherine, 5-year-old daughter of Charles W. Wanner, a business man, was instantly killed in the business section of this city.

The child was in the act of running across the street. When she fell the wheels passed over her neck, almost severing the head from her body, and both legs were tangled in the car springs.

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5:09 pm Lv. Charlotte N&W Ar. 11:40 am.
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