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CHRISTY MATHEWSON'S NEW BASEBALL SERIES—CROP OF 1913

BIG LEAGUERS OFF THE FIELD

By CHRISTY MATHEWSON, of the New York Giants

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Few fans know the ball player off the field.

"Out of the spangles," as the newspaper boys say, the Big Leaguer is not ordinarily recognized except by some "bug" with a keen memory for faces. Then, when he does pick out a member of the profession in his street scenery he usually greets him by chanting that old refrain, "Have one with me."

For this and other reasons, the "bug" is conscientiously sidestepped by ball players whenever they see him first. He is generally regarded as one of those pests similar to mosquitoes, mothers-in-law and measles. Once he gets hold of you, there is no losing him until he has run his course, which generally extends through several stanzas of baseball misinformation. He is anxious to give you a hypodermic of hints about how the game should be played. He usually wants it completely overhauled and renovated.

There are many followers of the game in this country, however, who are eager to know how a ball player spends his time and money, how he lives, what his ambitions are, and what his general mode of conduct off the field. Lengthy and congested arguments continually arise over the course of training which a ball player pursues during the championship season, and I have been the recipient of many letters from Y. M. C. A's and other similar institutions requesting me to lecture on the habits of the Big Leaguer. Not least among these was one which I received recently from a certain local chapter of the Women's Christian Temperance Union. I would not consider it a breach of confidence to publish this, as it will give a line on some of the things which a ball player is asked to do. It both interested and amused me. Here it is:

"We understand you are strictly temperate, and that to this you attribute your success as a ball player. We have several residents of this town who seem to think the more they drink the better citizens they make. Also, every time there is a ball game here not only the majority of the spectators, but the athletes, refresh themselves at a convenient keg. Realizing your principles, and knowing that 'Billy' Sunday, the evangelist and formerly a ball player, has accomplished great things for our cause, we hoped perhaps you might come here and give a lecture on the subject."

Now I have never posed as the chauffeur of the Croton chariot or water wagon, nor has my name ever been prominently mentioned to lead the prohibition party. I once thought seriously of having my photograph taken with a stein of beer in my hand and sending it as an answer to some of these communications. As a matter of fact, ball players do not drink, for the good and sufficient reason that it interferes with their business. But none of the Big League clubs, with the exception of the Chicago Nationals, inserts a temperance clause in its contracts unless in the particular cases of men known as "bad actors." It still remains to be seen how the Cubs' prohibition contract is going to work out. Most ball players drink a little, generally beer, and nearly every one of them smokes during the baseball season. Fred Clarke made all his men stop smoking cigarettes last year, believing that it benefitted their wind. It may have helped their wind, but it did not win them any pennants.

No Surfeit of Billets-doux

And while we are discussing the correspondence data, it might be well to look into the matinee idol side, many fans having been led to believe that the stars are chronically afflicted with throbbing, perfumed notes. Arthur Shafer promulgated that belief when he gave this as his reason for retiring from baseball. Now I have been unfortunate, but I have never been seriously hampered by the beperfumed billets-doux which I have received through the mail. It has never been my experience that the crowd around the players' entrance makes the daily exit difficult. Sometimes, on the road, players receive telephone calls, but no one was ever forced to answer the telephone.

