

Dedicated to All My Old Comrades and Lovers of the Sport, Who Have Made the Game What It Is Today, and to All Those Who Will Continue to "Play Ball" After We Oldtimers Have Struck Out for the Last Time.



Captain of the Game

I don't mind telling you that I had that effect precisely. I realized the fact that John R. Walsh had a perfect right to be dissatisfied with me if he wanted to be and Spaulding each owned 250 shares of the club's stock and he was the latter's banker—but I was also a stockholder to the extent of 120 shares, and it struck me that if Walsh was responsible for the newspaper attack on me, I would descend to such a procedure. I made up my mind to have a personal interview with Mr. Walsh and find out for myself how much truth there was in the matter.

The big man—I am speaking financially—received me quite affably, inquiring after the health of my family and as to how I had enjoyed my trip abroad. I got down to business pretty promptly and asked him direct if he had seen that article in question. He admitted that he had and that it represented what he felt about the matter. I was bolting within, but I put the brake on and kept myself under control. He went on to state that he and I kept silent until he was asked.

Then I asked him, civilly enough, if he thought I had ever done anything toward bringing the club up to its present position in the baseball world. He said that he had, and that I had done it by my own efforts. I was pleased to hear this, but I put the brake on and kept myself under control. He went on to state that he and I kept silent until he was asked.

After thinking it over for a few days, I resolved to give the magnate another chance to redeem himself. It seemed incredible to me that a man of his standing in the business world could be capable of such underhand work. So I presented myself one morning at his place of business, but got no farther than the outer office. Walsh's secretary informed me curtly that the banker wasn't in, although I could see him

over his face, and he only spilled when I advised him in a fatherly way to keep neutral. I wouldn't lay hands on you, Captain. I lost my job for not doing it," he said.

I had my say and the show was over, so I left the office in company with the young preserver of the post and before the fact of the street we were discussing baseball. I was right, though, in my prediction that Walsh's secretary would find a more honorable job for the one. He afterward became quite a leading light in the political world and was prominent in local politics.

For his master—well, the story of how he overreached himself and is now an inmate of a Federal prison is known to everyone, and I would be the last to try to grade him the sympathy to which he is entitled.

Title of next chapter: "I Decline a Proposed Testimonial." Copyright, 1911, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate, Copyright in Great Britain and Canada. All rights reserved.

CHAPTER XXXIV. I Decline a Proposed Testimonial. AFTER I was released by the Chicago management my plans were apparently of great interest to both press and public. If it had been equally interested in the title of the scheme, they would have been impudently to me I should have "gone bughouse" inside of a week. Every day brought out a couple of new ones—I was to manage this club, that club and the other club; I was to play here and play there, and in fact there wasn't much that I wasn't going to do, according to the papers. And every one of these, fine propositions, millions in it.

Looking over an old scrapbook of Mrs. Anson's the other day I came across a clipping which stated in sober earnest that I was on the point of opening the A. C. Anson Baseball College, a prospectus of which was actually given. The fellow who invented that was certainly a crackerjack, and I set the thing in motion. I couldn't help being touched by the kindness, but the idea of becoming a public beneficiary—the scheme was a let everybody who had any work was in it. It was repugnant to me. When I mentioned it to Mrs.

can and threw down the lid. From this can it was transferred into a fruit-can in which air-holes had been punched and in which Mrs. Blain carried the animal to her home in this city.

At first the little animal was kept carefully shut up in a large cage, which had been built for it but now the door of the cage remains open practically all of the time and the chipmunk has the freedom of the Blain house. It always returns to its cage, however, without trouble, and despite the fact that an open door gives free access to the rooms of the house it spends most of its time in its cage-house. Outside doors of the house are never left open, however, when the squirrel is out of its cage.

Most of the time the chipmunk is allowed to run about over the living-rooms of the house wherever it desires, but its favorite resting place, next to its cage, is upon a window-seat which is covered with flowers. It likes to play about among these flowers and also sit in the window and look out at passersby.

The little animal appears to play around a bookcase and crawl in and out over the rows of books. One day Mrs. Blain heard the squirrel running back and forth from its cage to the bookcase. It often runs about this way and nothing was thought of the matter until the trips assumed a certain regularity, then the cage was opened and found the chipmunk was moving its bed from the cage to a place behind a row of books. The bed was made of straw and moss, and the chipmunk has not offered to move since that time.

While it leaves its bed in the cage it takes the trouble to rearrange it entirely every day or two. It will tear the bed to pieces, pick apart all the particles which form it and carefully separate a part that has become matted and then remake the bed into a downy nest.

The little fellow lives principally on nuts and seeds of various kinds. Nuts are cracked and placed in the cage twice a day and Mrs. Blain will often feed the chipmunk at different times when it climbs up into her lap. Whenever anyone in the house starts to crack nuts either for the squirrel or for use on the table the little animal quickly comes over and gets its share of the nuts. It is very greedy and hungry or not and with traditional squirrel instinct stores up in his jaws the nuts that are given him, taking back to the cage all that he does not care to eat at once.

