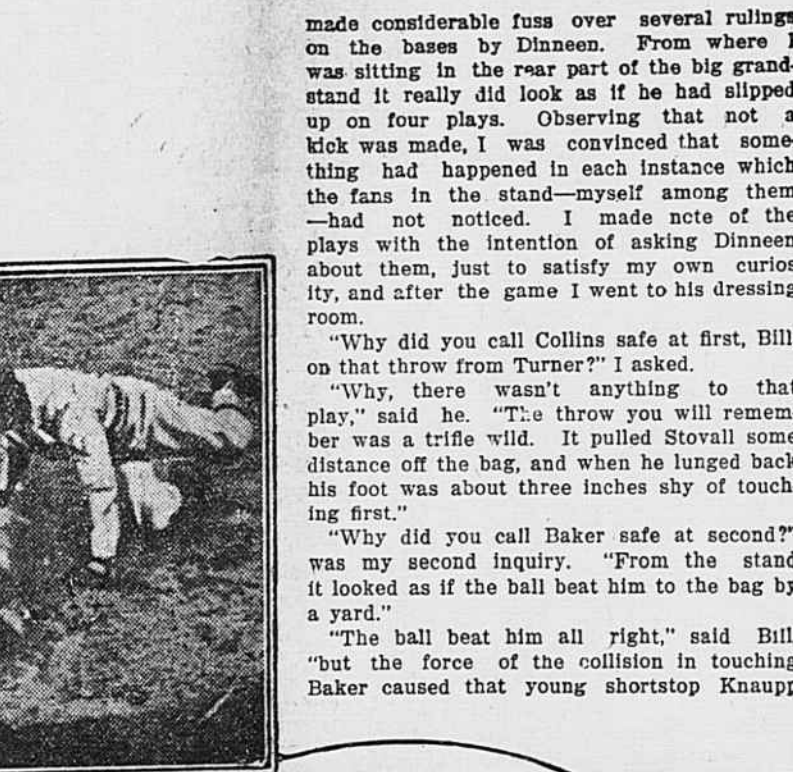
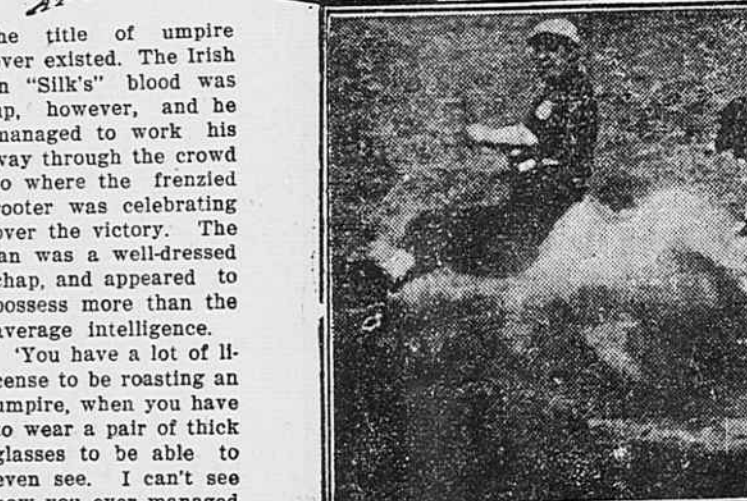
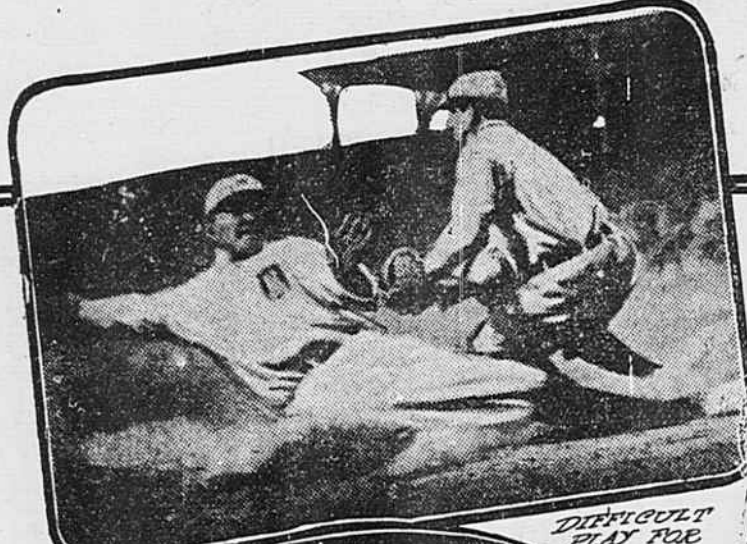


The FAN and the UMPIRE

by BILLY EVANS
AMERICAN LEAGUE UMPIRE

COPYRIGHT BY PEARSON PUB. CO.

