

WHEN TEDDY PLAYS POLITICS IT'S A GREAT GAME SAYS THE HOTEL CLERK

BY IRVIN S. COBB

"I suppose Teddy'll be the whole works out at Chicago during the convention," remarked the House Detective.

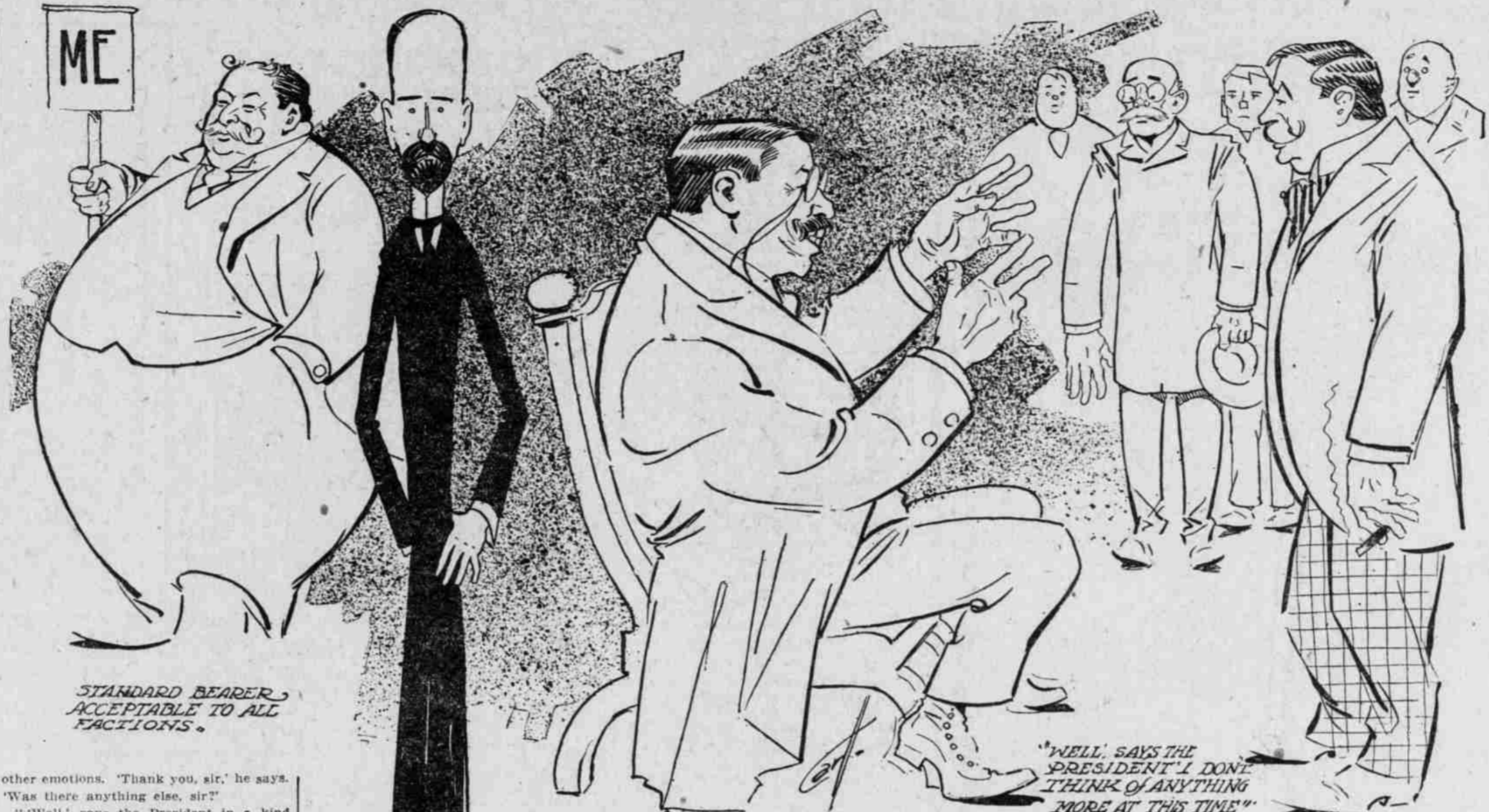
"Not at all," said the Hotel Clerk of the St. Reckless, "not at all. All Teddy wants to be is the full-jeweled movements and the hour hand and the ornate hand and the split-second attachment and the gold-filled case warranted for four years more, and the correct likeness of a true friend pasted to the back lid, and the little diguag you wind her up by. That's all Teddy wants to be. Big Bill can be everything else. He can be the gun-metal charm that hangs down on the outside of the fob pocket."

