

6 Son

1

in women's

19.50
quality cargo,
color; all sizes.

\$9.50

of wide wale
green and blue.

Special at

1. semi-fitted,
special value

Special at

le serge, with

exceptional

sleeves; others

d lawn, and
The white
trimmed is
embroidery
the Waist
wide side
rib; colors,
white.

part Waists
fitted, trim-

ista, some are
strictly tail-
very special

ed jackets, in

prices range

ON

a Horse

ith anything
he price will

GIBBS
ester, N.Y.
1887

ters

Sorts

ardis

venue North
South Ave.

ies

wart

STORIES OF THE DIAMOND.

Jack Doyle Says Old Orioles
Were Greatest Ball Team.

PULLED OFF MANY STUNTS.

Tricks and Schemes of Baltimore Club
May Book in Pictures Would Amaze
EM Book—New Single Was Forced
Into Home Run.

No. III.
By JACK DOYLE.
(Copyright, 1926, by American Press Association.)

Every now and then one will read of or see a daring, sensational or brainy piece of headwork pulled off on the diamond. To the average fan this is that drama may appear wonderful, but to the player himself it is only part of his work. I do not want to be egotistical, but it is a fact. When I was a member of the old Baltimore Orioles I managed to pull off many clever stunts and helped engineer several sensational plays which were very successful and thought nothing of it. It was part of my daily work. I've always said and still think that the old Baltimore team was the brainiest aggregation of ball players ever brought together. The tricks and schemes they worked successfully on the diamond would come pretty near filling a book.

For instance, here is one they pulled off and what I consider the greatest I ever saw. It was made by Willie Keeler and Johnny McGraw in a game with Washington away back in the nineties. Unlike most plays, this wasn't a holding move, but a piece of base running. Keeler was on first and McGraw at the bat. The latter shot a meat single into left field, and Al Belbach loaded him on it, seeing that Keeler was sure to make third with ease, but expecting him to pull up there. Willie instead of pulling up went full steam ahead for home plate, and before Bill Joyce had received the ball was virtually over the plate. McGraw never stopped at first, but took six to second to draw a throw that would enable Keeler to score. McGraw recognized Belbach's lead, and like a fool he presumed that Keeler was going home. He never hesitated at second, but dashed for third, arriving just as Joyce was gathering in Belbach's throw out of the grass. There McGraw did some very quick thinking. He remembered that Joyce had a bad arm and thought that the catcher would not be expecting a throw. Without pulling up at third at all he scooted for the plate. His quick thinking turned out to be right. The door from Keeler's slide was just hitting as McGraw slid for the home plate and beat in the throw with a close decision. There two runs scored on what should have been only a single, though the never had to give McGraw credit for a home run. This is just a sample of what won three pennants for Baltimore.

Recently a manager of a prominent club in the American league was quoted as saying that he had a long list of code signals that could not be beat. This fellow's ideas are all wrong. No team should have a long list of signals. It is not always the ball club with the most signals that wins games. The old Baltimore club, of which I was a member for several seasons, had very few signals, and what they did have were very simple ones at that. Still, the team managed to win three banners in a row and came very near capturing the fourth. Here is another instance. When Jimmy Collins managed the Boston Americans and was three days no signs were used at all excepting, of course, those necessary between the two ends of the batteries. The most complicated system of baseball, while theoretically interesting, has never been a practical success.

A short time ago I had quite a little chat with Amos Rusie, the famous old New York pitcher. Amos is now a hardworking lumberman in Muskegon, and not a pearl diver at \$1.50 a day, as has been reported many times, and the big fellow is contented with his environments. In his day Rusie was the greatest twirler doing slab-duty. He had everything that a twirler needed—control, speed and good curve—and well I know it, for I caught him in many games. I'll never forget my first trip with Rusie on the road. The members of the team told him that every trip they made on a Pullman a number of pairs of shoes were stolen. They said that suspicion pointed to the porter, and Amos was asked to sit up and watch for the midnight raider. Rusie selected a seat in the smoker prepared to do detective duty and a little bouncing duty on the side. He lay off after a while and wasn't awakened until about 3 in the morning, when the porter walked into the smoker with several pairs of shoes that he intended skinning in order to get a bouncing tip. Rusie at once decided that he had found his victim and jumped from his seat and grabbed the porter. In less than three minutes he had the colored man in worse condition than Wolcott had Nelson.

