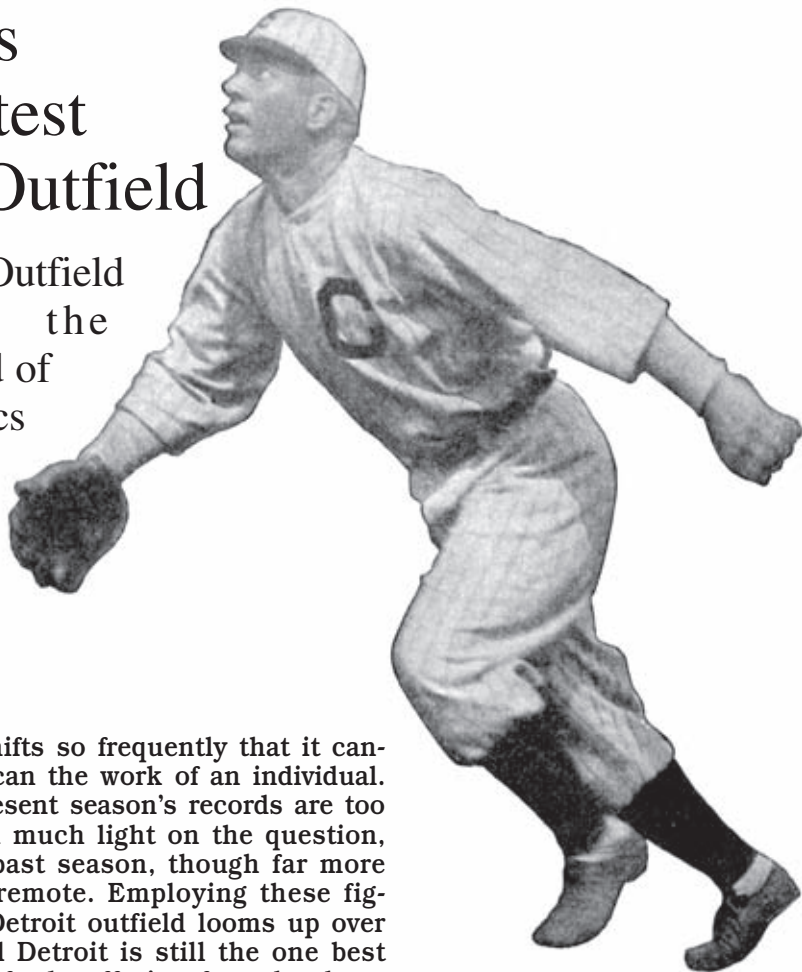


Baseball's Greatest Outfield

The \$100,000 Outfield
to Balance the
Famous Infield of
the Old Athletics

By F. C. LANE

The greatest of the sixteen Major League outfields cannot be easily determined. For one thing, an outfield shifts so frequently that it cannot be analyzed as can the work of an individual. Furthermore, the present season's records are too immature to furnish much light on the question, while those of the past season, though far more accurate, are a bit remote. Employing these figures, however, the Detroit outfield looms up over all competitors. And Detroit is still the one best bet, even with Crawford suffering from lumbago and Cobb and Veach not yet rounded into form.



Tris Speaker, the Greatest Individual Outfielder in the World

A CLUB without a powerful outfield is like an automobile with a defective motor. It may be an exquisite piece of mechanism. It may seem faultless to the eye. And yet in that single hidden defect all the advantages of brand new tires and well-fashioned body and costly furnishings fade away. The machine looks good, but it won't go.

A baseball machine may look good. The infield may be fast and flawless. The pitching may be masterly. But without the driving force of a well-poised outfield it can't score the runs that it must score in order to win. Upon other departments of that machine fall the burden of the defense. The pitcher's business is to mow down the oppos-

ing batters. The principal work of the infield is to cut off hits and sweep the baserunners off the bags by snappy plays. But the vocation of the outer-gardener is to drive in runs with his murderous bat and to score them with his nimble feet. For in the outfield is located the chief offensive power of a well balanced ball club.