"No, sir, Larry; on this occasion the President is in the background. He has taken a place in the background and moved it well up front, so that it tops over the footlights and entirely obscures the leader of the orchestra, which is where it properly belongs under such circumstances, and where it will remain as long as he's occupying it."

"He says to the leaders of the party or to the men who would be the leaders. If all the toughest jobs were not completely filled by himself, he says: 'Gentlemen, I don't ask much. I'm a man of simple tastes and many of them. About all I expect to do is to choose your standard-bearer in the person of one who will be acceptable to all factions, the name being Taft, and I'll make it my business to see to it that you have a nice, neat platform all written out by the time you convene, and I'll personally select the presiding officers and the key-noters for your convention, and when I get round to it, I'll decide on a campaign manager and a National chairman for you, and some evening after dinner I'll think up a few good, strong campaign policies for you, and I'll probably let you establish your campaign headquarters on the back porch of my place down at Oyster Bay. I'd give you the front porch, but Kermit will be needing it for his pet snake. You gentlemen may look after everything else with the exception of these few details I have mentioned."

"And what will that be?" timidly inquires one of the chaps who would be a sub-leader, if there were any sub-leaders. "Why, let me see," says the President, "surely there's something else. Yes, now I have it—you boys shall pick out the candidate for Vice-President. While we're on the subject, I might suggest, merely in passing, that the party now holding the job would give reasonable satisfaction. True, he's not what you'd call a fancy Vice-President. He has a figure like two sections of a split-bamboo fish pole and he comb his hair from under the left shoulder blade, and he'll never be a really stylish dresser until the new sleazh skirt comes into general use for male wear, but, when all's said and done, he's a good, faithful creature and understands general work and the care of the young, and brought good references from his former employes in Indianapolis when he first came to us, and never has any atub-ber opinions of his own, or any other kind, so far as I've noticed, and on the whole I think we might as well deal further and do worse. Oh, yes, I know he has his vice, but I'm given to understand that he can drink or he can leave it alone."

"Thank you," says the spokesman of the delegation in a tone in which gratitude and admiration conflict with several



STANDARD BEARER ACCEPTABLE TO ALL FACTIONS.

other emotions. "Thank you, sir," he says. "Was there anything else, sir?"

"Well," says the President in a kind voice, "I don't think of anything more at this time, but if I do, I'll drop you a postal. And in the meanwhile, let us all remember, gentlemen, that we have the destinies of a great party in our keeping. It had to be a great party or it never could have produced Lincoln, Grant, Garfield, McKinley and Me, especially the last-named. As an added starter, we might include Mr. Nicholas Longworth, of Ohio, my son-in-law, who properly belongs in this illustrious category, having, as you might say, been married into it. 'Tis, as I say, a great party and amply able to manage its own affairs, if competently directed. So, with these few words I guess you had better be running along out to Chicago and rolling your own little hoops and not bother me any more, because I have on my mind several affairs of state and an engagement to take Ethel Root out for a walk and tell him a few helpful things about the practice of law. Gentlemen, good day; here's your hat; kindly close the door firmly on the outside as you go out."