The porter spent a week or so in the hospital as a result of the mishap, and it cost the New York club several hundred dollars to square things.

Jack Doyle

WAGNER AND COBB COMPARED

How Two Greatest Ball Players
In Game Size Up.

DIFFERENT STYLES OF THE MEN

Tyrus Wiss Administration by His Grace,
White Horse Awaits One by His
Honor—Both Have Achieved Great
Results.

As has been the case for the past few seasons Hans Wagner of the Pittsburgh Nationals and Ty Cobb of the Detroit Americans are again contending all the batting and base running honors of their respective leagues. Nearly every spring report from the training camps tell that the equals or superiors of these two stars have been found. But shortly after the season opens these would-be greats fall by the wayside. There is only one Ty Cobb and one Hans Wagner. They are the two greatest players in the game today.

The comparison between Cobb and Wagner is an interesting one. Both achieve great results, but not in the same manner. Wagner is a wonderfully perfect athlete, while Cobb, a slender, delicate appearing chap, possesses ability which is constantly brought to the surface by his brilliant plays and the wonderful spirit that has made him envied and hated by others.

Both men are wonderful hitters, wonderful base runners and wonderful fielders. For more than twelve years



HOW THE TWO GREAT PLAYERS PREDOMINATE ON THE DIAMOND.

Wagner has kept up a steady pace. He has played every position and, not only that, has been a sensation in all of them. He has the speed of Cobb, the terrific hitting powers of Justice, the energy of Jennings and the disposition of White Kesler. Cobb, on the other hand, has been setting the King's pace for but four years.

But how different they are! You point to Cobb with pride as the ideal ball player, and then you watch Hans Wagner and smile at the comparison. For all that Cobb is, except to strive to "get there," Wagner isn't.

In action Ty Cobb comes closer to the athletic ideal than any other man in baseball. Bulk like a greyhound, his little body always a study.

Wagner is without precedent in the athletic world. An Cobb wins admiration by his grace, Wagner wins one by his bulk. Wagner just bounces all over. He has to have places made to order, he is cramped in an ordinary bed, he sits a stool worthy of three men, and his hands are as big as good sized hams.

When Wagner wobbles to the plate swinging his great bat it looks as if Gibraltar were toppling over. But when he is set to swing there is action—wonderful action.

Wagner can run the hundred yards in close to ten seconds any time during a season's play. He doesn't sprint in the sense of the word, nor does he gallop. No one has been quite able to describe just what he does but to agree that he is fast.

In fielding he's the same way. In Hans' great hands the ball assumes the size of a pea or close to it. The most terrible drive in his direction he comes a pony tap when he reaches for it.

Wagner hits .300 every year by force of habit. He has no equal at short, and his base running is always of the best. He is paid probably the highest salary of any player in the game.

Cobb is a study. Just picture yourself as you are. Imagine going your picture in the paper every night. In every town you want to with lines on either side to the effect that fifteen or more men in every city had vowed to "get you." Wouldn't you feel a little squeamish, and wouldn't you the next time you went out be a little more circumspect?

But not Tyus. For four years now threats have been made against him by every disgruntled player he has shown up. But he has kept right on playing better ball every day, and now stands with only one man on his level, and that is Wagner.

OLIVER BELMONT SAYS:
Cape Miles, the Washington American's clever catcher, is one of the few players in whom the managers have implicit confidence. This was illustrated in the sixth inning of a recent game with New York. Miles was hardly touched by a pitched ball and ran down to first. The New York players presumed Evans called Miles back to the plate, and, thinking that Evans was not going to allow his claim of having been hit, Miles started to pick up his bat.

"Old that ball hit you, Olde!"

inspired Umpire Evans.