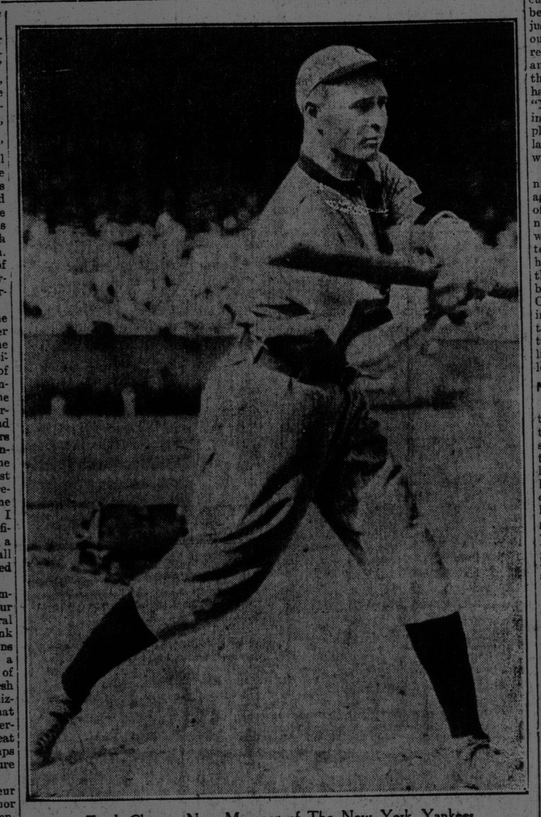
My material for this story has been collected while traveling with the Giants, my only Big League team, and any other knowledge which I may have gathered about the habits of Big League clubs on the road has been gained purely through hearsay evidence. The Giants are a great bunch of boys to travel with, and the New York club sees to it that we always have the best, a private car being hired by the management on every trip. None of the players has an upper berth and all hands are made as comfortable as possible. Sometimes, the journeys become tiresome, when the jumps are long and the weather hot, but as a rule I enjoy the periods on the road. McGraw makes them interesting and the boys are always framing up something to pass the time.

Most Big Leaguers have peculiarities off the field. For instance, Frank Chance always had a weakness for "lower No. 13" believing that it brought him luck. For years he has insisted on this number, and he continued to ride through the league with a winner on it. The Cubs were never in a railroad wreck, usually their trains were on time, and everything went as smoothly as a Cook's tourists' party in Rome. Then, one night, Chance went to bed in a hurry, and crawled into the wrong berth, "lower 14" I think it was, and the train ran into an open ditch, threw all hands into the aisle, banged up three or four valuable ball players and generally disorganized the team. After that Chance was never in too much of a hurry to go to bed not to make sure he was sleeping in "lower 13."

"Chance may like 'lower 13' for luck, but a stateroom has always brought me good fortune," says McGraw as he slides into the compartment. He insists on his private room.

Having Fun With Faust

One of the greatest trips I have ever made with the Giants was toward the end of the season of 1911 when the club went through the west and practically peeled off the pennant in the last spurt. The team was winning, and the boys were happy, although we were all laboring under a good deal of strain. "Charley" Faust, the "worst bug ever to crack into the Big League," made that trip with us then, and he was like a mechanical toy the day after Christmas—new and novel. The boys spent most of their time kidding him, as



Frank Chance, New Manager of The New York Yankees

McGraw would not let them play cards at this important stage of the race for fear they would become too interested and sit up later than they should.

The first night "Charlie" spent in a sleeper was on a jump which the team made from Boston to Pittsburg. He had done his traveling on fast freights before that. Faust was Murray's particular pet on this trip, and "Red" rehearsed "Charlie" in his monologue and entertained the boys until well along toward midnight. "Charlie" decided to go to bed, and he was the only man in the party inhabiting an upper berth. When he began to undress he took a puzzled look at the little hammock in the berth, and finally called Murray to him.

"What's the hammock for?" he asked.

"Well, I'll tell you, 'Charlie,' " replied Murray. "They put those in all the berths where the pitchers are going to sleep so they can rest their arms, and they won't feel the jolts of the train. Now wrap your salary wing up tight in the blanket before you go to bed and hang it in that sling. Then you'll be in shape to work if 'Mac' should want you to go in tomorrow."

"Charlie" went to bed, and he followed instructions faithfully, tying the blanket, which he took off his bed, into several knots around his right arm and then hanging it in the hammock after having carefully laved it in oil before retiring.

That Loaded Suit Case

The next day some of the boys got hold of Faust's suit case and a little pig iron at the same time, and, while a few of the others were engaging him in conversation, his grip was filled with the iron. When the train arrived in Pittsburgh, and Faust picked up his bag and dropped it on his corn, he emitted a fearful howl.

"What's the matter, 'Charlie,'? " inquired "Josh" Devore innocently, although he had inspired the thing.

"Gosh, that case is heavy," replied Faust.

"Always feels that way," returned "Josh" after a fellow has been on the train for a long time. You see you haven't had a chance to work your arm out since yesterday and the muscles naturally tighten up."

They made Faust walk all the way to the hotel from the station, a mile or so, with the suit case for the beneficial exerise, and I was not in his room when he found out what he had been carrying. Faust was the worst and most serious nut I have ever seen. He was so bad that we always had to be careful to keep him away from the squirrels.

