

THE BASTARD as told by Jimmy Callahan

The Famous Pitcher, Now Manager of the White Sox and First of the Latter-Day Managerial Appointees to "Make Good" the Initial Season of His Command, Tells Interestingly of the Mysteries of Successful Base Running, at Which Science He Is a Past Master—Using James S. Hammond as His Scribe, He Makes Plain the Reasons That Have Led to His Success as a Diviner of the Diamond's Secrets.



Mr. James S. Hammond
"Jimmy"
Callahan

JAMES J. CALLAHAN, foremost of "comeback" baseball celebrities, who is now successfully leading the Chicago White Sox, was holding an impromptu levee in the lobby of a New York hotel when I sought his views on the speed of the present-day ball player as developed in encircling the bases.

Callahan's success as a manager is, of course, the greatest surprise to date of the young season. He has had a remarkable career as a player, displaying skill and the best of judgment. No one could doubt or belittle his keen knowledge of the game, but few would have picked him to deliver such sterling managerial goods. But Charles A. Comiskey, the owner of the White Sox, did so, and his selection has made the whole baseball world sit up and take notice.

When Comiskey brought Callahan back into fast company, many years after he had been the mainstay in the pitcher's box with the famous old Chicago Cubs of "Pop" Anson's day, "Cal" was considered a hopeless "has-been." He had lost his cunning as a slabbist, and though always considered a fair batter and fielder, there didn't appear to be good and sufficient reason to bring him back into Class A endeavor in a regular fielder's capacity.

The wisest of Chicago fans expected to see him turned adrift after a brief trial in the White Sox lineup. He had then been handling a semi-professional team in the Illinois metropolis. It seemed more probable that his fate would be to drop back into that style of minor baseball occupation than to show a decided "comeback" in form with the Sox, but Callahan fooled his critics one and all, which afforded the astute Comiskey great chunks of satisfaction.

The big president of the White Sox decided to take a chance of this sort when Hugh Duffy retired from the leadership of the team at the close of the 1911 season. He sent for Callahan and made him Duffy's successor.

Now what had this man Callahan to recommend him as a manager to cope with such well-established leaders as Connie Mack and Hughie Jennings? The reason was not apparent.

"Cal," the sobriquet most often applied to him, is a new type of master baseballer. He is not in the least like the quiet, thoughtful Mack, nor the brilliant, aggressive Jennings. In his personality there is a simple forcefulness that suggests the finest susceptibility, but in no wise impresses those who see him on the ball field, or meet him casually, with the leadership capabilities which he has so thoroughly demonstrated.

Callahan's Big Record. He possesses the artist's ideal of an athletic physique. He is medium in height and well built, but not unduly muscular.

It has sometimes been remarked that Callahan's appearance bore a striking resemblance to that of the quondam matinee idol, James K. Hackett. Nor are the facial features of the two men entirely unlike. But if either of them were to be considered flattered by the comparison I should pick Hackett as the one favored.

Callahan has done some footling daz- zling himself, appearing all over the country in vaudeville so successfully that he still has a standing offer to return to the big sketch circuits.

But baseball has entirely reclaimed Jimmy from the uneasy life of the Theatrical. He took part in 110 of the 121 games played by the Chicago White Sox last season as an outfielder, and his promotion to managerial responsibilities is neither keeping him out of the play nor interfering with his playing. So far this season "Cal" has covered left field in every game the Sox have contested and is batting better than he did at any time last Summer.

Here is the official record of Callahan's work on the ballfield last season: G. Ab. R. H. Sh. Sb. 2b. 3b. Hr. Put. 120 466 64 131 21 45 13 5 3 251

For the first 34 games played this season the master of the White Sox batted stronger; in fact, he was leading his team in that important department during that period. His record for these 34 games was:

G. Ab. R. H. Sh. Sb. 2b. 3b. Hr. Put. 34 121 21 41 6 4 2 1 1 339

Lord led the White Sox in batting last season with an average of .321, but during the period on which the above Callahan record is based he was sixth in the list, with a percentage of .296.

Callahan is the only playing manager in the American League race who is batting in the .300 class, and the fact that he is setting the pace with the willow for his teammates probably establishes a new record for strategic leaders. The other playing managers in the Johnson organization are J. Garland Stahl, of the Boston Red Sox, and Roderick Wallace, of the St. Louis Browns. Neither of these rival commanders was averaging the bludgeon at anything like the .300 swing at the time quoted above.

