

HOMERUN HAGGERTY ON INTRICACIES OF SCIENTIFIC BASEBALL

College Captain's Penalties to a Player for Lack of Brainwork Called for a Run of 105 Miles.

Often when you go to ball games nowadays you hear some such expression as this:

"The day of the home-run hitter is over!"

This generally comes from one of those heavy thinking-guys with a wrinkle in his forehead—the kind that run ball teams f'm the grandstand, announcin' the play that's comin' next to the poor, benighted ones alongside of em, and who howl with joy at a base on balls an' fall into a fit applaudin' a sacrifice hit. They're the guys who invented what you'd call scientific baseball and "inside play" and "headwork." They all amount to the same thing—simply a confession that feller can't bat the ball hard enough to get out of the reach of the fielders.

Lined 'Em Out.

Fine thing for baseball, ain't it, when a combination of bad eyes an' weak arms an' laziness is makin' it so there's no more slashin' drives like they used to be—drives that wistled as they went for the fence, an' made the outfielders hump themselves an' the pitchers sliver 'er? There was a time when a feller'd make all sorts of efforts to stretch a hit into a homer, an' the audience would applaud an' give him credit for it. But now it ain't scientific to make homers. You make a homer an' these heavy thinking-guys up in the grandstand turn up their noses an' say "dumb luck," or "a horrible exhibition of brute force," or "he'd rather see a man put out at temptin' a scientific play than see him make a home run. What do you think o' tommy rot like that? He'd rather see it, maybe, but I wouldn't have it on any team o' mine, especially if runs was scarce an' we needed the money."

Real College Team.

All o' which reminds me o' the Serrybellum College team, the time I took the Alfalfas up there to get some early practice. There was a big crowd around an' the Serrybellum nine, all guys with long hair an' glasses, were sayin' "We were bein' directed to the dressin' room by the manager an' captain w'en a long-legged idjit, with a rubber band 'round one wrist, an' a leather anklet 'round a leg, an' a slidin' glove strapped to his belt, comes runnin' up with a book in his hands."

"Look here, Cap," he says, very excited. "Rufe has just thrown the ball to third base instead of to the plate with the bases full an' nobody out. On page 26 of 'The National Game,' by Olie, it distinctly says, in treatin' of a situation exactly analogous, that the throw must be to the plate."

Here Rufe, a guy who looks like he'd just got down off'n a oat thrasher, he butts in an' says:

"I couldn't ketch the guy goin' home, so I throwed to get the guy I could ketch. Ain't that right?"

The guy with the book slapped it shut an' laughed. The captain he give Rufe a very indignant look an' says:

Follow Instructions.

"Two hundred times runnin' 'round the bases tonight'll improve your memory. I think, Rufus. Who taught you to play ball that you think are greater than Olie, anyway? How many times have I taught you to follow his instructions rather than depend on your own frail judgment? You'll never learn to play ball scientific if you don't play it according to Olie."

That squeaked Rufus, an' him an' the guy with the book chased back to the diamond, I says to the captain:

"Funny, but I ben playin' ball for some years, an' never heard o' Olie's 'The National Game.' Wot does it teach?"

"All the fine points. Elucidates them all with photos showin' how each play should be made, includin' the position of the arm an' the poise of the body, at each stage o' the play. Very fine book. He has a series o' chapters on the position o' the feet during a nine-inning game w'ch is very helpful. But you p'fessionals rarely discover the fine points of the game. You have a few standard plays which go very well, but in intricate or ticklish situations you have no guide to fall back on. Now, 'Dooley on Double Plays' is a very good book; we use it quite frequently. Brownin' 'Bunts' is a delightful little brochure; you will find it interesting. I am sure. The same author's 'Sacrifice Hitting' is a gem in its way. It should be in the hands o' every batter in the country."

Clout 'Em Out.

"I've always thought 'd like to write a book an' now I've decided on it," says I. "I'll send you a copy as soon as we go back to Alfalfa. It'll be called 'Haggerty on Home Runs: How to Clout 'Em out.' I'm sure you'll like it."

Say, that guy's eyes bulged out as they pushes the glasses off his nose. His face looked horror-struck (so Reggie said). I thought he had a sudden pain in his insides. His voice was tragic when he says:

"Don't dare send it here. I'll burn every copy of it I get. I worked with this nine two years now, an' I've got them playin' fairly scientific, an' I don't have any sluggers breakin' in an' undoin' my work!"

Well, I calmed him and we went in and got dressed. I put Reggie in the pitch, for I didn't know how good these guys might be, on account of their scientific talk.