GET your glasses on." "You better consult an optician." "Don't we ever get a close decision?" "Who ever told you that you could umpire?" "Back to the ribbon counter for you very shortly, Percy." "Say, honest, how much are you getting for throwing the game?" "Don't you know enough to retire when you have gone totally blind?" "You certainly must have something on your boss to hold your job." "The only thing about you that looks like an umpire is your mask and protector."



These, and a few million more "complimentary" expressions of a like nature are hurled at the umpire during the course of a closely contested game.

It is really strange and wonderful into what a frenzy the average baseball fan can work himself during the progress of an exciting game. It is almost incredible to think what he will do or say when he imagines the umpire has made a wrong decision that has apparently put his club out of the running.

Prominent attorneys, distinguished doctors, well-known actors, staid business men, in fact men of all classes, will invariably jump to their feet at what they consider a "punch decision," and shake their fists violently, utter all kinds of incoherent remarks, and insist that nothing will satisfy their thirst for revenge but the life blood of the poor, defenseless umpire. The next day, when some one meets one of the frenzied rooters, and in a joking way explains to him how he acted and tells him some of the things he said about the umpire, Mr. Loyal Rooter takes a vow then and there that he will never again open his mouth at a ball game, no matter how thrilling the situation. Perhaps the very next afternoon, if the proper occasion arises, he will unknowingly commit the very act of the previous day.

Civic pride is to be admired in all things. A baseball fan who doesn't want to see the home team triumph is surely a peculiar sort of man. Perhaps it might be well for him to have his sanity investigated. Desire to win at any cost however often makes intelligent persons absolutely unfair in their views and opinions.

The extent to which the fan will allow his civic pride to dominate his opinion was well illustrated to me one day last year. While on my way to the hotel after a particularly brilliant game, which the home team had lost by a score of 1 to 0, after a desperate struggle, I was much amused at the conversation of a number of dyed-in-the-wool fans who happened to be in the same car.

It was the unanimous opinion of every one that the home team needed good-sized boards instead of regulation bats, if they were ever to win a game. They cited a half dozen instances where a hit, or even a fly to the outfield, would have won the contest. All of them were sore over the loss of the game, principally because of the weak hitting of their favorites. They proclaimed the visitors stronger in every respect. That one run was the big event of the day. The fans seemed to forget that for 11 innings the hitting of the visitors was just as feeble as that of the home team. That the hit that sent the only run of the game across the plate was due to a lucky bound which sent it over the second baseman's head. To me it was one of the best games of the year.

The following day the home team won by a very one-sided score of 12 to 1. As fate would have it, I bumped into several fans of the previous day on the car down town. The contest was a decidedly poor one, I thought, the one and only redeeming feature being the hard hitting of the home club. The fans were satisfied, however, for it was unanimously agreed that the home boys had recovered their batting eyes, and that from now on they would make the best of them step the limit to win.

I shall never forget a little incident that happened to "Silk" O'Loughlin during a game at Washington, one day, which illustrates what some fans will do when the home team is getting trimmed.

I happened to be working back of the plate that afternoon, while "Silk" was performing on the bases. All the close plays seemed to come up on the bases. "Silk" had at least a dozen plays that could have been given one way or the other, because of the extreme closeness. Practically all of the plays went against the home team, and while "Silk" had little or no trouble from the players, a fan, who was sitting in the third base section of the grandstand chose to disagree with the arbitrator on practically all of his rulings. He kept up a volley of remarks throughout the game, and before its close had enlisted quite a few volunteers.

Because of the actions of this one lone fan, "Silk" was subjected to a rather strenuous afternoon, although his work was well nigh perfect. "Silk" discovered that his enemy was sitting in the front row of the grandstand, also that he wore glasses. He made up his mind long before the close of the game that he would express himself to the gentleman in question.