No matter how little or how much food is given him he always stores up part of it as at any time one can find a supply of nuts or seeds hidden away under the nest or in the corners of his cage. He always has something to eat. He is a very tidy animal.

In addition to giving the chipmunk Mrs. Blain feeds it seeds of various kinds, occasionally some kind of vegetable or grass. She also gives it a teaspoonful of milk twice a day.

We All Know Them. "Did you enjoy the opera?" "No, I didn't hear it." "Why not?" "Two women seated next to me kept telling each other how they adored music."—Boston Transcript.

formed and providing a circuit of eight miles could be secured. By November the business had progressed so far that another meeting was held in New York. I didn't show up, but nothing definite was done. A third meeting was held in Philadelphia just before the holidays. Things began to look decidedly rosy. Finally a meeting to effect a permanent organization was called for February 15 in Chicago. I was elected president, and it was decided to open the playing season April 15, with a circuit of eight miles.

I confess that the scheme looked fishy to me from the first, and I was not a bit surprised when the movement collapsed. Everybody was most interested in it made their quarrels with the league and others could not get hold of the necessary financial backing. I was disappointed, but I knew it was only a matter of time.

In 1906 I got into politics in Chicago. Ever hear how it happened? Well, I had been doing a little in that line for some time. When my friend Tom Barrett ran for Sheriff of Cook County I went out and made several little talks for him and gave the reporters a chance to write up the story of my life and I couldn't say. When Tom was elected some paper suggested Anson for deputy, but Tom didn't see the article in the paper and didn't come to me. After while another paper mentioned my name in connection with City Treasurer. That set me to thinking.

Anybody who got a hunch on and made up my mind to get busy and see what I could pick up. The dope seemed fairly good to me and I wanted to see what I could do with it. I went around and saw some of my friends on the Democratic committee and played a little at wire-pulling, but when the convention opened I went out on strike.

Anyhow, it was a starter in politics, and that's half the game. Next time I got there was given the nomination for City Clerk almost without my asking for it. That was a mighty proud day for me, for it looked as if folks still had confidence in me and wanted to show it. Everybody seemed satisfied and I was so and so on. I don't mind telling you I was as tickled over my election as I ever was over winning the pennant.

Anybody has ever said that I ever neglected my post at the City Hall to attend a ball game? It's mighty hard to be careful to say it when I've not been within hearing distance.

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CHAPTER XXV. WITH my retirement from the Chicago club in 1907 my active connection with the game may be said to have terminated. My own personal experience in the service of Andy Freeman isn't worth remembering, and I never do except when I have the nightmare. It's a night dream from me, however, that my affair with the game is as strong today as it was when I played it with my father and brother.

Many a day I think of the old days ago, I believe that for all time to come I will be what it has been in the past—the great national sport of the American people.

Back on my 27 years of active professional service on the diamond, I do not regret that I chose it for my career, despite the fact that the game was a "plunging" business and that I seemed like a foolish thing for a young man to do. It was in direct opposition to the wishes of my good father, but I took the step because that gave me a good deal less concern at the time than it should have done—and it is one of my happiest reflections that I took the step before he saw the light.

partly open, caused Worden, blind as he was to believe that the pilot-house was seriously injured, if not destroyed; he therefore gave orders to put the helm to starboard and "sheer off." Thus the "Monitor" drifted temporarily from the action, in order to ascertain the extent of the injuries she had received.

It finally resulted, that when a gun was ready for firing, the turret would be started on its revolving journey in search of the target, and when found it would be directed to the target by the turret control.

When I reached my station in the pilot-house, I found that the iron log was fractured and the top partly open; but the steering-gear was still intact, and the pilot-house was not totally destroyed, as had been feared.

This battle continued at close quarters, without apparent damage to either side. After a time, the supply of shot in the turret being exhausted, Worden hailed off for about 15 minutes to replenish the magazine. The charging was a matter of no difficulty; but the hoisting of the heavy shot was a slow and tedious operation, it being necessary that the turret should remain stationary in order that the two scuttles, one in the deck and the other in the floor of the turret, should be in line.

Two important points were constantly kept in mind; first, to prevent the enemy's projectiles from entering the turret through the port-holes—for the explosion of a shell inside, by disabling the man at the guns, would have ended the fight, as there was no relief gun's crew on board; second, not to fire into our own pilot-house. A careless or impatient hand, during the confusion arising from the whirlwind motion of the turret, might let slip one of our big shells into the pilot-house.

Soon after noon a shell from the enemy's turret struck the forward side of the pilot-house directly in the right-hole, or air lock, exploding, cracking the second iron log and partly lifting the Monitor's opening. Worden was standing immediately behind this spot and received in his face the force of the blow, which partly stunned him, and filling his eyes with powder, utterly blinded him.

