

LEAGUES WELCOME COLLEGE STARS

SCOUTS Keep an Eye on the University Diamonds, and the Road to Fame in the Professional Ranks Is Smoothed When the Candidate Shows any Signs of Promise

(New York Press.) Professional baseball today is crowded with men from the college ranks, but not overcrowded, for a good scout will tell you that there is not enough high-class baseball material in the country to cover two big leagues. It has been natural for the club owners to turn to the colleges for fresh material, and in the main they have not been disappointed, for although some have failed to "make good" in fast company, a large proportion has settled down to big league baseball and not a few are stars of the first magnitude. It is seldom that a college player creates quite such a sensation as "Babe" Collins of the Athletics, but the chance is always there, so while the scouts are glad enough to scour the lots and the bush leagues for new timber, they make it a point not to overlook the colleges. The college player is more than well come, and he can rest assured that if he fails it will be his own fault, and not due to any lack of desire on the part of his professional companions to help him in every way.

Times have changed since Fred Tenney established the college world by going in for professional baseball, and Tenney could a tale unfold about the old days, when the college player was looked upon with suspicion, was roughly hated, and generally humiliated whenever opportunity offered. He could tell you of the passing of Barclay of Lafayette and of the fate of some of the other collegians who did not fit in with professional company and sank instead of rising in the scale. But Tenney has lived through several periods of professional baseball and has seen the game as a profession improve by leaps and bounds.

Looking to the Future.

Players agree, both college and non-college men, that the average in the two big leagues is far higher than it was twenty years ago. The players are more seriously minded—they look to the future, for they know they cannot last forever in the game, and it will be well when they retire to be "well heeled" for the next business venture. So it is that the college man finds the transition easy from the amateur to the professional. He finds friends among the non-collegians, players who are quite as earnest as he is, and whose uniforms, by the way, are apt to be cleaner than those worn by his college team in its big game. There are still players in the big leagues, of course, who affect the careless manner and the soiled uniform, but even these are not to be judged by appearances.

It was appearances, such as this, that completely fooled a stout personage in a silk hat at American League Park some years ago. Nick Altrock was pitching for the White Sox at the time, and the Highlanders were under the management of Clarke Griffith. Altrock, although in his street clothes, an extremely good looking young man, was a tough looking citizen when on the field. The large spectator in the silk hat singled him out as a target for scorn. Passing Griffith as the teams changed places after an inning, Altrock stopped to whisper to Griffith.

Player and Grammarian.

"Hey, you, Altrock," bawled the noisy one in the silk hat, "you can't tell Griffith nothing." Altrock doffed his cap politely and stepped over near the stand. "I beg your pardon," he said, addressing the fat one, "do you not mean to say that I cannot tell Mr. Griffith anything? Is not that the correct grammar?" Everybody in the stand had a laugh at the expense of the fat man in the silk hat, who thereafter remained sullenly silent. The incident is trivial, but it is line with the tendency of the professional ball player to make the most of himself, and as a result there is nothing when the men are on the field to indicate which is the college man and which the non-collegian, save that the latter may show a keener knowledge of the fine points of the game.

So it is among "muckers" that the young collegian finds himself when he finally develops to the professional game. He will find here and there a man who is apt to be uncouth from lack of early advantages, but the vicious man or the "bouncer" is rare in either of the big leagues. Times have changed since the days of Mike Kelly, and it is no longer good form to play baseball with a stick up all night. Poker has given way to pinocle and billiards, and the ball team one finds in the hotel corridor is as mild as a set of men as ever demanded the sacrifice of an umpire. The college bred man need not be ashamed to appear in the hotel with them, and he sometimes makes no better an appearance than the rest of the crowd.

The college man "breaks into" professional baseball for the principal reason that he is brought so to do. The scouts, the managers, and the club owners are after him and if he has anything at all in him he will get every chance in the world to show it. The college player is easy to handle, he has brains and often personality. If he "makes good" the crowd promptly makes him a favorite, and he becomes a drawing card. The crowd wants the non-college player to cater to its amusement by monkey-shines on the coaching line and that sort of thing, but it expects the collegian to comport himself with all due modesty, no matter how well he may be doing. It is doubtful if any college player, even Mathewson, who has recently cheered as was Arthur Devlin, then fresh from Georgetown, when he joined the Giants some years ago. Devlin set a terrific batting and fielding pace, but it was the quiet style of his play, as much as the execution he did, that earned the applause.