"That's the way it is, Larry. The President is taking no active hand in the convention because he had so many other matters to engage his mind. For instance, there's the case of Colonel Stewart of the Regular Army, which is so

HE'S NOT WHAT YOU'D CALL A FANCY VICE-PRESIDENT.

called because it's not. The President did everything to keep him quiet short of strangling him with a plow line. As long ago as last Fall he sent the Colonel out to Fort Grant, which is in a desirable section of Arizona to anyone desiring alkali, and commands an uninterrupted view of a stretch of country greatly resembling Death Valley, only perhaps not so densely populated. It was generally believed at the White House that the Colonel should have been happy and contented with his new post. He had absolute control over a garrison consisting of a sick teamster and a deaf cook, and in his leisure hours he could go out and sit on the box and tame the winsome Gila monsters which abound freely in the vicinity. The Gila monster ought to make a fine pet, Larry, being far more intelligent than the stinging lizard and so much more sociable than the black-banded ground rattler that often crawls into bed with a person who's asleep and needles up, not to say cuddles."

"Well, all I can say is, I don't blame him for kicking! If that's the way it was," commented the House Detective. "Any time I ketch one of them things pervading my hound, one of us would leave 'n' purty soon."

"That's the way Colonel Stewart felt," said the Hotel Clerk, "and the President said if it'd ease the Colonel's feelings, he'd transfer him down to Florida. The Florida location was right in the heart of a lovely swamp, having a clustering population of microbes big enough to eat off the hand, and coming readily by other suitable names. Out in Arizona he didn't have any water at all, and down in Florida he didn't have anything else, and still he wasn't satisfied. So now, I don't know what they'll do with him, unless they got an Army mule to kick him to death."

"Not had this here Colonel Stewart been don't get himself so unpopular," asked the House Detective. "The way the President explains it, he must be a perfectly impossible person," said the Hotel Clerk. "Colonel Stewart quarrels with civilians, and he calls people names and he talks all the time. I will never be able to look a plank walk in the face again. And I've cut out using wooden toothpicks. Hereafter the quill kind for mine. From what Hill says, we're liable to run out of standing timber before we run out of gander feathers. He spoke of the falling coal supply, too. With tears in his eyes, he said that in less than eleven

months. Although the President advised them about nearly everything, many of the Governors went away disappointed. You see, they'd come to Washington full of speeches, and there they sat with all that language bottled up in their systems perfectly silent except for the low, seething sounds where it was 'scaping from their ears."

"Why didn't some of 'em git up and say somethin'?" asked the House Detective. "They didn't want to interrupt," said the Hotel Clerk. "The only one that seemed to break in was James J. Hill. I guess maybe Hill has a loud voice and no manners, and that's the way he got his chance to be heard. He talked about our resources, Larry."

"After reading what he said about the waste of the forests, I feel that I will never be able to look a plank walk in the face again. And I've cut out using wooden toothpicks. Hereafter the quill kind for mine. From what Hill says, we're liable to run out of standing timber before we run out of gander feathers. He spoke of the falling coal supply, too. With tears in his eyes, he said that in less than eleven

thousand years our coal will be exhausted. So it looks almost as gloomy for the coal business as it does for the manufacture of tents and hickory-hoe handles. In those days Tiffany will be selling antiracite by the karat, and pine laths will be accepted as legal currency. In amounts up to ten laths. Yet in the face of the danger, Mr. Hill says he sees men using as many as four matches lighting one cigar and mothers wearing out popular shingles to spank their children with, when corrugated roofing would do just as well. So far as he knows, there's nobody trying to husband our coal supply and save it up. But he's wrong there, Larry. I know of one conscientious guy who was trying all last Winter to save it, and he did."

"Who was that?" asked the House Detective. "The janitor of the flat house where I live," said the Hotel Clerk. "I think maybe I'll send his name to Mr. Hill."