The mutual advantages of batting vs. fielding have been infinitely discussed. In some positions one predominates and vice versa elsewhere. But in the outfield there is no doubt that batting is the prime essential. Mediocre fielding will get by coupled with a three hundred average. But the most spectacular of fielding will not for long assure the job of an outfielder whose stick work is feeble

and erratic. Whatever he may or may not do the outfielder must hit.

It is well to clearly grasp the main requirements of outfielding talent before taking up the complicated problem of the game's greatest outfield. For there are so many subtle undercurrents of fielding skill and, harmony of team play and the like to be considered that the all important feature of forceful hitting is liable to be obscured. A pitcher needn't hit, an infielder should hit, but an outfielder must hit.

The spell of the matchless infield, which long insured a pennant to Connie Mack, has in recent years obscured the merits of several stellar outfielders. The Red Sox outfield was for years the peculiar pride of that championship club. At Detroit the mid-day glare of Ty Cobb's name has quite overpowered the brilliant record of his associates. The pennant-winning Phillies are renowned for their redoubtable champion Cravath, for the brilliant Paskert and the painstaking efficient Whitted. But no great outfield has loomed up above its competitors as did the immortal four of the Athletic infield.

It is hard to line up the outfielders for comparison, for they change form so quickly. George Stallings is a shining example of what a manager can do to make the record-keepers gray-headed. Stallings usually has some half dozen outfielders whom he shifts and changes around much like the pawns on a chess board. No human being can tell with any degree of certitude, just what constitutes the outer defenses of the Braves' machine.

The same indefinite system is the prevailing one with a number of other clubs. Their outfielders are as changeable as the temper of a baseball fan. The custom of having one man to hit left-handed pitchers, and another for right-handers, seems to have taken root.

These vagaries of the manager, to say nothing of the changes incurred by accidents, banishment by umpires, trades, sales, etc., complicate the outfield situation to such a degree that it is all but impossible to make a clear cut comparison of the sixteen groups of fly chasers in the major ranks.

Fortunately for our purposes, how-

ever, the outfielders which are the greatest are the least likely to change. George Stallings makes numerous shifts because he has, on the whole, the poorest outfield in the National League. The Red Sox outfield in the days of Tris Speaker seldom varied from season to season save through injuries alone. There was never a chance for a recruit to supplant one of that grand trio. The manager is loath to alter a winning combination.

A study of the leading outfielders in the National League is complicated by the great number of Federal Leaguers and comparatively new additions. These men are hard to place on form, simply because their records are defective. Because a man made two hundred hits in the Federal League is no safe indication that he will do as well in the National. Because a player hit for three hundred and twenty in the Minors is scant basis for computation of what he is likely to do in major league company.

However, with the data available the major league outfielders shape up somewhat as follows:

We might as well begin with Brooklyn for two reasons. First Ebbets' team is just at present leading the procession. And second, the outfield which represents the city of churches is one of the best in the business.

Wheat, Myers and Stengel make a combination which has many things to recommend it. Wheat is one of the prettiest outfielders in the game. Myers is fast as light and a grand ground coverer. Stengel has a well-won reputation as a slugger. And yet last season's records do not treat this great trio very kindly. And since the records of the present season are still so meagre and uncertain we are perforce compelled to rely on the most recent and the most finished records at hand, namely those of 1915.

In fact, Wheat, the direful slugger, who had the highest average on the Brooklyn outfield last year, batted for but .258. Such an average would not go very far in gaining a reputation for an outer-gardener. And when we further consider that the batting power of the Brooklyn outfield as a whole was but .248, we are forced to conclude that Brooklyn whatever its laurels of past

years, and its prospects for this, is precluded from first place honors solely if for naught else, by its weak stick work.

One reason for the high standing of the Phillie Club was the offensive power of its outfield. Cravath, in particular, is famed for his slugging powers. And yet, so misleading are batting figures as at present conducted, that one of the most dreaded sluggers in the league is credited with an average of but .285. The error of this system has been dealt with at length in the pages of the *BASEBALL MAGAZINE* in the recent past and will be further discussed in the future. But since no improved system of rating batting averages has yet been installed we are perforce content to take the story of the present records.