Arthur Devlin was a man that could not stand for the pest who insists on talking with a ball player. One day, when the Giants were making a long jump from Boston to St. Louis in the hot weather—and that is the worst trip around the circuit—an intelligent-looking man walked through the car. He paused by Devlin's berth, and Arthur was just getting up after a sleepless night.

"Hello, 'Dev.' " he said familiarly. They always insist on the first name. "You're with the Giants, aren't you? Well, I'm pulling for you boys."

"No, we're from the P. and O. league," replied Devlin, while anybody, even if he wasn't a weather prophet at all, could see it had started to cloud up, and that it would likely rain.

"You boys are going to grab the flag," went on the fan, "if you will do what I tell you to. I'm rootin' for you all right and have a little money bet too." They all protest they have a financial interest.

"We'll get our salaries whether you root for us or not," answered Devlin. "Don't you know that this is a private car?"

From there on Arthur got busy. His conversation became warm and even overheated and the insults broke out over it like a light rash. Soon the ardent rooter retreated in great disorder. Most all ball players have learned to become abrupt with fans unless they are well acquainted.

Those Exaggerated Reports

The Cubs were a jaunty bunch in the old days, but then it is easy for a winner to lead the free-and-easy life. Being with a loser is the real drain on good nature. There have been several newspaper stories printed about the Cubs recently which tended to show that they were not always as temperate as they might have been. Charles Murphy the owner of the team, declaring he had received information that one of his outfielders several seasons ago, had attained a very nifty slant in Cincinnati before a game one night. Then, again, scandalous reports reached the public about the world's series of 1910, one of these being that the Cubs were so sure of a victory over the Athletics that they sat up and played cards and celebrated with liquid refreshments most of the night on their way to Philadelphia just before the first game.

These reports have been greatly exaggerated, I know, and, while the Cubs might have been overconfident of victory in that series, they did not tear loose in the manner which was attributed to them. The tearing loose under Chance is not very good.

Professional baseball has been filled with men who were "bad actors" off the field, and many interesting stories are told of their habits. "Bugs" Raymond would let anybody buy him a drink, and "Rube" Waddell was an other performer who was as certain as loose mercury. An excellent illustration of the failure of citizens of New York to recognize ball players off the field developed when the old Polo Grounds burned down in 1911.

The fire started at about midnight, and I arose and dressed, my home being directly up the hill from the park. Ames and Meyers and Doyle and most of the boys were there, but the police refused to let us penetrate the fire lines, not recognizing the ball players whom many had seen play frequently and being too busy to pause for purposes of identification. Finally, as we were all standing outside there in the street, "Bugs" Raymond arrived with some lady friend and walked up to the nearest cop.

The Magic of a Name

"How are you, 'Bill?' " he said.

"Hello, 'Bugs!' " answered the policeman. "Want to go inside?"

"Sure," replied 'Bugs,' "me and this girl." And they went through the lines like a political boss through the governor's ante-room. "Bugs," was the sort of fellow who knew everybody. Finally the rest of us boys made our way into the Polo Grounds, where the newspaper men and firemen had preceded us, through the intervention of McGraw, who came up from down town. As we stood there watching the stand burn, "Bugs" posed in the pitching box with his feminine friend and delivered himself of a speech.

"And it was my turn to work out here tomorrow," he lamented. "This is where I stand when the crowd cheers me. And the bats are gone, my favorite stick! Can't some of you firemen save the bats?"

At the old Polo Grounds before the fire, the bats were kept locked up behind the bench in a closet under the grand-stand. "Bugs" burst into tears when he discovered that the sticks of the club were burning. His chief concern was for his bat, with which he hardly ever made a hit. And he was the ceitre of attraction at the grounds the night of the fire, while the rest of us stood around in the crowd and were pushed and hustled by the firemen, once a stream of water being turned upon the group I was in. None of them knew the rest of us, but they all called "Bugs" by his first name.

