

MY THIRTY YEARS IN BASEBALL

By JOHN J. MCGRAW.

Individual vs. Team Work—The "I Thought" Ball Players—What Happened to Snodgrass for the Error in Boston That Lost the World's Series?

(Released Exclusively through the North American Newspaper Alliance.)

ARTICLE 3.

The public, I have discovered, doesn't know anything about the methods employed by a ball club. The fan wants to see the home club win. So there is little concern in the mind of a manager as to what the public thinks of his system as long as he wins.

How often have you heard some baseball enthusiast—after the game or before—say, "I don't care particularly which club wins as long as it is a good game?"

I have heard them say it all my life, and I never knew one who I believe really meant it. That is not the spirit of baseball, no matter what we hear. Such remarks are usually made after a comfortable dinner and in an effort to display a sense of sportsmanship.

One night I had dinner with De Wolf Hopper, Louis Mann and a few other rabid fans.

"Honestly, Hopper," I asked "what really is your idea of a good ball game?"

"My idea of a perfect ball game and a delightful afternoon," declared the veteran fan and actor, "is for the home club to pile up fifteen runs in the first inning. To add to my comfort I don't want to see a single player on the other side reach first base."

"Well, spoke up another, "It is quite a thrill, at that, to have them get the bases full and then have our pitcher strike out the batter."

"But, my dear fellow," declared Hopper, "that isn't comfort and pleasure. That's suffering."

So, you see, the baseball manager, to have the public like his style of his method, must win. He needn't worry about the details. The average fan will never understand them anyway.

Team work is to baseball just what it is to any other enterprise. Individualism is all right in its place, but too much of it will kill any organization in the world. The result is what counts, and the only way to get it is by team work.

So-called inside baseball is mostly bunk. It is merely the working out of definite plans that the public does not observe. There is nothing on a ball field that the public could not see and understand if the fans studied the game as we do. As I have intimated, all the fan-see, as a rule, is the victory or defeat. His eye is always on the ball or the runner approaching the plate. Rarely does he observe what the other players are doing. He is an enthusiast—not a workman.

I venture to say that not one fan out of a hundred saw the two plays that we worked on the Yanks going to second after their hits had driven runners around. The eyes of the public were on the ball or the runner farthest advanced. If, for instance, a batter cuts a base the fan rarely ever sees it. His eye is always centered on the real action.

And this question of individualism or team work recalls my early remark on the difference between the college player and the town lot fellow. The former quickly sees the advantage of team work—of co-ordination. The latter sees only himself, either making good or falling down. If he makes an error he will try to cover it up by such remarks as "Well, I thought—"

We call that class "I thought ball players." There are many of them. Always they have an alibi. It is sel-

dom that they come to the bench and ask where they made the mistake and what to do about it next time. The college player will do that. His mind is more disciplined and he is eager to learn.

A type of the college player, quick to learn, was Eddie Grant, who was killed in action in France.

After leaving Harvard Eddie was on the Philadelphia National League Club. Having heard much of Mathewson, he was very curious to bat against him. Finally his chance came. On his first time up Matty put one right in the groove and Grant smacked it for a single. Five times in succession he faced Matty that first day and established the remarkable record of getting five straight hits.

"Do you know that's Mathewson you're hitting?" Billy Murray asked him.

"Yes," he said, "but I don't suppose he knows this is me."

"But he will," Murray advised him. "What did he pitch you?"

"Curve ball, waist high and just inside."

"Well, you'd better practice hitting something else."

Now, Eddie was not stupid. He didn't think like other bushers that he alone had solved Matty's delivery. He began to study. An early success like that would have ruined a player with less brains.

"And, you know," Grant afterward told me, "it was a good thing I did. Matty didn't pitch me another ball that all season and I didn't get a hit the next twenty times that I faced him."