Makeup of a Manager. It takes something more than a clever ballplayer to make a successful manager. Hal Chase had bundles of the sort of classiness which makes a diamond star to recommend him when he was tried out as leader of the Highlanders. Hal's friends were sure he would eclipse McGraw, Mack, Chance, Jennings et al. as managers. But what did he do? Many of us will recall it with sadness.

What did Chase do? Instead of leading his chances ahead he seemed really to push them back. At any rate, that was what happened to the New York Americans under his leadership.

Then, what is it that has made "Jimmy" Callahan a success as a baseball leader? Simply this—a keen, logical perceptibility that has absorbed and retained years of studious observation on field action. He has made himself great by studying others.

Callahan is making new baseball history. He is the first new managerial appointee to make good the first year of his command. It took Hanlon a couple of years to bring the old Baltimore club up to pennant contending class. McGraw didn't do much with the Giants until his second campaign.

His classmate as a leader, he has shown nothing in the three seasons of his efforts with the Cardinals to compare with the success of Callahan this year.

Here is the first question I put to him:

"Open it," she had adjured me in a whisper—her last words: "I never dared. He never dared!"

Unhappily, I had been told, still with the feeling of revulsion owing to the nature of the thing and the circumstances under which I had received it, and of something of the well man's feeling of contempt, I turned up the light, intending to open the box and make an end of the mystery at once. It was a very curious casket, and I paused to look at it—dark in color, it was heavy and that which it contained seemed, when I set it down, to give a muffled sound. There was no lock nor clasp. Two bands of the same metal, running around it crosswise and welded with Eastern skill, secured it, which, to allow it to be opened, must be filed. Fastened to the lid by a strong, black with age, slipped under one of the metal bands through a hollow in the graving, was a bit of cracked and twisted parchment, which I spread open with somewhat eager hands.

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Manager Callahan when I sought his ideas on speeding about the bases:

"How much importance do you place in the speed on the bases a team possesses when considering their winning chances?"

"Everything. Great fielders and batters are necessary, but speed and good judgment on the bases are the qualities that win pennants. For example, see what this development has accomplished for McGraw. Timely drives from the bats of famous sluggers sometimes break up games, but more often it is the daring baserunner who puts the fatal crimp in the defensive play of the strongest opposition.

"The pitching of a first-class boxman when in fine fettle may successfully hold the cleverest batsmen at bay throughout an entire game, but speed and skill on the circuit attacks the defense of the whole infield, including the pitcher. The strongest wall must give way under persistent pressure if sufficient force is behind it."

"Do you arrange your batting order with some consideration for the baserunning capabilities of your players as well as because of their batting prowess?"

"I certainly do. In adhering to the old, time-honored rule of sending up the three cleverest men at getting on the circuit first and then following them with the best batter for clean-up purposes I by no means neglect the all-important baserunning feature of attack.

"The instant one of my men lands on first, he knows what is expected of him. He is not supposed to await there quietly for the clean-up man to send him home or further around the bases. It then becomes his duty to watch for opportunities for stealing the next corner or getting a good start when the man at bat has the ball."

"I would much rather see one of my men caught off a bag than fail to make every effort to gain some baserunning advantage after getting on first. These maneuvers not only assure greater success on the homeward route, but aside from that they engage the attention of the pitcher and all the infielders, diverting them from their regular duties, sometimes to such an extent that the pitcher blows up or the fielders make misplays or errors."

"Is the clever man at stealing bases any faster in getting down to first on a batted ball?"

"Not necessarily. He may be. You must take into consideration the fact that speed is not the only qualification for a prize baserunner. So much depends on the lead in starting and cleverness in landing at the bags after passing first base. Mike Kelly was a great base-stealer and so was Tom Daly, but neither of these men were sprinters. It was their judgment that did the trick rather than any speed accomplishments."

"For the same reason, then, the fast man at getting down to first might not make the cleverest base-stealer?"

"No. It may also be said that sprinting without judgment is of little benefit to a player in any department of the game. Why, I have seen men do the last half or last third of the stretch from the plate to first fast enough to beat out many infield hits, but makes such slow starts that the speed they developed at the end of the line was of no use. The grooves of a better start are more valuable to a team."

"Which type of men—large or small—usually show the most speed on the bases?"