McGraw is the ideal leader to my mind. On the field, he is supreme and has no mercy for the man who disobeys an order of his, but off it he gives the players considerable levity, not enforcing any strict training rules. He keeps a watchful eye on the habits of the men, however. Instead of laying down any exact rule, he makes one sweeping general demand which covers what the smaller one might not. He insists that all the boys report in the clubhouse at the Polo Grounds between ten and half-past every morning of the playing season. In the earlier days of the schedule, there is the morning practice, but as the race tightens and the strain becomes greater the morning practice is cut out for the regulars for fear they may become stale, but they all must show up just the same. We do not even get into our uniforms then, but the object of the reporting is evident. McGraw thinks that any man who can appear at ten o'clock in the morning looking bright and clear eyed has not been out all night batting around. "Mac" is very fussy about the boys showing up, too, and fined two or three of the players who tried to skip it once or twice last season very heavily. The rule has worked well.

Off the field, McGraw is one of the nicest men in the sport, pleasant and agreeable and entering into every activity of the players, but during a game he plays no favorites and insists on what he wants when he desires it. He has the proper temperament for the game when he hangs up his uniform. Unlike many of the leaders in the Big League, he does not brood over defeat after it is all settled. Chance is the type of man who is thinking baseball all the time, both on and off the field, and it was this condition of things which undermined his health, I believe. It is a wonder to me that more leaders don't have nervous prostration.

No Use For Champagne

Probably no manager was ever so eager to win a series as McGraw was to take that one from the Red Sox last fall, and surely there never was a leader more certain of victory than he was before the last game. From what looked like hopeless defeat he had pulled his team up to even terms with the Red Sox by an uphill fight, and all depended upon the last game. He was so sure he was going to win it that he telephoned down town in Boston before the game and ordered one hundred dollars worth of champagne, so as to give some of the newspaper boys and his other friends a blowout in the evening. It looked as if we really had the Sox on the run, and "Mac" was very certain we would nose them out. Of course, everybody knows what happened in the eventual game. McGraw did not bowl any one out afterward. He did not even mention the game when it was over. He rode back to the hotel in the same taxicab with me and chatted about other things. When he reached his room, he called up the hotel on the telephone.

"This is Mr. McGraw," he said. "Don't save that table for me, and the wine I paid for you can do what you want to with it."

"Aren't you going to drink it?" somebody asked him, after he hung up the receiver.

"Can't afford to now," he replied. "I'm going to be too busy figuring out how I am to win the world's championship next year."

Coming down to New York on the train, he played bridge whist and failed to show his feeling of disappointment in any way. The other boys, less able to control their sentiments, did not attempt to conceal their impressions of the game. Wilbert Robinson, the veteran coach of the team and the former Baltimore catcher, had a little Boston bull dog in a basket which he had purchased for his children as a souvenir of the series. He insisted on trying to give it away and attempted to induce a newspaper man to take it.

"Here," declared "Robbie," "take this dog. He brought me bad luck. I don't want him."

"How much did you pay for him?" asked the newspaper reporter who had been wanting to get a dog. Then I tipped him off with a wink that "Robbie" did not want to give the dog away, but was just sore.

Since I entered the National League, I have seen a great change in the type of men who play the game. Instead of the old, roistering, happy-go-lucky fellow of fifteen years ago, baseball players today are, as a rule, citizens of importance and means back in their home towns. Most of them have automobiles and bank accounts now. Many—and I am not finding fault—look like haberdashers' hopes with their silk shirts, monogramed, and silk socks and expensive ties. Marquard is the fashion plate of the Giants, which is a great credit to "Rube." He encounters some great competition.

"Rube" and "Josh" Devore were formerly keen rivals in matters of dress and general personal appointments until Marquard blossomed (not a joke) out as an actor. Then "Rube" left poor "Josh" far behind because Devore could horn into the papers only once in a while, whereas Marquard was getting in there every day and with a picture about three times a week. Devore had to go down to Parkersburg, West Va., and get the correspondent to send out a story that he bet a bar keeper he was "Josh" Devore to receive any publicity worth while this winter.