We batted first. Pinch Hobbs got four balls off'n the Serrybellum pitcher; an' Jimmy Harrison bunted. I was interested in seein' how these scientific guys'd play a bunt accordin' to Olie, but it was just like everybody, you ever see. The pitcher an' third base rushed up on the bat, an' the pitcher sat down and the third base, who was the captain with the book learnin', fell over him. By the time they had picked the ball up Pinch was on third an' Harrison was on second. Then Pete Brown got

'em just what they didn't want. We laughed at 'em all through the game.

Well, the limit come in the second inning. I was first up, and on the first ball pitched I boomed one over the left field fence. I was just turnin' first, swingin' easy, when the first baseman says:

"Hay, come back here. First base on a hit over the fence."

Sure enough, the captain comes runnin' up, an' explains that, in order to p'mote inside play and headwork, home runs had been cut out—likewise all extra base hits—unless the drives stayed inside the grounds.

"But we discourage hard hittin' all around," says he. "It's very unscientific. They're really nothin' gained by it. It degenerates a game o' ball into a contest o' brute strength, an' puts brainy work out o' the question. Brownin', Dooley, Olie—all the great authorities, condemn it. Olie admits its use in exceptional cases, but most well informed people unite in declaring it obsolete."

More Instructions.

Well, the game was so easy that I let it go an' struck out first base. Hennessy plugged out a liner right over second. Rufe was right there this time, too, an' he took the ball in one hand and then run me down with the first baseman. Rufe got a big hand from the grandstand, but that book-taught captain liner with one hand. Utterly unscientific, he said. Rufe tried to show him how he couldn't reach the ball with both hands unless he'd been seven foot tall, an' for his impertinence he got told to chase himself around the bases 200 times more as soon as the game was closed, makin' 200 times in all.

Well, things doped along till the seventh innin', us tappin' the ball to the infield, so's to see them infielders make mistakes from the book an' have that bug captain come runnin' up shakin' Olie's "National Game" in front of 'em an' callin' 'em down. He was slicker'n a old woman makin' soft soap on reasons an' whys an' wherefores o' things bein' scientific, but when Pinch shot a hot one to him in the sixth he made just as big a mess of it as any of the rest. Only then there was no one to hold a book in front o' him an' call him down.

Well, in the eighth Pinch Hobbs says, out loose an' we'll show 'em some o' our scientific play they're talkin' about. So he bunts an' beats it out. The next minute he was up an' steals second, with the ball in the pitcher's hand. When the pitcher winds up to throw the next ball Pinch is half way to third, an' he comes sailin' in to the plate while they're messin' things up over Jim Harrison's bunt. Then Brownie bunted an' Merritt bunted, an' I tried to bunt, but near took the liver out of the shortstop. And then Jack Harrison an' Hennessy an' Jim Barney kep' it up, buntin' 'em right down the third base line, an' gettin' that captain with the book learnin' more tangled every minute. Finally to get the third man out he picks a bunt up with two hands an' butts into a man comin' in from third. I called him down for playin' unscientific.

"What's Brownin' say in his 'Bunts' in a case like that? I should think a little trot around the diamond'd refresh your memory a bit on these things."

"Git away from me!" he snapped. "Brownin' only teaches you how to make bunts; he never had four barrels of 'em fired at him at once."

You'd a thought that'd take the dictionary an' encyclopedia starch out o' that guy, but it didn't. He was just as brash an' buggy the next innin', an' called Rufus down hard for knockin' out a sizzlin' three-bagger that come within a ace o' bein' a home run.

Told 'Em Again.

"You'd ought to sacrifice with men on first an' second an' one out," says he. "If your drive had been ketch'd no one would a been advanced an' we'd only a jogged to the two-out hole. Be scientific."

"Yes, an' if I'd batted into a double play tryin' to sacrifice I'd a got fits any-how," says Rufe, exasperated. "You an' that Olie guy that wrote that book ought to go playin' three ope cat with the kids. Maybe they'd learn you somethin'."

"Such impertinence!" blazes the captain, "two hundred times more around the bases tonight, and you'll learn not to make a safe hit in that position again."

"That made 800 circuits o' the bases, an' Rufe looked tired already."

"Yes, I will," says he. "I'll hit safe if I want to."

"Two hundred more times on the run," sings out the captain. "I'll hit safe if I want to."

"I'll make it a two-bagger, dum you!" sings out Rufe.

"Two hundred more!" yells the captain, taking out a little book.

"Now it'll be a triple!" yelled Rufe, shakin' his fist.

"Two hundred more!" screams the captain, wavin' the book.

"I'll make a homer, by gum," says Rufe, an' I defy."

"Two hundred more!" The captain

says this slow an' emphatic, for he knew Rufe couldn't go any higher, 'thout he made five baggers, like they do down in Hammerhurst.