While the crowd may be critical, it will give the collegian a fair chance, and will sometimes stick to the newcomer long after the management has found that he will not do as a permanent acquisition, as was the case with "Tot" Murphy, the diminutive shortstop who came down from Yale to join the Giants years ago. Murphy was smaller than Muggsy of Cornell, who is now with the Highlanders, and the recruit from Ithaca is small enough.

There are few if any professions that the college graduate can enter

that will pay him so well for the first five years as baseball. Many collegians are glad to pick up the money for a couple of years, in order to give them a "stake" when they begin the practice of law or of medicine. On the other hand, a great many players who have come in contact with the collegians, have been fired with the ambition to take up the study of some other profession. The cases of Johnny Ward and Hughie Jennings are familiar. The baseball ranks are full of doctors, dentists and lawyers who have really earned degrees, and who have become ambitious through contact with the college men on the team. So the thing works both ways, and for the good of all. Most of the players take up some sort of work in the winter, which is in sharp contrast with the old days when these months were idle away. The presence of the collegian has helped to raise standards of the game, and the old-time managers freely admit it, but they add too, that they are also getting a better class of non-collegian men who like to work as well as play baseball, who are proud of their profession and intend to stay in it as long as possible.

Since the men are all of one mind it follows that the college man and the non-collegians on the team get along well together. The team is glad to have the collegian on the roll, and every man will gladly turn to and help him in the finer points of the game. Baseball, which have to be taught to every newcomer no matter what his individual dexterity. There is practically none of the hating that was so much in evidence in the old days, and, of course, no tempting of the youngsters from the straight and narrow path. Time was when the whole team conspired to "show up" the recruit, as cruel a practice as ever appeared in baseball. But at morning practice nowadays, the players are not only glad to coach the newcomer from college, sometimes a little roughly, perhaps, with plenty of "cussing" but always kindly in the long run.

Watching the College Stars.

Because of the necessity for keeping a close watch on college diamonds, there is a demand among the big league clubs these days for scouts who do either a little or a great deal of coaching in the college ranks. Bill Clark, who handles the Princeton team, keeps an eye on the Tigers in the interests of the New York national league team, while George Huff, who coaches the University of Illinois, one of the best big league feeders in the country, is the right hand scout for Frank Chance, captain and manager of the Cubs.

by the Chicago Cubs is in evidence at the university field. Every bit of generalship that Huff has learned from Chance and that he has worked out himself is brought to bear in the college games, and as a result the Illinois men turn out almost uniformly good teams, and send good pitchers, notably Reulbach, as well as infielders and outfielders, to the major league team.

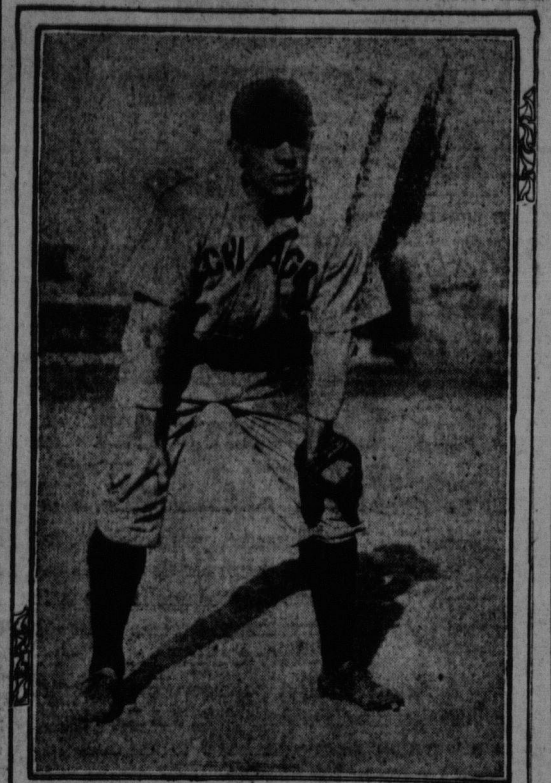
Mack's Southern Scout.