Cravath batted for .285. Whitted, a much underrated player, hit for .281. Paskert, the brilliant and versatile, brought down the batting average, however, by his mark of .244. The combined batting per cent. of the Phillie trio is .273, a sufficient margin to give it a marked preference over Brooklyn, a mark hardly indicative of its inherent skill, since the records give no inkling of the twenty-four home run drives of Cravath, drives which in themselves turned many a hard fought contest from defeat to victory.

As a fielding combine, the Phillies are good. Paskert is one of the best ground coverers in the league. Whitted is a most efficient performer, while Cravath, though slow, acquits himself creditably in right.

Cincinnati had a strong batting combination in the outer garden, chiefly through the efficient stick work of Griffith, who whaled the ball for a total of .307. Killifer, who performed most of the season in the suburbs, hit for .272. The third man, Williams, batted, for .242, but he has been released. Neale, a newcomer, is now played regularly in the outfield. But records on his work are, of course, lacking. It is impossible to forecast the permanent outfield of the Reds, for this is a club where shifts and changes are the order of the day. But at present the above outfield is as fair a representative as any of Cincinnati's prowess in the field.

The outfield at St. Louis is something



Cactus Cravath, an Outfielder of the Slugging Type

of a problem. Bescher appears a fixture. Long was a very heavy slugger last season though an indifferent fielder. Wilson is slowing up but he is still a beautiful fielder and a good batter.

Bescher, once the king of base stealers, seems to have lost something of the knack. He no longer gets the breaks which once enabled him to steal almost at will. Still he is a grand base runner, a source of strength to any club in the outfield and a very fair hitter as well.

The hitting strength of this trio is high, namely, .277. A very good outfield

in many respects, but lacking something of the cohesion and finish of a well-rounded trio.

The outfield problem at Pittsburgh, like that at St. Louis, seems to be still unsettled. In both cities the three regulars are not assured, while newer names are continually appearing in the list. When Carey is in form he is sure of a berth, and so is Hinchman, the one for his grand fielding and brilliant base running, the latter for his tremendous slugging. Carey has taken the crown of champion base runner from the failing Bescher. Hinchman was the sensation of 1915 as a slugging outfielder. The third man is problematical. Baird and Barney appear in the lists from time to time. Barney played the position last year for a while and annexed a batting average of .273. His work as a fielder was immature, but rather promising. Possibly the showing of these three will indicate as clearly as anything the probable outfield strength at Pittsburgh; .279 is the average of these two veterans, and the one uncertainty, an average which tops all others in the league.

Boston is always a huge question mark in outfields. Magee is the sole fixture—a true star as a slugger and a creditable performer in all departments. At present Magee is on the injured list, but he may be counted upon to furnish the foundation for the Braves' defense in the field. Connolly was a slugger but a poor fielder. Stallings appears set on getting rid of him, though negotiations have not as yet materialized. Two newcomers—Wilhoit and Compton—seem to be doing very well, while Snodgrass (obtained from New York), has still much excellent baseball in his system. However, it is perhaps no exaggeration to say that the Brave outfield is the most uncertain, if not the poorest, in the league. Certainly no one, even in Boston, could claim it was the best.

The situation with the Cubs and the Giants is peculiarly complicated. No one in either city pretends to know the make-up of the permanent outfield, and matters are further affected through the presence of several Federal League players in both line-ups. It is true that records exist of the previous season's showing of these additions. But no

method exists of comparing them with records similarly made in the major leagues. The Federal circuit was particularly strong in pitchers. There, if anywhere, it measured up most closely to major standard. But the batting averages obtained on that circuit are still much of an uncertainty in new surroundings.

Chicago is most complicated of the two. Tinker has a superabundance of talent—good, bad and indifferent. Williams appears to have clinched his hold on a position in the field. He is one of the best ground-covering outfielders developed in years. Though wanting some of the finish which comes from maturity, he is a truly remarkable fielder, and the power of his bat, as in the case of Cravath, receives scant justice from his average of .257.

The veteran Schulte is still in the line-up, the last survivor of one of the greatest of teams. Whether or not he will outlast the season in that position is a question, for the competition is unusually keen on the Cubs. The third member of the combine appears to be Flack. The Federal Leaguer is a wonderfully fast and clever outfielder of good promise with the stick. The comparatively weak stick work of Williams and Schulte, as shown by the records—they average only .253 between them—precludes much possibility of Chicago's winning first honors in the field. And the shifts which appear certain will no doubt prevent the evolution of a finished outfield in the Windy City throughout the season.