"D'ye think the convention will be purty lively?" asked the House Detective. "Well, I don't know," said the Hotel Clerk. "Most of the young Presidential booms of the early Spring have become reasonably quiet. If the Joe Cannon boom was properly embalmed, it will probably not attract any undue attention, unless the weather should turn unseasonably warm at Chicago. The Philander Knox boom has done as well as any boom could be expected to do that had a first name like Philander, but I look for it to go down for the last time with a low, gurgling cry when the rollcall gets as far as Pennsylvania. Nothing remains viable of the Hughes boom at this time except a fringe of whiskers protruding from beneath the cone that was used in administering the ether. The Fairbanks boom was last seen alive in the vicinity of La Porte, Ind., and the parties engaged in digging up the cozy farmyard of the late Mrs. Guinness have been asked to keep a sharp lookout. But Teddy is taking no active hand. Bear that in mind."

"When Teddy plays politics, it's a great game," said the House Detective. "Yes," said the Hotel Clerk, "a game of solitaire."

More National Forest Reserves.

Everybody's Magazine. If I should say that the election of a Democratic Governor in Minnesota by a plurality of 72,000 Republican votes, meant more than ten years of forestry has done—why, then I should be called vague, visionary and obscure. But I do believe that, if I should say that President Roosevelt, in his breaking out of party tradition, and breaking into the clean old Americanism that does not confuse honest wealth with corrupt wealth, has done more for our trees than all our forestry work has done—why, then I should be called a rabid partisan and a crank. But certainly this would not be enough. We must enlarge our National holdings; which means that we must buy back large tracts, the "title" to which was bought from us for a song, or stolen from us with a grin. Suppose we should get absolutely crazy—or absolutely sane—and undertake to buy 250,000,000 acres of land at \$20 an acre. That would mean \$5,000,000,000. Could we finance this with a wit, a dash of interest? Not yet. We have not yet been squeezed enough. We do not yet burn twigs and fagots.

Conversations with an Old Sport

IN WHICH HE HANDS OUT SOME DORE CONCERNING THE KID WHO BUCKS THE SANDMAN

"WELL," said the Kid, as he joined the bunch in the hotel corridor, "I see we're up against the new 'grapevine twist' tomorrow."

"If there isn't any more to it than there is to the 'smoke ball' and the 'fade away' I guess we'll straighten out the kinks in the grapevine, all right. Guess maybe we didn't put a few crimps in those two new inventions when we went up against 'em," replied Shorty.

"That's the right line of talk, Shorty," broke in the Old Sport, "and when it comes down to cases on these new inventions in the pitchers' repertoire, let me tell you right here that there hasn't been a new curve invented in the past 15 years outside the curves of the female figure in the fashion magazines. And you can take it from me that there never will be, until they change the laws of nature and put gravity on the blink. These new grapevine twists, 'smoke ball,' 'fade away' and such alike, are only the noise that comes from the bats flapping their wings in the attic of some dud sporting wretch."

"Yet a lot of you guys who are supposed to be hep to every kink in the baseball game read his stuff, and when you but into a pitcher who has the Indian sign on you, you get it into your knot that he is dishing up a new brand of foolery. You can take my tip, boys, that all these new pitchers, from the 'knuckly ball' down to the 'merry widow,' are the same old curves that Pop Anson and Charlie Radbourne used to face, except that each pitcher's work has its own individuality, just the same as an artist's, an author's, or a barber's."

"In spite of all this new curve slush that's handed out, take it from me that nothing short of a divine miracle can make a ball curve in any but the four old ways. And I don't know of any slush shovers of the present age who are pulling off the miracle stunt. Now, here's the dope: A ball is made to curve by its resistance to the air cushion in front; if it's twisted toward the right the resistance to the air cushion will naturally be strongest on the right side of the leather, and the ball will naturally go in the direction of the least resistance when it begins its flight. In this case it will be toward the right. If it is twisted toward the left, all the other curves are the result of the same natural laws, the ball going in the direction of its least resistance to the air cushion. If it is twisted toward the right, it will curve to the left. If it is twisting toward the left it will curve to the right. If toward the sky it will drop suddenly while tossing the ball around among the ground it will have a tendency to shoot upward."