Down south, Ossie Schreckengost is one of Connie Mack's most industrious scouts, and before the big season opens each year he is sent down there to look over the Southern colleges. In recent years the Southerners have not done these scouts very strong showing in the big leagues, but in the past many a man from the colleges in the cotton region lasted at least a year or two in fast company, and the old-time scout will tell you that the field is still well worth watching. Even one good man in four or five years would make the effort worth while. At the same time, the Southern scout can look after Augusta, which sometimes has promising material, and keep an eye on the mill section where Joe Jackson, of Cleveland, comes from. The field of the scout on the lookout for college stars extends from coast to coast, and from Texas, in the South to Vermont in the North. The University of Vermont, by the way, has vied with Holy Cross in sending men to the big leagues, although some of them got no farther than Boston. From the Vermont institution came "Young Cy" Young, who created such a sensation when he first appeared on the mound for the Boston National league team.

Yale, Harvard and Princeton have not been so much in the running in recent years, but this was not because these institutions did not turn out good players. It simply was difficult to induce them to take a chance in the professional game. The Brown men have always been approachable, and Fordham and Georgetown, especially the latter institution, have taken kindly to the professional ranks.

Indeed, the league scouts have been as anxious to pick up the best college material that they have often begun negotiations long before the close of the college season, thereby making trouble for the youngsters, who were still playing as amateurs. Clarkson, of Harvard had the misfortune some years ago to sign a contract while still pitching for the crimson, there by bringing down about his ears a storm of criticism. Eddie Collins of

A NEW ASSIGNMENT FOR "JOE" TINKER; RUMOR HE WILL GO TO CINCINNATI



Rumor now has it that "Joe" Tinker, the great shortstop of the Chicago Cubs, is to be the next manager of the Cincinnati Reds. It is not known what "Joe" has done to deserve such punishment, for surely he is entitled to better treatment. That Cincinnati assignment is one sweet job to stay clear of.

Hughie Jennings, himself a college graduate, although long after he had carved out a career as the diamond, has plenty of informants to watch the collegians; and in Philadelphia, with the University of Pennsylvania close at hand, from which came Roy Thomas and others nearly as good, the university ball player had to hide his light under a bushel to keep out of sight of the local scouts. Any promising material from the Red and Blue teams is sure to have a fair chance in fast company.