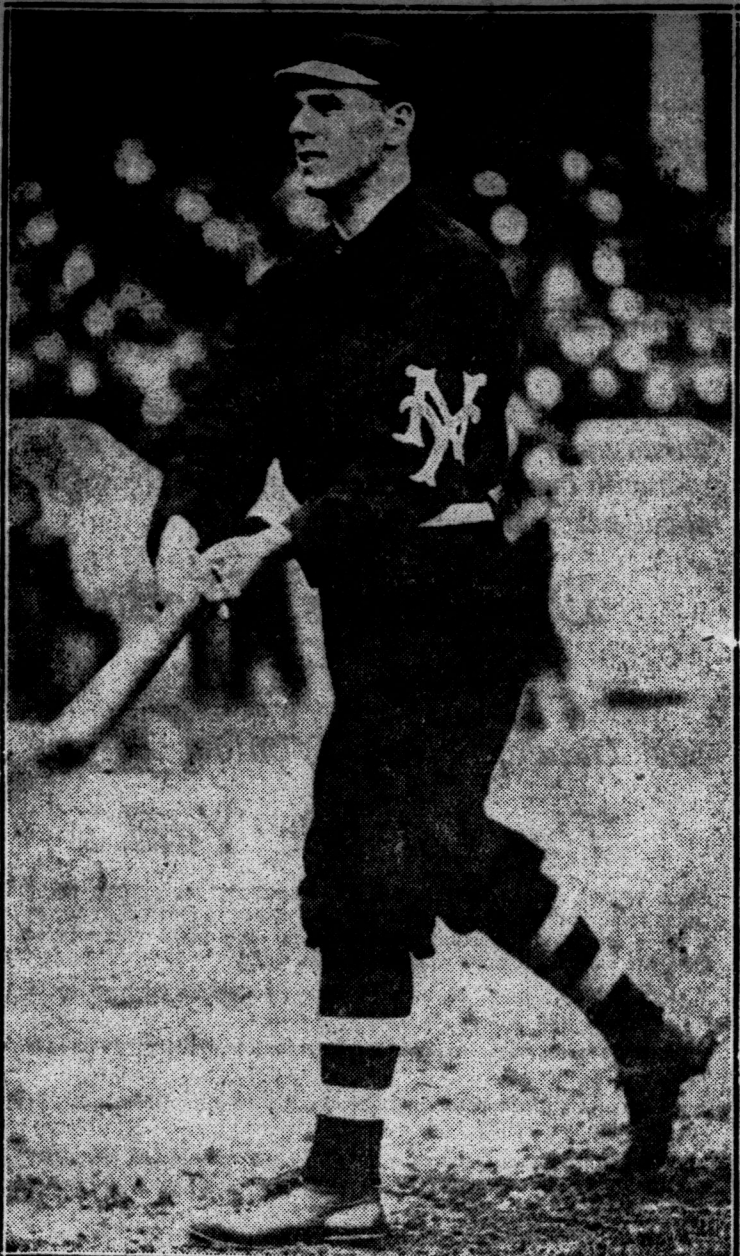
Another type of the ambitious college player was Fred Snodgrass. He came to me as a catcher, or rather, I was so impressed with his work in a college game out in California that I asked him to join us. Snodgrass was not a great catcher, so I turned him into an outfielder. He studied every department of the game carefully and it was rare that he ever made a mistake of judgment.

When Snodgrass dropped that ball in Boston—the error that everybody says cost us the series—I never gave him one word of reproach. Any player is liable to make an error. That was not a buster, as we call it. It happened to be one of those avoidable little things that come at a costly moment. Often I have been asked to tell exactly what I did to Snodgrass for that. For the first time I guess I have to tell: I raised his salary \$1,000 a year.

Snodgrass suffered more over that one error than all the rest of the team put together. To blame a player for a thing like that would show little loyalty on the part of a manager. It would ruin him for the future. Often I use to "burn up" when I read in the papers of rumors that I had released Snodgrass.

In this connection I will confess that I also raised Fred Merkle's salary at the end of the season in which he made the fatal blunder of not touching second in that famous game with the Cubs.

I do not mean to imply that a premium should be placed on errors. The chances are I would have raised the salaries of both those players, anyway. I wanted them to understand that I would not let such mistakes stand in the way of their progress. They had done nothing in violation of the spirit of team work. Both were in earnest and very valuable cogs in our machine. To relieve their feelings and restore self-confidence it was necessary that they understand that the manager and the



FRED SNODGRASS.

a good type of college player, whose unfortunate fumble cost the Giants the world championship in 1912.

other players held them in just as much esteem as ever.

If I make myself clear I have tried to point out the difference between breaches of discipline and mere errors of commission. I fined Sammy Strang for hitting a home run and winning a ball game, while I raised the salary of a man whose error had cost a pennant and of another whose miff of a fly ball had lost the world's series.

It so happens that all three of these players were college men—youthful fellows with the advantage of systematic mental training. Snodgrass and Merkle faced the gibes of fans for two years without a murmur. Never did they offer an excuse.

Benny Kauff is an excellent type of the man who comes into baseball without mental training and who could never grasp the idea of trying to find his faults instead of trying to

hide them. Benny had great natural ability. It was almost impossible, though, to get his mind off himself and on the team as a whole. Benny had no early advantages. He wanted to be a star, but he could not realize that a real star must rise with the team to be of value.

George Burns, on the other hand, never regarded as a great star, was one of the most valuable ball players that ever wore the uniform of the Giants.