Beau Brummell of the Giants

But take, for example, that time when the Giants went to Philadelphia on the pleasant little excursion in 1911 when the proceedings were held up by a rain of ten days. During that period, there were several occasions when a majority of the boys felt like doing the Dutch, and McGraw ordered that all gas be shut off to the rooms of some of the players with German blood in their veins. The Cincinnati club would never have weathered it. Most of us went over expecting to stay one day, and were forced to remain a week, always hoping to play on the morrow. "Josh" and "Rube" roomed together, as usual, and, for some inexplicable reason, "Rube" had his wardrobe trunk with him. Whether he sent over to New York and got it or brought it with him I never found out, but when he appeared each morning he used to make the rest of us look about as dressy as a flock of cigar Indians in storage warehouses. "Rube" always was one of those fellows anyway who would do all sorts of things, and come out looking as span and spic as a tailor's model. He could go through an automobile accident and not have his attire ruffled. One day "Josh" complained bitterly in this wise:

"What's the use in rooming with a guy like "Rube?" He's got all the clothes in the world, but they won't fit me. The only things of his I can wear are his socks and then I have to pull them up like stockings. Here I am without a brush and comb, and, if I roll over in the night, my social standing is gone, while 'Rube' has a different suit of clothes for every day."

As most persons know, "Rube" is built on the general lines of the flatiron building, while Devore would make a nice partner for a member of the pony ballet. "Rube" always carries his wardrobe trunk on the road. That is, he did up through last season. Nobody knows what he will have next spring after spending his winter projecting personality across the footlights.

One time "Rube" Marquard and "Josh" Devore were boasting about the furniture in their room in a Boston hotel while a game was in progress.

"We've got a swell suite, ain't we 'Rube?' " remarked "Josh," evidently hoping to stir up jealousy and referring the matter back to his room-mate for confirmation, as is his conversational custom.

"You bet we have," answered "Rube," "The rooms are big and light, and the furniture is immense."

Apparently McGraw had not been listening to the conversation, but, at this point, he cut in abruptly as is his wont.

"All solid mahogany, I bet, with you two fellows in the room," he snapped. "Now omit the social discussion on the bench."

Bib League ball clubs stop at the best hotels around the circuit now, McGraw being a pioneer in this and insisting that his men are properly housed. In the old days, a hotel which catered to family trade was afraid to take in a ball team for fear of the results, but that is all changed now. The most serious breach of etiquette which has occurred in the Big Leagues in some time was when "Bob" Bescher, of the Cincinnati club, asked for three helpings of dessert at the Schenley hotel in Pittsburg and was refused. The institution was then run by the Ritz-Carlton people. As a result of this denial there was an argument which eventuated in the Reds leaving the hotel flat ever since. That is the last social blunder made in the large league, which I recall now.

As a Stepping Stone

Most all ball players have outside interests now. Take the Giants, "Charlie" Herzog is a farmer in Maryland, and Merkle is studying law and making practice for himself. Only this winter, he punched some man on the nose and got involved in a lawsuit for $5,000, which I regard as nothing more or less than a trial for Fred to get legal experience. Snodgrass and Meyers each own considerable land in California, and Otis Crandall is a prosperous farmer of Wadena, Ind.

Before passing along, I want to pause for a minute to mention Crandall. Most fans look upon him as a steady pitcher who is fine for rescue work and a good deal of a baseball truck horse. He is one of the most popular men on the club, perhaps because he seldom says anything, and the New York team is a little shy on audiences and good listeners. When Crandall first joined the Giants in spring practice several years ago, he could not find a uniform that would fit him, so instead of taking advantage of a chance to lay off, as many a young fellow would have done, he went to the outfield and started chasing flies. He was very persistent about it, and, in this way, attracted the attention of McGraw although he did not say anything nor did he force himself on the manager in any way as many a busher does in the spring.

One Way to Attract Attention

McGraw got Crandall a uniform and started him pitching and Otis just kept right along pitching and was a horse for work. He did not care whether he was twirling to give recruits batting practice or in a game, or what. He was always in there pitching. Never did he say anything. And now it is a standing joke that Crandall eats onions the night before he wants to pitch so as to attract McGraw's attention to him. He doesn't want to say anything. Whenever "Mac" smells the onions he realizes that Crandall is ready to work. The fans know him as "old Doc, the great ready reliever." I look to see him pitch better ball than he ever did in his life this season.

When he first appeared in the spring training camp, he was much more round shouldered that he is now and always out of the corner of his mouth hung a cigarette. The boys got him to standing up with more style by making this crack at him:

"Say, 'Doc' who is that fellow you are carrying around on your back?"