"Why, the large men unquestionably. I have always considered Big Bill Lange, the old Chicago center fielder, the ideal baserunner. Lange and Billy Hamilton were the best men on the bases when I broke into big league company with the Chicago Nationals, and they were both big men."

"In the present day take Ty Cobb, Hooper, Milan, Baker, Merkle and Wagner. They are all stockily built. Of course there are exceptions, Devore and Collins for instance."

"Do you remember Bill Lange's methods in stealing bases?"

"Yes, indeed, I should say I do. He handled that big body of his in sliding with greater skill than any of his successors have shown, always managing to get a big lead on the pitcher and often evading fielders that stood awaiting his arrival ready to touch him with the ball. It used to tickle me to watch him steal bases. I have profited by that observation, too, both in personal practice and in making suggestions to my men."

"Would you mind naming some of the present-day American League players in whom you have observed something of that old Lange system?"

"Certainly not. First of all I should say Cobb of Detroit displays much of Lange's ability. Chase and Cree of New York, Collins of Philadelphia and Lord of our own beloved White Sox all have marked Langeish proclivities in making time on the baseball track. There are others, too, that I have not mentioned who are perhaps equally clever in that line."

"Have you observed any new characteristics in the methods of latter-day base-stealing leaders?"

"Yes, I have noticed one of my men in particular studying the preliminary moves made by the pitcher before delivering the ball to the plate when men are on the bases. I mean Lord, one of our best base-stealers."

"Lord seems to get a tip from the action of the pitcher's feet or hands that tells him when the man in the box is going to wind up. By this means he gets a big start on the battery. I suppose others do the same, but Lord is very clever at it."

"How much has the game improved in baserunning during recent years in your opinion?"

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"Do you drill your players regularly in base-running tactics?"

"Certainly. When at home that is the most important part of our morning practice. I have some promising youngsters whom I left behind with a coach when starting on this tour, so that they might get in a lot of this sort of practice."

"You don't think any team could win a pennant, no matter how strong they might be in batting, unless they had the base-running department well developed, do you?"

"Well, sir, take it from me, they would have to be a team of Cobbs and Lajoles, and then I'd have to have any money up on them in either the American or National League goings."

Old Players Doing Well. This last question answered, there seemed nothing left to ask. So I carefully gathered up the notes I had taken and thrown to one side on a handy little hotel writing table and prepared to say good-by to this newly famous baseball leader.

"By the way," said Callahan, digging almost savagely down into his inside coat pocket as I was leaving, "I have one who had but two for company my aunt and the craven captain who had owned the cursed keepsake with myself. The dead sheik who had left his legacy was the master of the change in me."

I threw open the windows and sat shivering, that I might have the company of the sound in the street with having her come into contact with the company of the clouds and stars. I invited in my friends; I pressed them to stay with me, but one by one they said that there was something wrong and ceased to come. Their excuses, their averted looks, their embarrassment when met by my entrance, were proof of what they thought, and yet I knew that I was as yet unclouded in my mind. I was gradually avoided, at length deserted, by all save the box and one other, the woman whom I loved, who had not changed, although she showed that she had seen the change in me.

From her, too, conscience, the only virtue that seemed left to me, persuaded me that I must part. A craven claim to any woman's love, I was not worthy that she should haunt me, with pale, sweet brow, and clear eyes fixed on me, with grave questioning, even in my thoughts. Her image must come no more into the room with softly trailing skirts, and take its place beside the fire. There was another presence there more potent than her own that would blight her, also, with its evil spell. Her soul must not be made a victim of the box.

What a description can portray the charm and peace to me of the room to which I went to find her, after a long absence which, although not understood—the sun shining through the thin white curtains on the plants blooming in the boxes in the windows, the clock clicking its contentment on the mantel, the restfully tinted walls, the welcoming chairs, the atmosphere of all-pervading cheer to which I had no right. I had meant to tell her merely that I was unworthy and to bid her to forget that I had ever come into her life, but her woman's power over me drew from me a secret which I had determined no other human being was to share. She listened without comment, but with something in her

face which I did not understand. It seemed to me, as I sat with head bowed on her table in utter self-abasement and despair, that she was looking at me and lingering but for a moment more of her, that bending over me she laughed.

"You are not well," she murmured. "Wait for me here till I come back."

In a moment or two more, returning, with that rustle of gentle skirts that I knew so well in the past, she came to her and lingering but for a moment more of her, that bending over me she laughed.