The home team managed to win out by a brilliant ninth inning rally. In his jubilation over the winning of the game, the fan had forgotten entirely that a person bearing

the title of umpire ever existed. The Irish in "Silk's" blood was up, however, and he managed to work his way through the crowd to where the frenzied rooter was celebrating over the victory. The fan was a well-dressed chap, and appeared to possess more than the average intelligence.

"You have a lot of license to be roasting an umpire, when you have to wear a pair of thick glasses to be able to even see. I can't see how you ever managed to break into the grandstand. Your place is on the outside, looking through a knot hole." The fan said nary a word in reply, and "Silk" having gotten all the venom out of his system, was content to drop the matter. It was evident from the look of embarrassment that came over the rooter's face that he was thoroughly disgusted with himself. He just began to realize what he had been doing throughout the afternoon.

Shortly after we had reached our dressing room there was a knock at the door. We bade our visitor enter. He introduced himself as Dr. "So and So," a very prominent eye specialist. We both began to wonder if he had come to examine our optics.

"I just overheard your conversation with that excited fan, Mr. O'Loughlin," said the specialist. "I really can't blame you for saying what you did to him, but I would advise you to ignore him in the future. I've been treating that chap for a year for eye trouble. His sight is decidedly defective. He really can't see 90 feet with any kind of accuracy. He wouldn't have known whether it was you or Jack Sheridan umpiring the bases if some one hadn't told him."

"Silk" almost keeled over when he heard the news. It simply goes to show what baseball will do to a man, especially if the home team happens to be losing. This chap with the defective eyesight was getting an excellent umpire into trouble because most of the decisions were going against the home team, and he was so partisan in spirit that he could see only one side of the argument.

When you come to think it over, and weigh carefully the cold facts, it is really remarkable the work that devolves upon an umpire during a ball game. In the course of a regular nine inning contest he is called upon to render between 375 and 400 decisions. Rather remarkable figures. Considering his arduous duties, it is not to be wondered at if he errs. Indeed it is remarkable that the judges of play do not slip up more frequently. Here is a little data that is mighty interesting. Possibly a perusal of it may cause the umpire to receive more favorable consideration.

In a nine inning game on an average of 35 men on each team will face the pitcher, making 70 men in all who step to the plate in an attempt to outguess the twirler. Thus the umpire is called upon to pass judgment on three score and ten batters.

With 70 men coming to the plate in a nine-inning game, and each batter averaging four decisions, the umpire is called upon to render in the neighborhood of 280 ball and strike decisions.

That there are 20 decisions to render on balls in the immediate neighborhood of the foul line during the ordinary game is a conservative estimate. The decisions are often a matter of inches, and many times change the entire complexion of the game.

Of course, in a full nine inning game, 54 men must be retired before it is completed. If the home team happens to have made more runs in eight innings than the visitors in nine, they will refuse the last half of the ninth, making it necessary to retire only 51 men in order to complete the game. A decision is necessary on every one made, although frequently it is evident to every one that the man is retired as on a fly ball or when a man takes a healthy swing for the third strike. Such decisions are more a mere matter of form than anything else. On the other hand, there are perhaps 20 plays that come up in a game where the umpire rules the player is safe on a very close decision.

A resume would show 280 decisions on balls and strikes, 20 decisions on fair and foul hits, 54 rulings on outs and somewhere near 10 plays in which the runner gets the benefit of the doubt, and is called safe, making 374 rulings an umpire is called upon to make during a nine inning contest.

It is easy to sit in the grandstand or bleachers, surrounded by a lot of friends who see things just as you do, and umpire the game, when you are not busy munching peanuts. It is entirely different on the ball field, however, where you are a stranger in a strange land, with a hostile crowd ever ready to criticize and 18 active ball players and as many substitutes, together with two foxy managers, trying their level best to outwit you.

I happened to have an off day in Cleveland last year, and I decided to journey out to the ball park and call on my brother umpires, "Bull" Perrine and Bill Dinneen had been assigned to the game. After making them a friendly visit I told them I intended taking a seat in the grandstand to look them over. They laughingly assented and informed me that they would give their best performance of the season.

Bill Dinneen, the former star pitcher, worked the bases, and it seemed as if every decision was close. Philadelphia was the opposing team that afternoon, and despite the closeness of many of the plays there was scarcely a kick from any of the players. Cleveland was losing, however, and the fans

DIFFICULT PLAY FOR THE UMPIRE TO DECIDE

WHAT WOULD YOU SAY TO THIS?

