

### That Son-In-Law of Pa's---By Wellington

(Copyright 1914 by Newspaper Feature Service)



### Tyrus R. Cobb Gives Some Interesting Views On Big Leagues' Corps of Umpires

Most fans think that my umpire reputation is a bad one.

The general impression is that an umpire has as soothing an effect on me as a red rag has on the temper of a peevish bull. This is altogether wrong, as I will endeavor to show. It may be true that I was a little rough on umpires when I first broke into the big league, but I have long since seen the folly of this course. The bad name has stuck to me, however. It is customary to keep after umpires in the bush leagues and I tried to maintain my pace when I came up. That's how I made my mistake.

Now, listen to the way I really feel toward the umpires. After I had been in the league for a time, I met some of the umpires off the field and found that they were human and pretty good fellows. I prize my friendships with several umpires now as highly as any I have. Lately I have made it my business not to show up an umpire by violent gestures at him on the field so that the crowd can "hop" on him. If I think a man has missed one on me, I will walk by him and tell him quietly that I believe he has made a mistake, but I never try to get the crowd down on a man any more.

"Billy" Evans has made me the hero of several of his umpire stories, and Evans and I are good friends. If he is going to do this I don't see why I shouldn't turn round and make him the leading man in some of mine. But the first umpire incident which comes to my mind in connection with that grand old battler, "Tim" Hurst, now of the majors, "Tim" had many stormy sessions while umpiring, and the history of the game is full of the battles of Hurst.

When the subway was first put into New York, many out-of-town folks were confused by the Broadway and Bronx trains. Frequently passengers would get on a Bronx express and forget to change at Ninety-sixth street so that instead of arriving at the old American league park, they found

themselves in the Bronx Zoo, or somewhere along this route. This would make a difference of about an hour in the time of arrival at the ball park. I would not call this a plain bone-head play, because I made the same mistake myself, once.

"Tim" was scheduled to work a game out at American league park when the Detroit club was playing there one day, and he got carried up into the Bronx instead of going on the right route. Hurst has told me since that he was reading some promising prize fighter's history at the time and paid no attention to the stations. Nobody was scheduled to help Hurst umpire the game, so that when the time for the contest arrived and "Tim" had not shown up, we were up against it for an umpire. Griffith, then managing the Yankees, sent for Jennings, and they held a confab at the plate while the players of both clubs gathered around.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," said "Foxy" Griffith. "One of my extra players will work behind the bat, and you can put one of your men on the bases."

"All right," replied Jennings, and he selected an extra player from the bench in whom he had confidence to see things right and call them as he saw them.

Schaefer's Great Slide  
"Germany" Schaefer was playing second base on the Detroit club in those days, and he smashed the ball to right field in the first inning. It was really a single, but "Germany" figuring that he wasn't going to get any the worst of it from a player of his own club umpiring on the bases if there was a close play at second decided to take two on the punch. The play at second base was close, Schaefer being forced to slide for it, but the volunteer umpire was properly on the job and shouted:

"Safe."  
"Germany" was up and brushing himself off being rather tickled with the fact that he had made a two-base hit, when he heard a deep, contralto voice break out behind him. "Yer out."

"Germany" looked and saw Hurst hustling across the field when "he saw the hit and had got close enough to second base to take the play there. None of the rest of us had noticed him. Schaefer put up an awful kick, and bawled Hurst out, but "Tim" bawled back and stuck to his decision.

"You were late, and you are incompetent," declared Schaefer. "If you would keep away from the race tracks, you might be on the job. How do you expect to call them from the club house?"  
"You don't make the plays close enough for me to need to be any nearer to see them," replied Hurst, who was always there with the comeback. "Now get out of there and go to the bench before I put you out of the game."

A Sample of Tim's Style  
Hurst was umpiring in Detroit one day when we were playing the Athletics and he called "Danny" Murphy safe at first base on a slow roller steamed across the diamond ahead of the runner. At least I thought he did from where I was standing in right field. I was playing close behind first base and Murphy seemed to be out a step. Hurst called him safe, however, which got my goat.  
"He was out a yard, Tim," I yelled, running in to where Hurst was standing back of first.

The umpire paid no attention to me, and I finally went back to right field. Pretty soon another batter pushed one to the second baseman and was thrown out before he was much more than half way down the line. I was still sore about the other decision and thought I would cut loose with a little sarcasm.

"How about that, 'Tim'?" He was safe, too, I suppose," I yelled as I ran in to the umpire.  
"Well," said Tim, "is that what you think?"

"Sure," I answered still holding my ground.

"All right, I'll call him that way if you want it. Now which was he?"  
"He was out," I was forced to admit, because I knew Tim would have reversed his decision and called him safe if I had continued to say he was. That was always "Tim's" style.