Otis did not like this and although he would never be mistaken for a West Pointer now, he is very much straighter and sprucer. He has an absolutely even disposition, with no temperament, and nothing worries him. He has an automobile and a farm back home and is a large citizen in a small community, although he would be a large citizen in any community in which he is registered. Otis runs the winter dances out in Wadena and is very particular. With his brother, he censors the invitation list, and he must know the pedigree of each and every person before he is invited. He takes no chances.

Many interesting personalities are found in the Big Leagues now. Some ball players are men who are just using the game as a stepping stone and expect to drop out of it and climb to other things eventually through the money they make out of it as capital. "Sammy" Strang, for instance, has studied for grand opera. Many a ball player has started with this intention and has stuck until they cut the uniform off him. Of course, it is well known to fans that Fred Clarke owns an enormous ranch in Kansas and is very wealthy. He does not drink or smoke, and his only vice is chewing a toothpick. He is seldom without one.

Honus Wagner's weakness is automobiles. Chance, of course, possesses a well-advertised orange grove. Tinker has large property holdings in the far west. Frank Schulte, of the Cubs, is very fond of trotting horses and goes to Canada every winter where he races his stable on the ice.

The old game has produced some successful men, and most of them are rollicking, good, wholesome fellows. Many clubs carry insurance on all their players now. When one pauses to think that teams embracing between one and two hundred thousand dollars worth of baseball talent are traveling around the country almost continuously for six months in the year, it is evident that the owner is taking a risk.

Nearly all ferns like to have their leaves washed occasionally. The best way to do this is to set them out of doors on a wet day and let the rain wash them gently. Plants hate gas. It poisons them, so do not keep them at night for many hours in a room where the gas is burning, but carry them out into the passage or into an unlighted room.

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... Lumbago	... Bladder Trouble	... Anemia	... Womb Trouble
... Catarrh	... Weak Lungs	... Pimples	... Ovarian Trouble
... Constipation	... Chronic Coughs	... Eczema	... Painful Periods
... Piles	... Malaria	... Neuralgia	... Hot Flashes
... Diarrhoea	... Asthma	... Headache	... Bearing Down Pains
... Torpid Liver	... Hay Fever	... Dizziness	... Leucorrhoea
... Indigestion	... Heart Trouble	... Nervousness	
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Give any other symptoms on a separate sheet. Correspondence in all languages.

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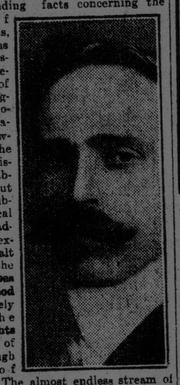

"Rich and poor alike benefit by the teachings of this new system,' says Prof. Knowles, "and the person who wishes to achieve greater success has but to apply the simple rules laid down.' That many wealthy and prominent people owe their success to the power of Personal Influence there is not the slightest doubt, but the great mass of people have remained in utter ignorance of these phenomena. The National Institute of Sciences has therefore undertaken the somewhat arduous task of distributing broadcast, without regard for class or creed, the information heretofore possessed by the few. In addition to supplying the books free, each person who writes at once will also receive a character delineation of from 400 to 500 words as prepared by Prof. Knowles.

If you wish a copy of Prof. Knowles' book and a Character Delineation, simply copy the following verse in your own handwriting:

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Force and strength in my look,
Please read my character
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Post Office .....

Province ..... Street and No. .....

A $50 GOLD WATCH CAN YOU WORK THIS PUZZLE?

GIVEN AWAY

W	O	I	A			
L	O	I	A	F	R	D
R	O	G	I	A	G	E

FREE

Will be given according to conditions of Contest to somebody who succeeds in arranging the letters of the above three lines so that they will spell

THE NAMES OF THREE STATES IN THE UNITED STATES

ALSO A PRIZE OF $10 FOR NEATEST SOLUTION

TRY IT AT ONCE. IT MAY BE YOU.

Write the names of the States on a postcard or a letter, giving your Name and Address plainly.

IMPERIAL WATCH CO., Prize Dept. [16], MONTREAL, CANADA

OR $50 IN GOLD