AN ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE PLAY TO SEE

WHEN AN UMPIRE NEEDS EYES

made considerable fuss over several rulings on the bases by Dinneen. From where I was sitting in the rear part of the big grandstand it really did look as if he had slipped up on four plays. Observing that not a kick was made, I was convinced that something had happened in each instance which the fans in the stand—myself among them—had not noticed. I made note of the plays with the intention of asking Dinneen about them, just to satisfy my own curiosity, and after the game I went to his dressing room.

"Why did you call Collins safe at first, Bill, on that throw from Turner?" I asked.

"Why, there wasn't anything to that play," said he. "The throw you will remember was a trifle wild. It pulled Stoval some distance off the bag, and when he lunged back his foot was about three inches shy of touching first."

"Why did you call Baker safe at second?" was my second inquiry. "From the stand it looked as if the ball beat him to the bag by a yard."

"The ball beat him all right," said Bill, "but the force of the collision in touching Baker caused that young shortstop Knapp

to drop the ball. Had he held the throw, Baker would have been an easy out."

"Why did you call Birmingham out at second when Coombs threw to catch him napping?" Looked as if Joe got back to the bag before the ball reached Barry's hands.

"He got back, but not to the bag," replied Bill. "Barry had him blocked off, and 'Birmy' slid against Barry's shoe, not the bag. He hasn't touched the base yet."

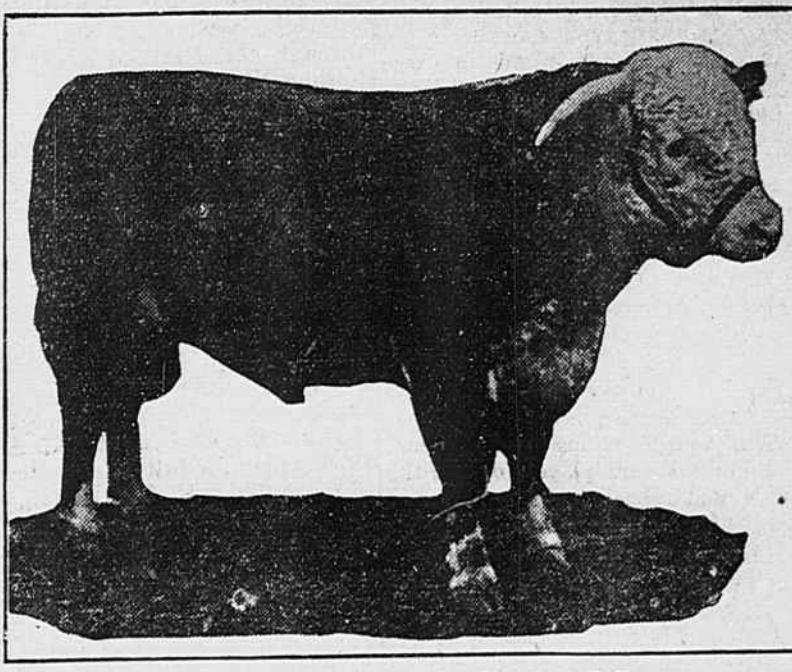
"Just one more, Bill. Why was Jackson out at third? It looked as if he easily beat Catcher Lapp's throw in an attempt to keep him from stealing."

"No question about his beating the throw," answered Bill. "He was safe a mile, if he hadn't overslid the bag three or four inches and allowed himself to be touched out before he was able to regain it."

On the four plays in which Dinneen was absolutely correct he was forced to submit to all kinds of censure, because the fans did not know what had really happened. There are any number of points that the fans should take into consideration when they see the umpire declare a man out who seems to them to be safe beyond a reasonable doubt. Four of them I have already referred to; failure to touch the bag, due to being drawn off by a high, low or wild throw; dropping of the ball after having touched the base runner, due to the force of the collision; sliding of the base runner into the foot of the infielder, instead of the bag and the oversliding of the bag after having reached it in safety.

The fallaway slide is another point that causes all kinds of trouble for the umpires. This slide is used by most of the leading base runners, and consists of going straight for the bag until within a short distance of it, then falling away, so to speak, by throwing the body either towards the infield or outfield as best suits the occasion, and hooking one foot under the bag. This slide makes it very hard for an infielder to put the ball on the runner, as it gives him only the sole of the shoe, or as the players express it, only the spikes to touch.