"Rube" Oldring of the Athletics, tells a story on Hurst when "Rube" first broke into the league. Tim was working behind the bat one day, and he called a strike on Oldring that looked bad to the Philadelphia outfielder or that he wanted the crowd, for he was playing at home, to think looked bad to him.

"That wasn't a strike," said Oldring.  
"Strike one, I said," replied Tim. Pretty soon up came the next pitch.

"Ball one," decided Hurst.

In the Same Place  
"Right where the other one was," Tim, declared Oldring, thinking to prove in this way that Hurst had missed the first one.

"All right," said Hurst. "Strike two."  
"What?" shouted Oldring.  
"That's what you said yourself," returned Tim. "You thought it was right where the first one was."

And Hurst made it stick, too. Oldring lost a strike and put himself in a hole through his kick.

But the old time umpires of the rough and ready Hurst school are fast passing out of the game. I cannot think of one of his style in the big league now. If a catcher kicked with Tim working and tried to bark Hurst's shin with his spikes, Tim-othy would kick right back at the catcher's shins while he argued and generally tore off as much epidermis, because the catchers of his day did not wear shin guards as a general rule.

There is one thing that ball players are forced to admire in umpires and that is nerve. No man lasts long in the big leagues as an umpire without this quality. Big leaguers make it their business to test out the nerve of umpires as soon as they break in so that there will never be any question in the minds of the players as to whether they are "yellow" or not. If either a ball player or an umpire comes into the big league and displays any lack of nerve, he might just as well pack his grip and pull out again. There is no room for him.

How Evans Was Started  
There is an interesting story of how "Billy" Evans happened to go to work as an umpire. He was a newspaper reporter in Youngstown, O., after he left Cornell university. He had been quite a student up there as I get it, having played football until he hurt his knee, and having sung in the glee club. I think, when he got back to Youngstown, he had all the "rah rah" trimmings and was a good dresser and popular with the Youngstown society buds. But the newspaper business was not very remunerative in the small town.

Evans was doing baseball, covering the bush league games in the local lot when the club was short an umpire one day. Evans had shown considerable baseball intelligence in that neighborhood, so they asked him if he would crash out of the press stand and into the gap and umpire the game. They offered him \$5.00 for the afternoon's work, which looked like a lot of money considering that his weekly pay envelope at the newspaper office only earned \$12.

Billy figured that he was making about half of his salary in one afternoon in this way, and it looked pretty good until he had gone through one game. They tell me that was a tough town to umpire in.

However he supplied so much general satisfaction to both parties by his umpiring on the first day, that they asked him to work all the games played in town, and gave him a flat price of \$5 per battle. Billy says his hardest work was on Sunday when the real sporting element of the town confined to the shops and other industries through the week, turned out to root and incidentally considered mobbing the umpire as one of their privileges. Of course as soon as it became locally known among the society buds that Evans was umpiring on Sundays, his social

rating slumped, but his financial standing took a big jump and Bill has ever preferred the financial position to the social one. He kept on with the newspaper, writing the story of the game each day after he had finished his work as umpire.

Jimmy McAleer the great outfielder who played with Cleveland, and who has since managed the St. Louis and Washington clubs and was the president of the Boston Red Sox, lived in Youngstown, and he stopped there one Sunday when his club had an off day to see his folks. He took advantage of the opportunity to go down and watch the bushers play, thinking perhaps he might see one to his liking who would help his club.

Anyway you cannot keep a baseball man from a ball game, no matter

how strongly they insist that they wish the national commission would pass a by-law barring them from all ball parks. McAleer made no progress in his search for budding talent but he was impressed by the way in which Evans handled the contest, the young collegian getting away with a lot of tough situations.

At this time Ban Johnson was shy on umpires for the American league and he mentioned the fact to Jimmy McAleer one day.

"There's a young fellow down in Youngstown getting away with the Sunday games in good shape," said McAleer. "Name is Evans. That's a tough town to work in, because they take their pleasure mobbing umpires. I'll have a look at him," said Mr. Johnson.

The president of the American league sent for Evans and offered him a trial, but Billy did not accept at once.

"I want to put it up to my mother," replied Evans.

His mother finally consented after Evans proved to her that the prospects of an umpire in the big league were much brighter financially than those of a newspaper reporter in Youngstown, O. His employer on the newspaper told him that he could have his old job back if he failed to give satisfaction in the big league, so Evans went to Chicago and worked his first game there.

He still worked his good clothes and had the college boy air which riled some of the old timers on the White Sox, such as "Jiggs" Donohue, who

afterwards went crazy, and three others. Of course, the other ball players could hear the players were riding Evans on his first game to try out his new job. He had some tough ones to go through against Donohue.