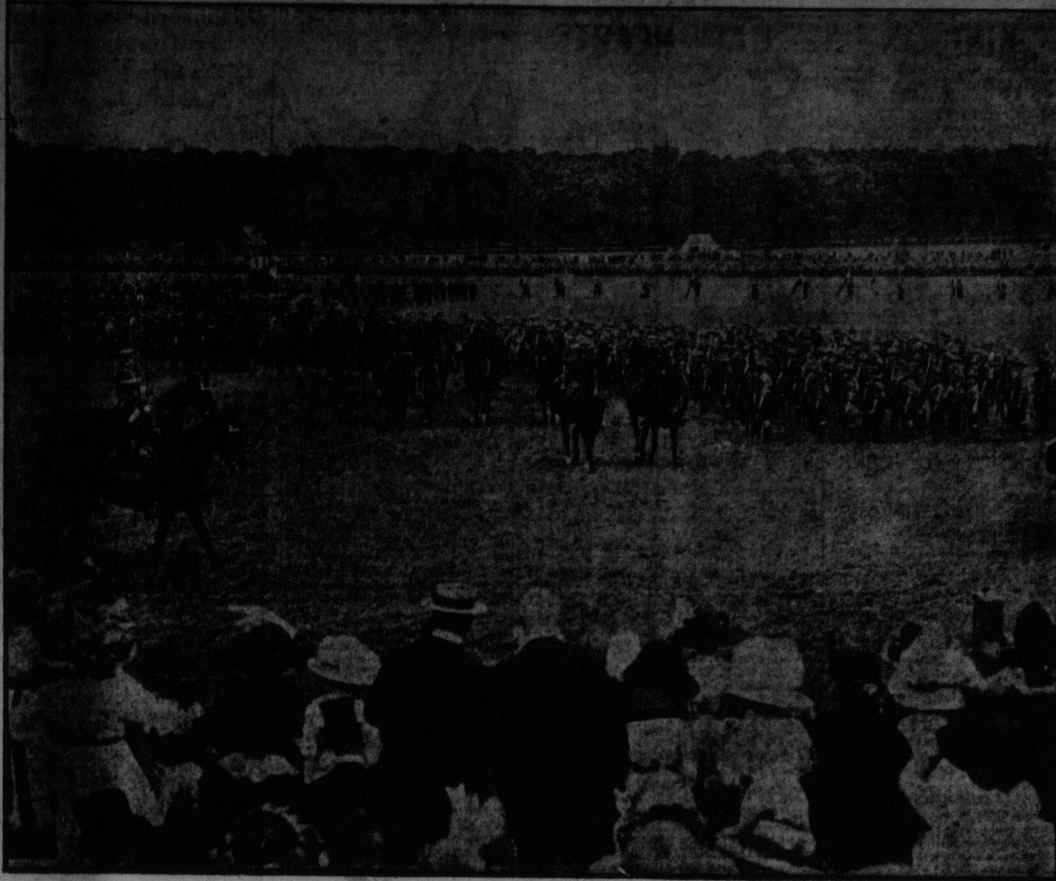
There is not a single club in either league without the services of some man who has either college affiliations or friendships, and who may be relied upon to comb the "varsity" diamonds as carefully as the scouts do the minor and bush league fields, and even the back lots. Huff has been among the most successful of the lot, for the reason that he turns out remarkable teams at the University of Illinois, and his charges step into the faster company with a pretty thorough knowledge of the inside game. The Illinois men play closer to the league standard than do those of any other university. East or West, and practically the same systems of signs and of inside play as that used

Columbia got into the same hot water. This year Cottrell, of Syracuse was so besieged by the big leaguers that he was hard put to it to keep up his studies, and the worry affected even his ball playing so that he has not been easy to do himself justice on the mound.

Although Pennsylvania State College has made no bones of its attitude toward professional baseball, willingly allowing its students to dicker with the professionals in the course of their college career, few really good players have come from that institution. Dartmouth, which has insisted on baseball purity in recent years, has not been particularly cordial to the league scout, although the Hanover institution furnished Ralph Glaze to the professionals ranks.

If the college man displays anything like promising form, he should have no trouble in getting into the professional ranks, at least for a time, and it frequently happens that he will find two or more teams bidding for his services. The scout takes him under his wing, gives him a little private coaching, and then turns him over to the team manager. The youngster gets a pleasant welcome and finds that he has fallen among friends. Every ball

THE BOY SCOUTS AT THE CORONATION OF KING GEORGE



THE KING AND BOY SCOUTS.

player has his own kinks and tricks that he thinks are useful in the national game, and he is not so loath to part with them as he used to be. The newcomer finds much of the club spirit in evidence, and although the game is faster, and the requirements more exacting than those of the college coach, his professionalism does not weigh heavily upon him, and he gets as much pleasure out of victory and as much gloom out of defeat as he did at his alma mater, or at least very nearly as much.

Checkers and Billiards Popular. Travelling with the professional team is not what it used to be, and the college recruit no longer finds himself in the embarrassing situations that were so much in evidence many years ago. Training rules are fairly strict, especially when on the road, and in most cases they are not difficult to enforce because the men realize that ten years is a long life in baseball and they want to last as long as they can. When off duty and "out for a time," men like "Christy" Mathewson and "Ty" Cobb indulge in the exciting pastime of checkers, and the fiery "Red" Doolin, catcher and manager of the Philadelphia National League team, betakes himself to a game of billiards when on the road. The men stick pretty well together. They learn to be clannish, and they avoid the off-duty adulation of the fans as they would the plague. The example of Arthur Raymond is hardly needed these days to point the moral of self-respect in the national game. "Raymond had \$50,000 stowed away in his good right arm," said an old-time ball player yesterday, "and he simply threw it away."