The Giants at present writing repose peacefully in the cellar of the league. It would seem to be the height of folly to claim for them the fielding championship of their circuit, but that is precisely what we are going to claim for them in spite of their manifold misdeeds and misfortunes.

Burns is a man who needs no eulogy. He is one of the best, if not the best, all-round outfielder in the National League. Last season he fell off somewhat from his previous season's showing, but he still hit for .273, stole 27 bases and scored 83 runs, all high averages for last season's grade of work.

Robertson is not so finished a fielder

as Burns, but he is very fast, has a grand throwing arm, and hit for .294. Against Robertson, McGraw has Rousch, who many think is the superior even of Kauff as an outfielder. Rousch should prove a utility fielder of rare ability. Kauff has demonstrated the fact that he is a hustling ball player, always in the game, a great hitter, a sure and ambitious fielder and a fast man on the bases. Whether he will continue the speed with which he burned up the bases in the Federal League is a problem, but he is a natural ball player past any question. It is a safe bet that he will not prove the weak link in the Giants' chain. In fact, that is precisely our line of reasoning. We believe that Kauff will increase rather than diminish the average standards of his two associates in the field, and that standard would be sufficient to give the Giants the precedence over their rivals in the field. In other words, a third man on the Giants' squad as good as Burns and Robertson would round out the best outfield in the league. We believe that man is Bennie Kauff.

From the outfields we have taken as representative of the eight clubs in the National League, a number of interesting facts might be drawn. For instance, Brooklyn leads in the number of hits as well as in the total of extra bases. Philadelphia leads in the number of runs scored, Pittsburg in number of stolen bases and in batting average. Data on the Giants and the Cubs are not complete enough to furnish a similar comparison, on account of the presence of Federal leaguers in their roster. However, there is every indication that if those records were present, New York would lead by a wide margin.

To illustrate: The Pittsburg outfield leads in stolen bases with a total of sixty. Burns and Robertson stole 49 bases last season. Kauff was the best base runner in the Federal League, and noted for his speed. Does anyone suppose he would have failed to excel the eleven bases necessary to tie Pittsburg's score, had he worn a Giants' uniform last season?

Brooklyn leads in number of hits with 395. Burns and Robertson together made 329 hits. The third man of the outfield would have been obliged to make only 66 hits to tie Brooklyn, Kauff,



Armando Marsans, the Great Cuban Outfielder, Who Should Prove a Star in 1916

playing in form, would have exceeded that mark by more than 100.

In short, assuming that Kauff comes anywhere near living up to the advance notices of his ability, the Giants possess the fastest, best hitting and, on the whole, best fielding outfield in the National League. The crucial question: Will Kauff live up to form? cannot be answered. He has performed capably up to date and gives every indication of continuing to do so. In any case, he is no more likely to prove a disappointment than is any other player in either league.

It has been long conceded that the greatest outfielders in the game were in the American League. Tris Speaker, Ty Cobb, Clyde Milan, Joe Jackson, and Sam Crawford form a group whose parallel does not exist in the older circuit. And there are a number of other performers who barely fall short of equalling this renowned quintet in the field or at the bat.

Before the passing of Tris Speaker, the Red Sox boasted the greatest outfield in the circuits. Whether or not that boast was founded on fact is a question which we would be disposed to argue. But there can be no doubt that in Speaker they possessed the greatest fielding outfielder in the game, a man whose sensational excursions into short centre-field spoiled many a batting rally and robbed the opposition of many a safe hit. Furthermore, Speaker was almost as much dreaded for his batting and baserunning as he was for his marvelous fielding gifts. But Speaker has gone, and with him went the backbone of the most finished—if not the most efficient—outfield in recent years.