"I'll get you for that one," claimed Jiggs in loud tones to the other ball players could hear the players were riding Evans on his first game to try out his new job. He had some tough ones to go through against Donohue.

"You're welcome to," replied Evans. Even after this, however, he had a lot of rough travelling to do. The big league dazzing him a deal and each new batch of ball players being after him. That was the day of the old school ball players; they could not understand Evans' style and his neat manner. They were more used to the "Tim" Hurst sort.

Those the great hor relieve safely from defective digestion, fin and able to

**BEE**

never disappo digestion, stim late the bow cheerfulness and on health and

Prepared and Sold every

Lumber J Feet

By Special Wire to KINGSTON, Ont., Collins, a young lum home is in this city, the Hotel Dieu which both feet badly froze ed that they may be putated. He was we Camp about one hund of North Bay and see another camp, a distance of thirty miles, about 21 miles was the cold, it being about below zero and had to best he could for a reach the nearest farm way he had to make a knees and he winter had a man come him and here he started home.

PARISH CHURCH RAMOUCAS, N. Y. —The parish church was completely destr night. The church \$45,000 to \$20,000 and loss. Absolutely not. There is said to be \$35,000 or \$38,000. The cause of the fire but it is supposed to from an overheated s vent which is situated church was saved with

COLD IN NEW BOSTON, Feb. 12 enveloped all New E with below zero temp ings for the night in at Northfield, Vt.; 20 ington, Vt.; 16 below 11., and Portland Me at Hartford.

Spe

The re Co, is at ou interesting subscription for 30c.

STEDM

Both Phon

ST

We ha Heater class of These

How

BY ROY J. S. HAM

GREAT ANNUAL Red Tag Sale

Continues With Greater Bargains

THE weather man says COLDER. Overcoats are in great demand these days. Here's the greatest chance that no man can afford to miss. TO-MORROW WE ARE OFFERING MEN'S STYLISH WINTER OVERCOATS WORTH UP TO \$16.00. The materials are of all-wool Tweed, Scotch Cloths and Soft Woolly Shetland Materials, in oxford, greys, browns, tans and melton cloths. There are double breasted ulsters with self, velvet and convertible shawl collars, belted models. These, we are offering TO-MORROW only

Men, Don't Overlook This Opportunity!

See These in Our Window To-night!

**\$7.95**

Be on Hand Early and Get First Choice — You'll be Glad if You Do

It Will be a Big Day in the Boys' Department

Boys' Sweater Coats 79c  
High collar and pockets, good selection of colors. They are worth up to \$1.50. Red Tag special, only 79c

Little Sweaters for the Kiddies only 39c

Boys' High Grade Suits \$5.95  
Stylish Bloomer Suits and straight knickers, double-breasted models, in tweed and fancy worsted materials, swell brown, grey, tan and dark mixtures, all this season's newest styles, good quality interlining. Regular prices \$8.00, \$9.00 and \$10.00. Your choice to-morrow for \$5.95 only

Children's Russian Overcoats  
Dark tweed mixtures, warmly tweed lined, buttons up closely about the neck. Regular \$3.00 value. On sale, to-morrow, only \$1.89

Children's Blouse Suits \$1.49  
Navy Blue Serge, blouse style, bloomer pants, sailor collar effect, cord and whistle. Extra special, only \$1.49

BOYS' BLOOMER PANTS, navy blue and tweed mixtures, good and roomy, nicely lined, all sizes. Only 49c

To-morrow's Great FURNISHING BARGAINS

Men's Warm Winter Underwear 69c  
Shirts and Drawers, heavy Scotch ribbed, natural colors, double-breasted, closely fitting cuffs and ankles. Saturday's Red Tag Sale, only 69c

Men's Sweater Coats, Only \$1.49  
Many combinations of colors to select from, good quality, with high roll collar and pockets. Regular values up to \$3.00. To-morrow's big special, only \$1.49

Men's Black Cashmere Socks 19c  
An extra quality, fast black, all wool cashmere Sock, all sizes, 9½ to 11½. Regular 25c and 35c value. On sale to-morrow while they last only 19c

50c Suspenders To-morrow 19c  
Including many well-known 50c lines, President, Bull Dog, Plexo, King Quality, Duplex and Champion and Police styles. Sold everywhere at 50c. Our price to-morrow only 19c

Men's Fine Negligee Shirts 69c  
Get your season's supply now. Don't wait. A goodly assortment to select from, cuffs attached, coat styles. Regular price up to \$1.50. Your choice, only 69c

Another lot of Men's Night Robes at 49c each.

**Wiles & Quinlan** The "Big 22" Clothing House  
BRANTFORD'S GREATEST CLOTHIERS