Kauff was of the type of what we call freak players. The chances are I have handled as many of the so-called freaks as any other manager. It has not added to my health any, either. I will discuss those fellows in the succeeding chapter.

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CAPTAIN BLOOD

By Rafael Sabatini

BEGIN HERE TODAY. PETER BLOOD and other Englishmen convicted of treason and sold into slavery in Barbadoes, through strategy capture a Spanish warship which attacked the island. COLONEL BISHOP, owner of Blood and other slaves, boards the vessel after the capture to learn who performed the bold deed. To his surprise, he finds that the victors are his slaves. And it is with amazement that he learns that Peter Blood is in command of the conquerors.

(Continued From Saturday.) The Colonel looked more closely. "Gad's my life!" he crowed on a note of foolish jubilation. And it was with these fellows that you took the Spaniards and turned the tables on those dogs? It was heroic!

Colonel Bishop considered them. "His excellency shall write home an account of your exploit, and may be some portion of your sentences shall be remitted," he said.

"The generosity of King James is well known," sneered Nathaniel Hagthorpe, who was standing by. He was puffed by the first pang of uneasiness. It occurred to him that all here might not be as friendly as appeared.

And now another intervened—the brash, one-eyed Wolverstone, less mercifully disposed than his gentlemanly fellow-convict.

"String him up from the yard-arm," he cried, his deep voice harsh and angry, and more than one of the slaves standing by their arms made echo.

Colonel Bishop trembled. Mr. Blood turned. He was quite calm. "You'll please to understand that aboard a ship there is one captain. So," he swung the signal to the start.

"Your excellency," he said, "I promise you your life, I must—as you've heard—keep you aboard as a host-guest for the good behavior of Governor Stead and what's left of the fort until we put to sea."

"Until you?" Horror pressed Colonel Bishop from echoing the remainder of that incredible speech.

"Just so," said Peter Blood, and he turned to the officers who had accompanied the Colonel. "The boat is waiting, gentlemen. 'You'll have heard what I said. Convey it with my compliments to his excellency."

"But, sir . . ." one of them began.

"There is no more to be said, gentlemen. My name is Blood—Captain Blood, if you please, of this ship the Cinco Ligas, taken as a prize of war from Don Diego de Espinosa."

As they were running close to the landward east of the bay, Peter Blood returned to the Colonel, who, under guard and panic-stricken, had dejectedly resumed his seat on the coamings of the main hatch.

"Can ye swim, Colonel?" Colonel Bishop looked up. His great face was yellow and seemed in that moment of a preternatural flabiness; his heavy eyes were beaming with fear.

"As your doctor, now, I prescribe a swim to cool the excessive heat of your humors." Blood delivered the explanation pleasantly.

It was the thought of Arabella Bishop that had urged him to mercy, and had led him to oppose the natural vindictiveness of his fellow-slaves until he had been in danger of precipitating a mutiny.

"You shall have a chance to swim will release you and your surviving

for it," Peter Blood continued. "It's not above a quarter of a mile to the headland yonder, and with ordinary luck ye should manage it."

Peter Blood gave an order. A plank was run out over the gunwale and landed down.

For a moment rage stamped out his fear. He cursed them aloud venomously and incoherently, then stepped out upon the plank. Three steps he took before he lost his balance and went tumbling into the green depths below.

CHAPTER X. Don Diego de Espinosa, a Valdes, awoke, and with languid eyes in aching head he looked around the cabin, which was flooded with sunlight from the square windows astern. Then he uttered a moan, and closed his eyes again, impelled to this by the monstrous ache in his head.

He was beginning to torture his mind with conjecture, when the door opened, and to Don Diego's increasing mystification he beheld his best suit of clothes step into the cabin.

The suit paused to close the door, then advanced toward the couch on which Don Diego was extended, and inside the quilt came a tall, slender gentleman of about Don Diego's own height and shape.

Don Diego struggled up into a sitting position on the red velvet couch. "Who the devil are you?" he asked. "And what the devil are you doing in my clothes and aboard my ship?"

Mr. Blood's black eyebrows went up, a faint smile curled the lips of the long mouth.

"You are still delicious, I fear. This is not your ship. This is my ship, and these are my clothes."

"Your ship?" quoth the other, against the stern more against his added: "Your clothes? But . . ."

Then . . . Wildly his eyes looked about him. They scanned the cabin again, scrutinizing each familiar object. "Am I mad?" he asked at last. "Surely this ship is the Cinco Ligas?"

Succinctly now Captain Blood dispensed the mystery by a relation of the facts.

"And my son? What of my son?" "Your son is safe; he and the boat's crew together with your gunner and his men are snugly in Irons under hatches."

With the utmost calm he inquired: "And now, Senor Captain?"