"Now, you've read a lot of slush in the papers about this pitcher throwing a 'snake curve' or a 'grapevine twist,' and a bunch of you thick-headed ballplayers who ought to know better believe it. Just this Spring the dope was sent up from Marlin Spivey that 'Christy Mathewson had discovered a curve that first

shot up toward the sky, then after going a few feet further would duck down and float over the pan knees high. New York evening paper even went so far as to publish a diagram supposed to show the eccentricities of this new fooler that

opposite direction. One hep to the why and wherefore of a curve ball, and it doesn't take much of a mental effort for any dud to figure out that this phenomenon is the only way in which a ball can be made to curve two ways with one delivery, and you can see what a swine chance any guy has of pulling off a stunt like that without the aid of a divine Providence. And take it from me that Providence isn't working overtime to help out many slushshovers in the baseball business."

"And yet you'll butt into a lot of good ballplayers and a bunch of other guys who are perfectly sane and sensible on these matters, who really believe that it is possible for a pitcher to throw a 'snake curve' and a 'grapevine twist.' It didn't take many games at the opening of the season to demonstrate that Mr. Lew Ritchie's 'in-and-out' curve was a pronounced success as far as its going in and out with one delivery was concerned. Lew tossed it into the plate and the batters slammed it out to the fence."

"Now, I'm not saying that some of these new curves aren't all right, like the 'knuckly ball' and the 'fade-away,' but you can take my tip that they are the same old original curves, except that they possess the individuality of the pitcher who is dishing them up. A big wind of course with all curves. The curves of no two pitchers break alike, any more than the dope of any two authors on the same subject would read alike. But when they are the same old brand of foolery it is the same old dope just the same."

"Christy Mathewson's 'fade-away' is simply a slow drop that starts early and takes its own good time at getting down into the cellar, instead of waiting till the last fraction of a second and then dropping down the elevator shaft. The 'knuckly ball' is merely the result of shortening the fingers by doubling them up, thus causing the ball to leave the thumb last and giving it about the same subject would read alike. But when they are the same old brand of foolery with a difference in the break caused by the difference in the English on the ball. And let me tell you right here that Mr. Mordcaid Brown, of Chicago, owes a big wind of his success as a shrinker of batting averages to the mine accident that mangled his throwing mitt in the mellow days of his childhood. That short stub of a finger gives an individuality to his curve that no other pitcher can imitate."

"And now, boys, when you stack up against this 'new curve' artist tomorrow, don't for a minute get it into your knot that the blamed ball is waiting around through the atmosphere like a puff ball in a March wind, because it isn't going to duck in any direction but the same old points of the compass that you've seen them ambling every day, and once it starts its break it's going to keep right on going the same way till it hits some-thing. And if you watch the breaks and lose sight of this newspaper slush about 'snake curves' and 'grapevine twists,' you'll soon find that it is your swatting sticks it is hitting."

"Now, in this age of progress and new inventions, when even the sporting pages of the papers are exceeding the speed limit and slopping over with slush about new discoveries in the pitchers' stock of foolery, if you'll just trim your lamps on

slamming them to the pallage, even though he is nursing a 200 batting average, while the guy who is batting around 300 and winning games with dinky taps never gets a hand. But just the same, you can take it from me that as a general