The injury was known only to those in the pilot-house and its immediate vicinity. The flood of light rushing through the top of the pilot-house, now

giving, 1906—I could show him evidences of the appreciation in which my service in the cause of baseball was held by Henry Chadwick, the "father of baseball." This generous tribute from the Y. M. C. A. authorities on all matters connected with the game appeared in the League Guide for 1908 and the portion alluding to my retirement from baseball was as follows: "Professional baseball history records the development of many an original

gives that his self-willed son had been made a member of the President's Cabinet. Now, although I don't suppose the public cares a whole lot about what I have been doing since I retired from baseball, I'd like to say, for my own comfort, that so far I haven't been doing anything to supersede the work of the early chapters of this story. I confessed that I had a soft spot in my heart for the game of billiards. I might as well get possession of it as I did early in my life. I have not divided my attention between baseball and billiards, always, of course, giving the preference to the former. After I lost the diamond I very naturally turned to billiards, and eventually adopted it as a business.

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character in the ranks alike of its press writers, its club magnates and its most ardent fans. I have seen a billiard player said that its most unique figure can be found in the person of the league's greatest representative on the field. I stand forth as one of the most sturdy, fearless and honest exemplars of professional baseball known to the game.

In some respects Anson resembles a rough diamond, his brusque manner and impulsive temper needing the keen politeness of the referee to bring out his conventional amenities of life to make his inherent worth shine forth to its full brilliancy. Anson, too, reminds one of the great diamond of the American game, Davy Crockett, inasmuch as his practical motto is "When you know you're right, go ahead." This latter trait was shown in his attitude toward the players' revolt in 1890, when almost alone as a minority man he stood by the National League in its greatest hour of peril.

But when it comes to the final showdown the thing that gives me the most unqualified satisfaction is my batting and fielding record for the 23 years of my active connection with the Chicago Club. Let me present it with my final bow:

Table with 5 columns: Year, Games, Batting Average, Fielding Percentage. Data includes years from 1875 to 1907.

WITH JOAQUIN MILLER THE HAUNTS OF HIS MUSE

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When a fellow goes down; for words are scarce in the world of war and peace. And mightier far for war or for weal.

Were it not well in this brief little journey On over the isthmus down to the tide; We give him a fish instead of a serpent, Eve holding in her hand a white bird, Forever and aye in dust at his side?

Look at the roses saluting each other; Look at the birds all at peace on the plain; Man, and man only, makes war on his brother, And does in his heart on his peril and pain, Shamed by the brutes that go down on the plain.

Why should you envy a moment of pleasure Some day you look into his life's broken measure— Oh! Look you into his life's broken measure— Look at the drug—at the wormwood and gall; Look at the heart hung with crepe like a pall;

Look at the skeletons by his hearthstone— Look at his care in their meretricious sway, I know you will see that tender, lowly, Brother, my brother, far are and a day; Lo! Loth is washing the darkness away.

Tribute to Womankind. When the cultured Greeks and Romans declared that "Woman has no rights her lord is bound to respect," the Barbarians along the Rhine said that a sacred woman came down from heaven one day and alighted in the heart of woman, so that as long as there were mothers on the earth there might be something pure to guide the lives of men. It was this belief, that she shone as a lamp during the emancipation of woman-kind in Europe, and it called forth Chivalry and a multitude of kindred expressions to announce her special supremacy.

Since that time literature has been replete with beautiful accounts of the woman as she has risen from her station to positions more exalted. The story has been so pretty that it reads like a poem. Then, that now, many of the more intellectual pagan nations regarded it a disgrace for a man to recognize his wife or mother in public. Present Greece, therefore, honored womankind when she stood on the porch of the capitol building at the head of Pennsylvania avenue in Washington, D. C., and a multitude of dear old men, who had kissed him to split rails, and who had made it possible for him to acquire an education so that he might become President of the United States.

It is one of the crowning glories of the American Nation that nine-tenths of the public school children in this land have been selected from the ranks of women who excel men in industry and teaching. It was a splendid assertion of respect for woman-kind that inspired men from time to time to recognize the mothers, wives, sisters and daughters even as their superiors in many of the struggles that incline humankind to be angelic. No one has told the story better in the English language than Joaquin Miller told it in his poem, "The Mothers of Men," for you can see your own mother in every line:

The Mothers of Men. The bravest father that ever was fought

IN THE MONITOR'S TURRET

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6

and the bow and stern; but these marks were obliterated early in the action. I would continually ask the captain, "How does the 'Merrimac' bear?" He replied, "On the starboard beam," or "On the port-quarter," as the case might be. Then the difficulty was to determine the direction of the starboard-beam, or port-quarter, or any other part of the ship.

It finally resulted, that when a gun was ready for firing, the turret would be started on its revolving journey in search of the target, and when found it would be directed to the target by the turret control.

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