"Would you be willing, sir, to earn life and liberty—for yourself, your son, and the other Spaniards who are on board?"

"To earn it?" said Don Diego, and the watchful blue eyes did not miss the quiver that ran through him.

"To earn it, do you say? Why, if the service you would propose is one that will not hurt my honor . . ."

"Could I be guilty of that?" protested the Captain. "I realize that even a pirate has his honor." And forthwith he propounded his offer.

"The only man among us schooled in the art of navigation is fevered, delirious, in fact, as a result of certain ill-effects of the sea. Before we carried him away with us, we know nothing."

"To make for the Dutch settlement of Curacao as straightly as possible. Will you pledge me your honor, if I release you upon parole, that you will navigate us thither? If so, we

men upon arrival there."

Don Diego bowed his head upon his breast. "I accept," he said.

CHAPTER XI. Filial Piety.

By virtue of the pledge he had given, Don Diego de Espinosa enjoyed the freedom of the ship that had been his, and the navigation which he had undertaken was left entirely in his hands.

"If this wind holds," he told them, "we should reach Curacao inside three days."

For three days the wind held, indeed it freshened a little on the second, and yet when the third descended upon them they had still made no landfall. Captain Blood uneasily mentioned it to Don Diego.

"It will be for tomorrow morning," he was answered with calm conviction.

Captain Blood passed on content, and went to visit Jerry Pitt, his patient, to whose condition Don Diego owed his chance of life. To indulge him Captain Blood consented that he should take the air on deck, and so, as the last of daylight was fading upon the sky, Jerry Pitt came forth upon the captain's arm. With the seaman's instinct his eyes wandered to the darkling vault of heaven, spanned already with a myriad golden points of light. Awhile he scanned it idly, vacantly; and then his attention became sharply fixed.

He stood round and up at Captain Blood, who stood beside him. "Dye know anything of astronomy, Peter?" quoth he.

"Astronomy is it? Faith, now, I couldn't tell the Belt of Orion from the Girdle of Venus."

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You told me—didn't you?—that we were west of the archipelago, between Tobago and Grenada, steering for Curacao. If that were our present course we should have the North Star on our starboard."

On the instant Mr. Blood shed his laziness. He stiffened with apprehension, and was about to speak when a shaft of light above the gloom above their heads, coming from the door of the poop cabin which had just been opened, Don Diego was approaching. Captain Blood's fingers pressed Jerry's shoulder with significance.

"Will ye settle a slight dispute for us, Don Diego?" said lightly. "We are arguing, Mr. Pitt and I, as to which is the North Star."

"So?" The Spaniard's tone was easy. "But you tell me Mr. Pitt he is your navigant?"

"For lack of a better," laughed the captain, good-humoredly contemptuous. "Now I am ready to wager him a hundred pieces of eight that that is the North Star." And he flung out an arm toward a point of light in the heavens.

His afterward told Pitt that Don Diego confirmed him he would have run him down upon that instant. Far from that, however, the Spaniard freely expressed his scorn.

"You have the assurance that is of ignorance, Don Diego; and you lose. The North Star is this one." And he indicated it.

(Continued Tomorrow.)

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

WELCOME ROBIN FINDS A NEW BEDROOM.

By Thornton W. Burgess. Happy those who always know A refuge from the ice and snow.

—Welcome Robin.

After Welcome Robin had eaten until he could eat no more of the food Farmer Brown's Boy had spread for him on a feeding shelf in the Old Orchard, he felt like a new Robin. He did so. The Great World appeared a very different place. Life was very much more worth living. He even admired the sparkling of the ice-covered trees. He no longer felt cold. You see, all that food made him in his body, and his feathers kept that heat there. So he felt quite like himself. Then, too, it was very pleasant to be in that old place. Ever since winter had started in he had lived by himself down in the cedar swamp.

So when he had eaten all he could he didn't fly back to the cedar swamp as he had expected to do. It was so dark and lonely down there that he couldn't think of going back right away. Instead, he stayed around in the Old Orchard and around Farmer Brown's house.

He was still there when Jolly, round, red Mr. Sun began to drop down toward the Purple Hills to go to bed, and the first of the Black Shadows began to steal out from the Purple Hills. "I can't bear to go back there to the cedar swamp," said Welcome Robin to himself. "I just can't bear to do it. If only I could find a place to spend the night up here I would feel ever so much better. Then I would be right on hand to fill my stomach the very first thing in the morning. Those cedar berries down in the swamp are still covered with ice. Up here there is plenty of food and no ice. I am almost sure I can spend the night up here. I can spend the night up here. I believe I'll go over and see if it will do."

So Welcome Robin started to fly from the Old Orchard over to the cedar tree back of Farmer Brown's house.

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