Lewis, fresh from the laurels of a world's championship, won, as nearly as such an event may be, single-handed, needs no encomiums on his playing talents. He is all that an outfielder should be—fast, a great judge of fly balls, with a grand throwing arm. Last season he hit for .291, which is enough and to spare. Hooper is every whit as good a fielder as Lewis, if not better, but the genial Harry has fallen down somewhat on his batting, according to the records, though the fans who saw him pole two home run drives into the bleachers in a

single world's series contest last year, would hardly admit as much. The third member of the trio, the man to whom falls the unwelcome lot of trying to fill Tris Speaker's shoes, is Walker, erst of St. Louis—a good hitter on his own account, and by no means an inferior fielder. Walker may not be touted as highly as some, but there is a convincing note in the 333 put-outs which fell to his lot in the field.

In short, the reconstructed Red Sox outfield hit last season for an average of .264, made 432 hits for a total of 583 bases, stole 56 hassocks, and scored 212 runs. When it is remembered that the best scoring team in the National League—the Phillies—scored but 186 runs, it will readily appear that the Red Hose, even with Walker substituted for Speaker, are a combination to be feared.

In the field the three champions of the Hub city made 851 put-outs, which is a greater number than that made by any other outfield whose records are complete. In short, the Red Sox trio will still give any one a close race when it comes to fielding.

Still great, but not the greatest, then would be a fitting verdict for Boston's outer gardeners.

The Athletics are but a memory of their former glory, and it is well to bear in mind that their outfield never did measure up to the rest of their machine. The Athletic outfielders who seem to have first choice this season are Oldring, Walsh and Strunk.

This trio hit for an average of .252 last season, which is not so bad when we remember that Brooklyn's walloping sticksmiths hit for but .248. Furthermore, the Athletics made 173 runs, which compares favorably with the work of many of the National League outfields and accentuates the supposition that the American League is supreme in the field.

In fielding these three maintained an average of near .980, the best paper average in the league, if that means anything. But paper averages, when it comes to fielding, are sad affairs and give little indication of a player's real capacity in the field.

Washington had one great outfielder in the person of Milan, and two compe-

tent performers in Moeller and Shanks. Griffith shows a disposition to shift the two latter in favor of recruits from time to time, but they are still played often enough to rank as regulars.

The Capitol City outfit batted for .257, scored an even 200 runs, and stole 84 bases. Moeller, and to some extent Milan, fell off badly in stick work, but both are fast on the bases and make many hits with their feet.

Grif lacks hitting strength in his outfield and has tried to make up for it in a measure by coaching his men in base running. A stolen base offsets a considerable deficiency in batting power, if made at the right time, and Moeller and Milan are among the best base runners on the circuits.

The White Sox have an indeterminate outfield, comprised of Joe Jackson, Eddie Murphy, John Collins and Felsch. As only three men may be played at a time, Rowland alternates his material with good effect.

Joe Jackson is a prodigy, a super-player at the bat, such a player as arises but once in a generation. He hit last year for but .308, a grand average for another man but poor for Joe. If he bats at his best, only Cobb can beat him, and he solely through superior adroitness and address.

As a fielder Joe is good, without being exceptionally so. He has great gifts, a grand throwing arm, and makes sensational stops when in the mood.

Eddie Murphy was good enough to play with the Athletics when the latter were champions of the world. He is good enough to play with the White Sox now. John Collins appears to us to be an underrated performer, while Felsch looks like a fixture at present.

Collectively the White Sox outfield batted for .277 last season, which was very good. Incidentally that average should be much better this coming season.

From a fielding standpoint, however, the Sox are not so certain. They lack the finish and cohesion that made the Red Sox stand out in history. There is something a little disappointing, a little disjointed in their work, if we may use that word. But the fever and zest of a hot pennant race should smooth out



Veach of Detroit.. Who Batted for .313 and Made 40 Two-Base Hits in 1915

such kinks and rough spots in the course of time.