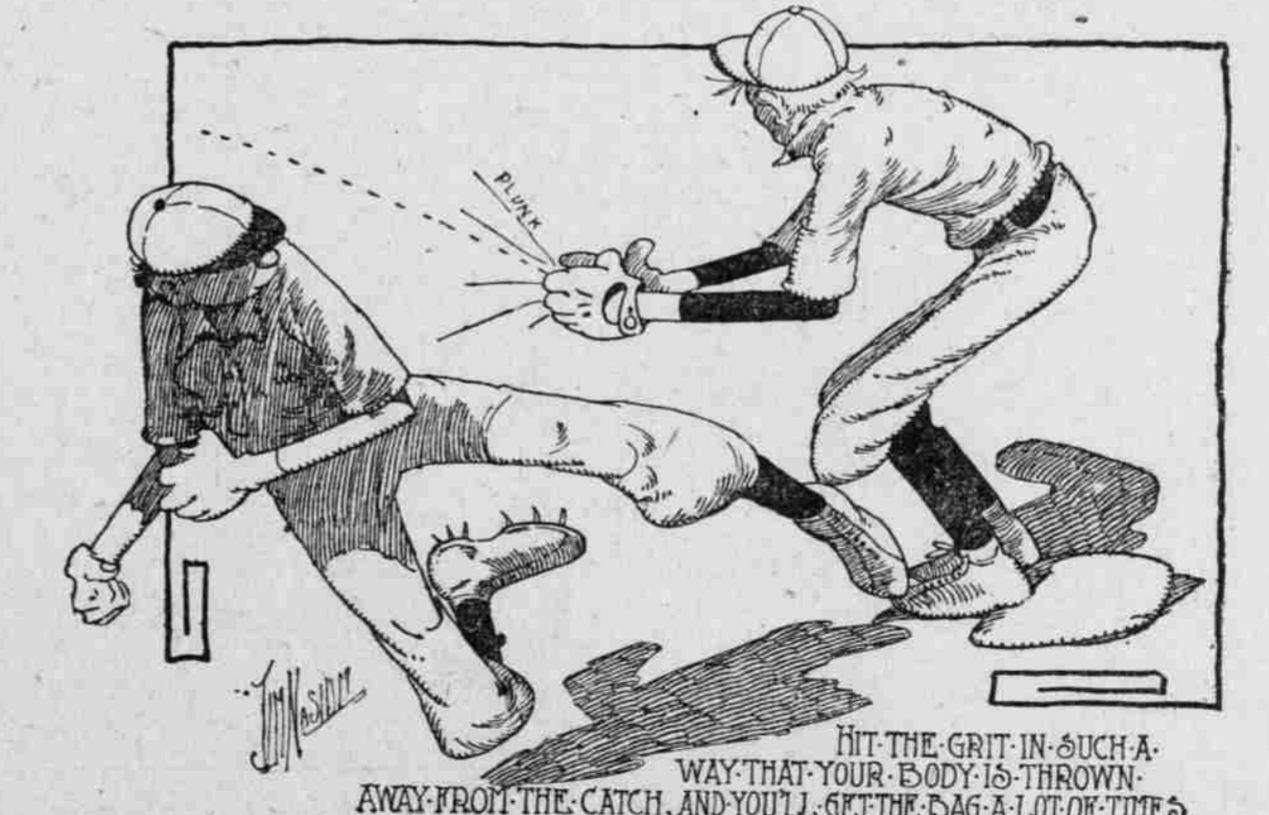
rule the kid who chokes his bat and ties the infield in a knot with a puny pelt, is the winner, and the candy kid with the stick.

"He's the Johnny-on-the-spot in a pinch, because he is playing a sure thing, while the husky slugger is playing a game in which the percentage is against him. And you can take my tip, too, that long hits are a thundering lot like women. You are a blamed sight more apt to get 'em if you don't go after 'em. It isn't the murderous swing that rips boards off the whisky lot like women. You are a blamed sight more apt to hit the strong is the battle, not to the swift is the race." And I want to tell you, fellows, that is blamed true in baseball. It isn't the husky slugger who cops pennants, and it isn't the speediest sprinter who cuts the biggest gash in the basestalling averages. The Chicago White Sox didn't have a 300 hitter in their outfit when they won the world's