"What have you in your other hand?" I asked. "A file," she said.

I pass over my expostulations, my entreaties, my horror, in my now redoubled love of her, at the thought of having her come into contact with the baleful thing. Together we sought the house in which I had my lodgings, together mounted up the stairs, together came into the room, which I found I had never seen in the mellow light of afternoon. As we entered, our eyes turning toward one object, the dark casket on the cabinet, now become more dreadful than the sphinx's riddle, she put the file into my hand. Her touch, her presence there beside me, brought back my manhood with an electric flash, transfigured, as by a current, the power of her spirit into mine, and I knew myself, at that moment, to be what I had ceased to hope that I should ever be, the master of the box.

Striding forward, while she followed me, I took it from its place, holding it hard in my grasp, in triumphant vengeance for the grasp that it had had so long of me. With the woman who had given me the strength beside me, and in the light of the windows, through which the late sun, streaming in, seemed to be dissolving the dark spell about me, I fled away first one and then the other of the metal bands. The first and then the second, as I worked and she watched me, broke with a sudden snap. I looked at her, she looked at me, and the heavy lid, held only by the pressure of my fingers and released by them, sprang back—and standing side by side we saw that which had been buried with Abed Horeb and shall surely be buried with me too, and with her, and accept it or struggle with it with what hate he may, with every child of man, be he sheik or serf, rich or poor, powerful or helpless, who shall come into the world and shall go out of it, and that is all that is possible for him to carry with him. Nothing.

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that his firm has just purchased a 33,000-acre tract of land as a speculation. They also own the famous old Cliff House out at the Golden Gate and some office buildings.

"I guess Lange has slid home successfully for the last time. He says real estate is a whole lot faster than baseball and he is going to lay close to it for the rest of his days. Now, there's an example for ball players. Most of them don't hit the earth so softly when they slide away from the game, but you see there are some fine examples of success beyond the playing days of the boys to think over."

"What do you expect to drift into when you quit baseball?"

"What will I do? Why, I'm just starting and I expect to stick to my calling for many years yet. But when I do quit if I decide to follow some other occupation I'll be prepared to take a flyer in almost any line that appeals to me."

Jimmy Callahan has changed considerably in the past half dozen years. He has passed the days when he was best known as a "good fellow." He is still that now, but he is taking better care of Jimmy Callahan and hence his importance grows steadily in the world of baseball.

Trying to Be Good. Sir Francis Vane in the Metropolitan. When, as a child, I was told to be good it usually meant doing something unpleasant, and when I asked why, I was told that I would go to heaven. But heaven is a long way off from the mind of a child, and even then as a bribe not altogether a moral incentive. Further, I was once prepared to strengthen my body by a peculiarly oppressive form of gymnastics. I am sure I asked "why," and the reply would always come, "because it will make you strong and healthy when you grow up." This incentive, like heaven, is too far away for the child mind.

Again, in those grubby things which are at the gate of science, equal and unattractive, usually are: Elementary arithmetic, geography, history (taught as a series of dates and not as a great and noble drama) and the rest, the child sees nothing of the application of these things to his life outside, to him they are merely "tasks" imposed by those wonderfully stupid people, the grown-ups.

In contrast to all this, take the principle, the idea of scouting—a colored, adventurous, voluntary enterprise. To make it clear to children why they must keep the scout law, which is in its essence the sermon on the mount applied, the scout law is made so that they have become members of a world order in which public conduct is an essential. They must be told that they exercise their bodies in all many training, not for health, but because as they have become protectors of the weak so they must be strong in preparation. And they must understand the gates of science you must take them into the fields and show them the use of things, the value of proportion, sums, decimals, the stars and topography. Strike the roots of all many training, and you will get every boy worth having in the world and every girl also. Make virtue, education, unity and the rest, dull and you are pulling against the natural forces of childhood—and they are the lords of the future.

The Sheik's Riddle

BY JOHN EARL.