The baseball fans, however, may be considered pretty fair creatures, and each year they are getting more fair-minded. I have noticed a vast improvement in each of the five years I have umpired in the major leagues. I attribute the improvement to the fact that the umpires are being backed up in their decisions, and the attitude of the sporting writers.



Beau Columbus—Champion Hereford Bull.

HEREFORD FOR SOUTH

No Section Is Making More Rapid Progress in Industry.

Farmer Is Beginning to Recognize Possibilities and Realize Profits of Cattle Raising and Feeding—One Big Obstacle.

(By the late DR. S. A. KNAPP.) The south generally has not been regarded as a cattle country, but it is surprising how much of its income is derived from this source, though the industry is, as yet, in its infancy. No other section of the United States is making relatively more rapid progress than the south; and, as in other lines, the southerner is learning to utilize his natural advantages. He is beginning to recognize the possibilities and realize the profits of cattle raising and feeding. At present the greatest obstacle to the development of the live stock industry in this region is the poor quality of the native southern cattle, but since inoculation has made it possible and practicable to introduce northern seed stock, registered sires are being brought in, and it now seems only a question of time till the scrub will be largely or wholly eliminated.

With its mild winters, short feeding periods, and its infinite variety of grasses, legumes and grain crops, the south beyond question can, and should raise better beef, and at a much less cost than the less favored north. In cattle and live stock lies the greatest and most permanent profit of the southern farmer. It is, in fact, his salvation.

Hereford cattle originated in the grazing districts of England, particularly in Herefordshire, from which they take their name. It is considerably the oldest of all the breeds, having been recognized for over 400 years, being bred and developed through all these years with the one idea of making the choicest and best beef at the minimum cost—and mainly on grass alone.

As a grazer there is no breed of cattle which approaches them, and their ability to fatten on a grass diet of their own rearing is a quality which appeals to all who are looking for the most economical method of producing beef. Extremes of weather that will cause other cattle to seek shelter or shade does not deter the Hereford from eating his fill, and the contrast between them and other breeds, after an unfavorable season, is marked. The Hereford can also be fattened at any age, and with equal rapidity. If baby beef or a more mature product is desired, it makes no difference, the Herefords will meet either requirement satisfactorily. They naturally mature early, from 18 to 20 months being the time required to produce from 1,300 to 1,800 pounds of beef that will top any market in the land.

The impressiveness of the Hereford sire when used on scrub or native cattle is a quality which will at once commend itself particularly to the resident of the south who is dissatisfied with his cattle of the dairy type. There is no bull of any breed that can equal the Hereford in this respect, and his ability to transmit his own good qualities has won for him unqualified commendation. With an indiscriminate lot of cows a Hereford bull will produce an extremely uniform lot of calves, and the improvement, wonderfully marked in the first generation, will leave in the second generation, at least, no trace in color or form of the mother stock. To bear out this statement, attention is called to a steer exhibited at the International Live Stock Exposition in 1902, which won second prize in the class for yearling grades. This steer's dam was a pure-bred Holstein, and his sire a registered Hereford. The steer weighed 1,410 pounds at the age of nineteen months, and when twenty-one months and fifteen days old, weighed 1,570. Could one ask for a more profitable feeding steer?

The disposition of the Hereford is what one would naturally expect of an ideal beef animal. The bulls are of a mild, even temperament, not in the least excitable or cross, but never overlooking an opportunity to increase the number of their offspring. The cows are good mothers, and give sufficient milk for the needs of their calves.

As further evidence of the superiority of the Hereford as beef animals, we cite the reader to the International, the largest fat stock show in the world, held at Chicago in December of 1903. In regard to same we quote the Breeder's Gazette issue of December 9:

"A white-faced champion rose triumphant from the sea of blacks. It was a Hereford year. The grand champion of the show was a grade Hereford; the calf champion was a Hereford; the Hereford herd was champion, and the Hereford grades were champion carlot."

In 1904 we have a continuous repetition of previous Hereford victories notably at the St. Louis world's fair, where the greatest aggregation of

show cattle ever seen were on display. At this great show, in each of the six different classes for fat stock, the "lordly Herefords" won every first premium and championship, both in the section for grades and pure breeds, over all the other breeds. The premier honors won by the Herefords, over all competing breeds, for these three successive years, afford a most impressive object lesson as to their superior merit and worth.