championship. And you'll notice a bunch of speedy men on the circuit who can tramp gravel at pretty close to record time, but who must buy nearly every time they get gay on the base paths. "This isn't because their speed isn't any assistance, but it is lack of judgment and noodle-work. In the space which lies between the lead, you should get off first, and the point where you should start your slide for second, the speed of Mercury wouldn't gain you a foot in your distance. But a good lead, a start at the psychological moment and a leady slide will gain you three or four yards. The guy who cuts the lead along the base paths is the one who uses judgment in getting his start and uses his noodle in making his slide, and I don't give a brass-mounted continental if he runs like a hydrant. "You'll see a lot of speedy guys who are good base-runners in other respects who get nailed because they always slide the same way, no matter where the throw comes. You can take it from me that the success in slipping the bags doesn't lie so much in beating the throw as it does in getting away from it after it gets there. Keep your lamps trimmed on the guy who is covering the bag when you go into it and you can tell from his actions where the throw is coming, then hit the grit spikes first and in such a way that your body is thrown away from the catch, and take it from me, you'll get the bag a lot of times when the throw has you nailed a mile. "Now it's time to hit the feathers, boys, but a lot of you ice wagons who are nursing the dope that it's no use for a guy who gets over the ground like a trackhorse to get gay on the base paths want to chuck that slush out of your garret. Take it from me, it's the noodle that makes the baserunner, and not the speed. The kid who instantly ran like a sewing machine, but he was a terror on the bases just the same. "At least it to the hayloft now, boys, here comes the boss to round you up. Remember that the kid who bucks against the sandman tonight is going to be shy on ginger tomorrow. Good-night, boy."



THE KID WHO CHOKES HIS BAT AND TIES THE INFIELD IN A KNOT WITH A PUNY PELT IS THE WINNER.



HIT THE GRIT IN SUCH A WAY THAT YOUR BODY IS THROWN AWAY FROM THE CATCH, AND YOU'LL GET THE BAG A LOT OF TIMES WHEN THE THROW HAS YOU NAILED.

the official averages you'll get next to the fact that the winning pitchers are the ones whose names are never mentioned in connection with any new curve inventions. Their stock doesn't need any boosting. Old Cy Young has been tossing them up to the plate in the same old way for 18 years, and he has pitched two or three generations of these 'new curve' inventors into oblivion. "Now, boys, I don't want to preach you a sermon, but while we are dallying with the batting dope, I'll have to hand it to you that I've noticed a blamed pernicious habit in you of trying to murder the ball out of the county, but these conditions pop up in a game just about as often as a Democratic President moves into the White House. And I'm next to the fact that the gang in the stands will root their heads off for the husky guy who is

rule the kid who chokes his bat and ties the infield in a knot with a puny pelt, is the winner, and the candy kid with the stick. "He's the Johnny-on-the-spot in a pinch, because he is playing a sure thing, while the husky slugger is playing a game in which the percentage is against him. And you can take my tip, too, that long hits are a thundering lot like women. You are a blamed sight more apt to get 'em if you don't go after 'em. It isn't the murderous swing that rips boards off the whisky lot like women. You are a blamed sight more apt to hit the strong is the battle, not to the swift is the race." And I want to tell you, fellows, that is blamed true in baseball. It isn't the husky slugger who cops pennants, and it isn't the speediest sprinter who cuts the biggest gash in the basestalling averages. The Chicago White Sox didn't have a 300 hitter in their outfit when they won the world's

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Wild Goose Story From Maine.

Kennebec Journal. Here is a wild goose story from a South Harpawell correspondent: Friday afternoon as Edward H. Moody was working at Barre's Island Cove he saw a large wild goose sitting in the edge of the water. The wind was blowing a good breeze at the time and the goose had evidently got in the sea and was taking his afternoon nap. Mr. Moody crept up and seized him by the neck and got one of the worst beatings of his life from the wings of the bird, but he held fast and took his prize home and has him still alive, and will keep him to show to his friends as a proof of the wonderful feat he accomplished.