WALKING homeward on that windy night, with clouds drifting across the stars, I carried with me, feeling for it an odd sort of hatred, probably the strangest legacy that had ever fallen to a man. My aunt, who had just died, and the passing of whose will seemed to my fancy in some way related to the dark, hurrying rifts above me, had called me to her bedside late that afternoon. It was seldom that I had seen a more withered face than the one on which I had looked down on the pillow. I remembered her, from my young days, as a silent, unsympathetic woman, repellent to a child. I had known her, in later years, as a recluse, a miser, living in solitary state in her sombre house, whose one passion, it was said, seemed to have been for collecting curious things. They had all, from the Bible that had belonged to a Scottish martyr, its yellow leaves covered with age's unlovely dark brown patches, to the many musty souvenirs of cities, battlefields, and cruises over foreign seas, been disposed of in her will—all except the box which her shaking hand had drawn, wrapped in a handkerchief, from beneath the bedclothes when we were alone together, and which I then carried in my coat.

She explained her possession of it briefly, as her time was short. The reason for her giving it to me I was not to know; the words with which she would have told me died in her throat. I was left to wonder why she called me to her. There had been no love lost between us. Whether she did not wish the mysterious casket to fall into the hands of strangers who might make a mock of her secret, or had a grim desire that it might trouble me as it had troubled her, she was gone beyond the reach of question. My eyes involuntarily sought the clouds passing overhead.

I set the box on the table when I reached my room, wrapped in the handkerchief as she had given it to me, and stirred the fire and sat down to my pipe, although the usual good cheer failed to put a distance, as I hoped, between me and the atmosphere that I had left. My aunt's face was before me, and her hands still seemed to hold the box. It had been given her—to tell what she had told me—by an English sea-captain at his death, one whose name I knew as a family tradition, who had brought it from Arabia,

where it had been found. More than this she had not the strength to say. "Open it," she had adjured me in a whisper—her last words: "I never dared. He never dared!"

Unhappily, I had been told, still with the feeling of revulsion owing to the nature of the thing and the circumstances under which I had received it, and of something of the well man's feeling of contempt, I turned up the light, intending to open the box and make an end of the mystery at once. It was a very curious casket, and I paused to look at it—dark in color, it was heavy and that which it contained seemed, when I set it down, to give a muffled sound. There was no lock nor clasp. Two bands of the same metal, running around it crosswise and welded with Eastern skill, secured it, which, to allow it to be opened, must be filed. Fastened to the lid by a strong, black with age, slipped under one of the metal bands through a hollow in the graving, was a bit of cracked and twisted parchment, which I spread open with somewhat eager hands.

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ural, I reasoned in excuse of it, after the experience that I had just come through. After all, I said to myself as I laid down the file, why did I do it then? Night was ahead of me with its dreams. Let me have daylight on the matter and a sound night's sleep to shake off the influence of the evening and the gloom of the morning. I turned on the light, and went to bed.

I was awakened in the morning by a knocking on my door. Rousing myself, I was aware at the same time of a ray from some unusual object striking on my eyes unpleasantly—the sun, through a blind that I had left open, on the metal of the mysterious box. The summons on the door was that of the janitor, who told me that a business client was waiting for me in the reception-room below; and, dressing hastily, I was obliged to abandon my intention of putting an end, by the reassuring light of day, to the riddle of the night before.

To be truthful, I was conscious of a feeling of relief in being supplied with an excuse which made it possible to put it off. I had slept poorly, and in the morning I felt as if I had been hit by a heavy blow. I locked the file in the drawer at last, and threw away the key. Who among those who knew me—my friends, my acquaintances, my family—would have dreamed that I, the ideal baserunner, Lange and Billy Hamilton were the best men on the bases when I broke into big league company with the Chicago Nationals, and they were both big men."

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Old Players Doing Well. This last question answered, there seemed nothing left to ask. So I carefully gathered up the notes I had taken and thrown to one side on a handy little hotel writing table and prepared to say good-by to this newly famous baseball leader.

"By the way," said Callahan, digging almost savagely down into his inside coat pocket as I was leaving, "I have one who had but two for company my aunt and the craven captain who had owned the cursed keepsake with myself. The dead sheik who had left his legacy was the master of the change in me."

I threw open the windows and sat shivering, that I might have the company of the sound in the street with having her come into contact with the company of the clouds and stars. I invited in my friends; I pressed them to stay with me, but one by one they said that there was something wrong and ceased to come. Their excuses, their averted looks, their embarrassment when met by my entrance, were proof of what they thought, and yet I knew that I was as yet unclouded in my mind. I was gradually avoided, at length deserted, by all save the box and one other, the woman whom I loved, who had not changed, although she showed that she had seen the change in me.

From her, too, conscience, the only virtue that seemed left to me, persuaded me that I must part.