"Yes, it just touched my shirt," was the reply.

"Well, then, take your base," ordered Evans.

oooooooooooooo

JEFF CAN'T COME BACK.

So Says Billy Delaney, His Old Manager.

Billy Delaney, the veteran manager and the man who made Jeffries the heavyweight champion of the world, does not believe that the big fellow can come back. Although he has not seen Jeffries in the recent workouts he has watched his movements very closely since the former champion started out on his theatrical tour, and now Delaney has about come to the conclusion that Jeff has bitten off a larger hunk than he can chew.

"Those severe aching spells are bad for the big fellow, and, in my opinion, they show signs of internal weakness," said Delaney. "Jeffries never can come back and fight if he stiffens up and wrecks his shoulder to subdue and制服 the pugilists who try to do him in. It's too much to think that a man of his build can stay out of the game for five years and then expect to come on and regain his lost speed. I may be mistaken, but I have had forty years of experience with the best of them, and I can't see where Jeff is an exception."

This statement coming from someone may not be taken seriously by one who knows that Jeff and I have split up, but nevertheless I am giving my candid opinion of the big fellow.

When I had him to win the big belt,

and he never suffered any ill effects.

His preparation was natural, and his canvas weight always came of strength, but rarely. He never worried while in training camp. He was a hard man to manage, but what I said generally went, although I used to have many a tough old time trying to make him do as I wanted.

"I have not seen Jeff in training, and I don't want to. We have parted forever."

oooooooooooooo

WELSH FEELS CONFIDENT.

British Believes He Will Have No

Trouble Defeating McFarland.

Fredie Welsh, England's Heavyweight champion, is so confident of defeating Paddy McFarland of Chicago at the National Sporting club of London the night of May 30 that he has announced his intention of meeting young Joseph, the British welter weight champion, in a bout for the latter's title. As a matter of fact Welsh has already laid claim to the welterweight title for the reason that he whipped Joseph in eleven rounds at Mountain Ash, in Wales, last July. Joseph was not the welterweight champion at that time, and, besides, Welsh won on a foul. Since then Joe has been the recognized champion, while Welsh has never had the right to be called lightweight champion, having received Lord Lonsdale's belt.

But how different they are! You

point to Cobb with pride as the ideal

ball player, and then you watch Hans

Wagner and smile at the comparison.

For all that Cobb is, except to strive

to "get there," Wagner isn't.

In action Ty Cobb comes closer to

the athletic ideal than any other man

in baseball. Bulk like a greyhound,

his little body always a study.

Wagner is without precedent in the

athletic world. An Cobb wins admira-

tion by his grace, Wagner wins one by

his bulk. Wagner just bounces all over.

He has to have places made to order,

he is cramped in an ordinary bed,

he sits a stool worthy of three men,

and his hands are as big as good sized

ham.

When Wagner wobbles to the plate

swinging his great bat it looks as if

Gibraltar were toppling over. But

when he is set to swing there is action

—wonderful action.

Wagner can run the hundred yards

in close to ten seconds any time dur-

ing a season's play. He doesn't sprint

in the sense of the word, nor does he

gallop. No one has been quite able

to describe just what he does but to agree

that he is fast.

In fielding he's the same way.

In Hans' great hands the ball assumes

the size of a pea or close to it.

The most terrible drive in his direction

he comes a pony tap when he reaches

for it.

Wagner hits .300 every year by force

of habit. He has no equal at short,

and his base running is always of the

best. He is paid probably the highest

salary of any player in the game.

Cobb is a study. Just picture

yourself as you are. Imagine going

your picture in the paper every night.

In every town you want to with lines on

either side to the effect that fifteen or

more men in every city had vowed to

"get you."

Wouldn't you feel a little

squeamish, and wouldn't you the next

time you went out be a little more

circumspect?

But not Tyus. For four years now

threats have been made against him

by every disgruntled player he has

shown up. But he has kept right

on playing better ball every day, and now

stands with only one man on his level,

and that is Wagner.

oooooooooooooo



There are many occasions when a soft hat will just fit

your requirements. For un-