The Highlanders' outfield is an anomaly. Lee Magee is a great natural ball player and should star on the Yankee club. Maisel was a grand third baseman before he went into the outfield. Gilhooley, who seems to be the logical candidate for third place, is a hustling, aggressive youth, whose work has been good up to date. There is an entire dearth of records upon which to base any claims for the Highland outfield. A Federal Leaguer, a former third baseman and a comparative newcomer, make what is recognized as one of the fastest outfields in the country, but one which

HOW DETROIT OUTCLASSES ALL OTHER AMERICAN LEAGUE OUTFIELDS

RUNS	
Detroit	306
Cleveland	217
Chicago	216
Boston	212
Washington	200
Philadelphia	173
HITS	
Detroit	569
Boston	432
Chicago	394
Washington	387
Cleveland	384
Philadelphia	331
TOTAL BASES	
Detroit	785
Boston	583
Chicago	538
Cleveland	535
Washington	492
Philadelphia	471
STOLEN BASES	
Detroit	136
Washington	84
Chicago	75
Cleveland	67
Boston	56
Philadelphia	50
BATTING AVERAGE	
Detroit326
Cleveland287
Chicago277
Boston264
Washington257
Philadelphia252

playing a wonderful game at present, and so is Graney. Roth, who seems fairly sure of a place, showed up pretty well last season, batting for .268. Smith, his alternate, is also doing fine work.

The hitting average of the Cleveland trio is .287, a most substantial mark, better than any in the National League, for instance. Furthermore, they scored last year 217 runs and stole 67 bases, exceeding in both respects the best in the National League. A great little outfield has Cleveland, and one that will bear watching.

St. Louis is still in the formative process. Fielder Jones is a grand builder, and he has ample material in the fused Browns-Federals to work his own sweet will. So far as a man up a tree can forecast the future, the Browns' scoring machine seems to consist of Shotten, Marsans and Tobin. Shotten is one of the best fielders in the American League, bar none. Phenomenally fast, he stole 43 bases last year, scored 93 runs, and was one of the greatest ground coverers in captivity.

Marsans seems a bit rusty from his long lay-off, but he was formerly known as one of the star outfielders in the National League. No doubt the Cuban will thaw out a bit in the warm weather. Certainly St. Louis is hot enough to effect the transformation.

Tobin is favorably mentioned as one of the best outfielders in the Federal League. What he will do in the American is problematical. But the fact that Jones has kept him, while possessing abundant outfield material, shows what one of the shrewdest managers in the game thinks of his capabilities.

And last of the sixteen clubs, a fitting climax to the whole, is Detroit. In the palmiest days of the Tris Speaker regime, the Red Sox might have challenged the supremacy of Detroit in the field. Now that Speaker has gone, there is no other club which has a look-in. Detroit is so far ahead that it is a weariness to make comparisons.

It may be that other outfielders will shade the Tiger trio slightly in the field, but only slightly. Cobb will get anything that comes his way, and so will Veach. Crawford, slowed a bit after seventeen seasons, is still a dead shot on

does not lend itself readily to comparison.

The rise of the Cleveland club has been the sensation of the American League race to date. There is much more than mere happenstance in this grand showing, admitting that the Forest City aggregation seems to have gone crazy with the heat, and is playing away above form. Tris Speaker made a mediocre outfield into a good one. He is

THE \$100,000 OUTFIELD AND WHAT IT DID IN 1915

	G.	A.B.	R	H.	T.B.	2B.	3B.	H.R.	S.H.	S.B.	Avg.
Cobb	156	563	144	208	274	31	13	3	9	96	.370
Crawford	156	612	81	183	264	31	19	4	16	24	.299
Veach	152	569	81	178	247	40	10	3	18	16	.313
			306	569	785	102	42	10	43	136	.326
	G.	P.O.	A.	E.	Avg.						
Cobb	156	328	22	18	.951						
Crawford	156	219	8	6	.974						
Veach	152	297	19	8	.975						
		844	49	32							

nailing fly balls. Whatever the Tigers may lack in the field, their margin in offensive strength, the prime essential of the outfield, is so tremendous as to offer no reasonable basis of comparison.

The next best batting combination on paper is Cleveland, with an average of .287. Detroit averaged .326. Notice that its average is better than that achieved by any single batter in the National League, Doyle, the leading sticksmith of Tener's circuit, poling to the tune of .320.