There was a man in Harvard some years ago, who played professional baseball in the summer because he needed the money, and so of course could not go out for the "varsity" team. Only those who had tried to get him to come out knew of his occupation, for a long time, and there was nothing in the man's demeanor to indicate that he was anything but an ordinary student and a true Harvard man. He did not find professional baseball contaminating. He loved the game, played it well, and made friendships among the professionals that were as lasting as any he formed in college. He has a high opinion of the professional ball player, and believes that the game offers an excellent opportunity for the young college player to get a start in life.

Most of the collegians come unspoiled through their major league experiences, and most of them go on successfully in other lines of work, as doctors, lawyers, and merchants. They are among the staunchest friends of the "pros," and will stoutly maintain that if the professional game owes something to the influence of the college player, the varsity star has not failed to benefit through contact with men who take their work seriously, even if it is a game, and play the game for the game's sake as well as for the stipend involved, and the chance to get a start in some other business. The more collegians in the game the better, say the club owners and the managers, and they, with the graduate who can play up to the league standard, may be trusted to do their utmost to keep the profession an honorable one.

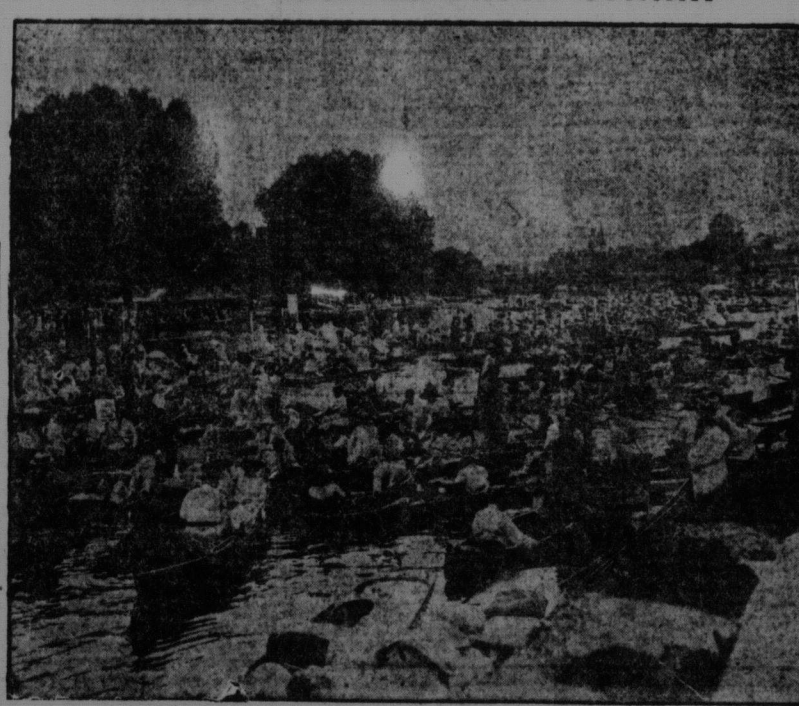


Prince Yamagata, who demands a standing army in Corea.



BOY SCOUTS CHEERING THE KING.

HENLEY ROYAL REGATTA AT OTTAWA



20 GUESTS BURNED BY BOLT ON TOP OF HEAD

Monticello, N. Y., July 26.—Twenty New Yorkers at a large boarding house here, were injured this morning when the house, which is run by Charles Garetsky, was struck by a bolt of lightning. One woman is still unconscious and will probably die.

VOLCANO DEFRAUDS DUTIES FROM STATES

Washington, July 27.—Bongo, a volcano in Japan, is defrauding the United States out of duties on raw sulphur every day in the year. Customs

officials, after a long wrestle with Bongo's case, have decided they cannot do anything about it. Raw sulphur, as most everyone knows, comes from the crater of a volcano. It is free of duty. Refined sulphur pays \$4 a ton. But Bongo's crater is so hot that it refines the sulphur as fast as it makes it.

The shrewd gentlemen who own Bongo steadfastly refuse to pay duty on the sulphur and the treasury knows of no way to make them do so.