These champion steers in the grade classes were nearly all range bred, being by registered Hereford sires, and out of grade western cows, improved by the infusion of Hereford blood. What Herefords have done for the north and west they can and will do for the south.

SUCTION PICKERS FOR COTTON

South Carolina Man Invents Apparatus in Which Vacuum Principle Is Used—Works Well.

A South Carolina man has come forward with an apparatus in which the vacuum principle is adapted to cotton picking. The suction is caused by a hand-operated device, the machinery of which is contained in a box which is strapped across the picker's shoulders and operated by the turning of a crank, which is held in a position convenient to the worker's



Suction Cotton Picker.

right hand. Below the box is a sack and leading into this sack is a tube, with a receiving funnel, which is held in the left hand. The picker walks along the lanes of the cotton field, turning the handle that sets the machinery in operation and as he approaches the cotton bolls with the fluffy growth is sucked off and drawn down into the bag. With this apparatus one man can pick as much cotton in a day as a score can pick by hand.

SELECT BEST COTTON SEED

Rather Difficult Task That Must Be Done With Great Patience and Clearness of Understanding.

The following from an address delivered by R. L. Bennett before the southern states' commissioners' meeting recently held at Jackson, is of special interest at this time. Prof. Bennett is recognized as an authority on the subject discussed.

"No person would think of buying an animal that was claimed to be highly improved unless the owner give the true pedigree of the animal. Good parents for a long distance back would be the deciding point in the sale. No mysterious origin of the animal would attract the purchaser, but would quickly disperse them. Eventually we hope the same influence will control growers in the selection of the cotton they plant. Every cotton grower loses greatly from planting impure seed and pure planting seed is virtually an unknown quantity in cotton growing. The methods of seed selection, ginning and other influences are responsible. In seed selection, breeding or in choosing a variety to grow, close attention should be given to selecting the plants or variety that have preferred qualities in the highest degree and combined with productiveness in the locality where the growing is to be done. When all of these important qualities and factors are taken into consideration, cotton breeding is not a simple task, but a rather difficult one that must be done with great patience and clearness of understanding of the cotton plant and its qualities and features. More careful cotton breeding, or scientific breeding, will appear when the cotton growers demand planting seed that has economic and productive qualities, and also whenever the grower discriminates in selecting his planting seed, selects them on quality and pedigree rather than on a simple assertion that the cotton made or will make three bales per acre and is the best cotton on earth. But such is not now the condition; mystery and misleading statements influence in choosing a variety to plant."

Tomato Seeds.

Tomato seeds are easily preserved and if you have extra good ones pick out the best and save the seeds.

Mexicans' Favorite Dishes

Frijoles and Tortillas From Almost the Entire Diet for the Poor People.

People at home in the "States" may think the food of the Mexicans meager. It is comprised chiefly of frijoles and tortillas, supplemented by the fruit of the cactus when in season. Tortillas are thin little cakes made of corn boiled with lime and these serve as the chief food. Every house

has a metate, a sort of stone trough, which rests on the ground, and on this the corn is crushed to a paste and then patted into thin round cakes and tossed on a clay griddle to cook. Don't think as you ride down the street that in every house a child is being spanked; it is only the patting sound made by the women as they deftly shape the tortillas in their hands.

The lime in which the corn is softened is said to account for the very strong white teeth of the natives. Frijoles are, of course, beans, and after being boiled a long time with onions, chile and other savory bits, are put into boiling lard for their final flavor. Knives and forks are not needed when a tortilla can be folded in the middle and used as a scoop for the beans. These two articles of food form almost the entire diet of the poor.

All food is very hot, from the chili put in it, and one doesn't realize the peculiar flavor that cinnamon will give to many dishes until he has eaten it in everything, from coffee to ice cream. While pulque, the fermented juice of the maguey, our century plant, is the national drink, if a peon is very drunk it is probably due to mescal or tequila, two stronger drinks made from the same maguey. Often have I seen women cook an entire meal over a little charcoal as one hand can grasp.

A Legal Mind. "No use whispering soft things to that girl. She's a law student." "How does that affect her case?" "Well, she's prompt to detect the incompetent, the irrelevant and the immaterial."

Too Cautious. "How can you distrust your daughter's suitor when in this letter he proposes to lead her to the altar?" "Well, in its very nature, isn't that a miss-leading proposition?"