Cleveland is also next high line in the matter of runs scored, with a total of 217 to her credit, largely due to the kindness of Tris Speaker. But Detroit scored 306 runs, an average of more than a hundred runs for each member of the outfit. The Red Sox outfit made 432 hits, which stands second best. Detroit made 569, a measly margin of 137 hits over their closest rival. The Red Sox were also second in number of total bases, with 583. Detroit tops that figure by more than 200, having 785 to her credit. Washington was the next fastest outfield in either league, with 84 stolen bases. Detroit leads with 136. The renowned Cobb alone stole more bases than any combined outfield in either league!

How can an outfield contain Ty Cobb and not outrank all other outfields, at least in offensive strength? And yet Cobb had as associates on the Tigers two stars of the first magnitude in Sam Crawford and Veach. Crawford is starting slow this season. Jennings, for reasons best known to himself, frequently substitutes Heilman. But Crawford is

still Crawford. On last season's showing, Sam was the weakest member of the trio, but what shall we say for an outfield whose weakest member bats for .299, makes 183 hits for a total of 264 bases, including 31 doubles and 19 triples, and scores 81 runs. Enough said. Any other outfield in either league will have to travel at much more than their best speed to get a fair glimpse of the Tiger Trio's heels in the distance.

In short, to illustrate the simply amazing prowess of Jennings' three musketeers, let us compare their records in various departments with that of the next best outfield in either league:

Batting Average

Detroit	.326
Second best Cleveland	.287

Runs Scored

Detroit	306
Cleveland	217

Number of Hits

Detroit	569
Red Sox	432

Total Bases

Detroit	785
Red Sox	583

Stolen Bases

Detroit	136
Washington	84

Number of Two Baggers

Detroit	102
Red Sox	71

Number of Three Baggers

Detroit	42
Cardinals	38

In home runs, both the Phillies and the Cubs exceed the Tiger trio, but Detroit should worry. The Phillies also excel them in sacrifice hits, but Jennings' brow is not seamed with care on that account.

Only one outfielder in the circuit excels the Tigers in the matter of combined put-outs and assists—the Red Sox. Incidentally, their margin is not excessive, 916 to 893—a matter of 23 chances.

There may be fans who will challenge our choice of the Giant trio for leaders in the National League, but we think no one will have the hardihood to attempt to discount the figures which give Detroit clear title to supremacy. They are too clinching to permit of argument.

It seems hardly necessary to compare the Giants with the Tigers, but it can be done quite simply, taking each position in order.

Burns is undoubtedly one of the greatest outfielders in the National League, if not the greatest. But not many managers would have preferred him to Veach last season. The Tiger batted for .313, the Giant for .273, a margin of a clear forty points, in itself a decisive feature. Burns as lead-off man scored 83 runs, but Veach, though playing further down the list, was close behind with 81. Burns, chiefly through more experience, led in stolen bases with 27. Veach stole 16. Burns made 169 hits for a total of 233 bases; Veach 178, for a total of 247.

If there was any perceptible margin, it was in favor of Veach.

Robertson played a good game in right, but he will go a long way before he proves himself in Sam Crawford's

class. The grand slugger of Wahoo doesn't need to defend his claims. Seventeen years of stellar service speak for him in a manner that may not be misunderstood.

Suffice it to say Crawford outslugged Robertson by a long city block last season.

The name of Kauff has often been linked with that of Cobb, but we believe it isn't necessary to compare their work in detail. Kauff is a grand little ball player, and we wish him all the luck in the world. His future is all before him and, judging by what he has shown to date, that future should prove a brilliant one. But Cobb is not alone the greatest player of the present, but the greatest player who ever donned a baseball uniform. Tyrus will have his day, like all the rest, but it would be the height of folly to match strength with the king when the king is still supreme.

John Evers is the smartest player in the National League, bar none. Let us hear what the inimitable John has to say: "I have seen considerable baseball in my time, and some people might think I would get tired of it. But I would pay my little dollar any time and sit in the grand stand or the bleachers, or anywhere else, for a chance to see Cobb play. There's only one Cobb, and there's nobody like him. There never was, and there never will be, in my opinion. That's what I think of Ty Cobb.

"Cobb would put the punch in any team. But with two redoubtable associates who uphold his right hand and his left, he makes of the Detroit trio a thing incomparable, supreme, by a wide margin the greatest outfield in the land."