"I don't know whether Rufe would a slugged the scientific guy, but he was mad enough to do most anything. However, just then Josh Hapgood butts in.

"Cap," he says to the feller that played accordin' to Olie, "we've finished raisin' on that little jack pot I'd like a chance to say a word. Do you know how much you've fined our friend here?"

"Sixteen hundred times, I figger it," says the captain. "Why?"

Real Running.

"Well, then sixteen hundred times, 'round that diamond," says Josh, "reveals to my mathematical mind that he'll have to crawl 556,000 feet, or a matter of slightly over 105 miles. Say that he averages three-quarters of a minute for each round, it'll take him twenty hours to get through. He'll be about on his last lap when you come out to practice tomorrow afternoon."

Rufe's jaw fell so it near broke off him. The captain looked happy.

"No penalty is too severe for blunderin' ball playin'," says he.

"Right!" says Josh. "In this case, however, the punishment is cruel an' unusual, an' goes against the Constitution, which guarantees life, liberty, an' the pursuit o' happiness to everybody. If Rufe rounds that diamond 1,600 times, he won't have no life, an' cert'ly he won't have no liberty or be pursuin' happiness. Not much. Now I offer him a chance to play ball for a livin'—he's got the makin' of a ball player in him, see the way you've knocked it out—an' I'm goin' to offer him \$80 a month an' his board an' a share in the gate receipts o' exhibition games. Which do you want, Rufe—a downy couch in the Alfalfa House or a 1,600-time game o' tag with yourself here? Speak up!"

We c'd see that Rufe was undecided. He looked first at Josh an' then at his captain. Then Josh says:

Come onto the diamond, Rufe, where ball is not an opera bouffe; where every player slugs the ball, and where the bleachers thousands call for homers, doubles and triples, and the longest drive gets the biggest hand."

"You're op," says he. And with one last lingering look at Serrybellum College, the big farmer guy come with us.

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Lost and Found Articles Numerous at the Capitol

Curious List of Things Gathered in by the Police—Everything From Diamonds to Shoe Buttons.

Many and varied are the articles found in the Capitol building in the course of six months. Yesterday was cleaning out day. Anything was listed from a jar of cheese to a dollar bill whose owners are not to be found.

Of course there is way to dispose of the property. The money will get back into circulation. The cheese was eagerly devoured by one of the dogs that was temporarily incarcerated in the Capitol's "sub" pound.

The police system of caring for the lost and found articles speaks well for the officers in charge. Every article found, whether insignificant or valuable, is promptly recorded in a book for that purpose.

Valuables Found.

The police, in making the rounds of the building, often find valuable property. In no known case is the article found withheld from the captain's office. A diamond brooch, valued at \$400, a lady's gold watch and several diamond rings are among some of the most valuable things that have been found by watchmen and turned in.

Capt. J. P. Megraw and Fred Webber are the men who look after the lost and found articles.

All things found that cannot be identified within six months are returned to the parties finding the same.

While the Daughters of the American Revolution were here one Daughter lost in the Capitol building a handsome amethyst necklace. She said it had been in the family for over 150 years and she valued it at \$1,000. It was found in the building and returned, the finder getting a handsome reward.

Whoever the person may be who finds

the articles, his or her name is taken. If an owner is not found the articles are then returned to the finders. Senators and members of the Supreme Court and House who have found things have had them returned to them by the police, with a statement that as the owner could not be found, they are entitled to them.

Several articles still remain uncalled for. They will be given to the finders in a day or two.

A Curious Variety.

Among the things found may be mentioned: A small silver brooch, sunburst in shape; a handsome round gold locket with a lock of dark hair in it; a jar of cheese, found while the Swayne case was in session; a pass from Washington to New York, returned to railroad on which it was drawn; a gold four-leaf clover stick pin; a gold three-leaf clover stick pin; about one dozen umbrellas; a solid silver G. P. elephant; several pocket books with different amounts of money in them; three yards of pink cloth, found in elevator; six pocket knives; two ladies' jackets; babies' caps; feather boas; ladies' fur collar; men's overcoats; carpenter tools, squares, hatchets, saws, etc.; two Bibles; lap robes; silver thimbles; pipes; ear muffs; hat and hair pins, all kinds of gloves, single and in pairs, and overshoes by the hundred.

A check caused a good deal of speculation as to the motive for which it was drawn. The amount was for \$2.65. It was dated June 23, 1905, and was on the National Metropolitan-Citizens' Bank of this city. When sent to the bank it was found that the name of the signer was not on the books.

Since the books have been turned several articles have been balanced in.

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