

FANS

Motto: May the best team win; But ours is the best

By Hugh S. Fullerton

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"Wow! Wow! Great eye, Eddie! Make him put it across! Bust a fence! You can do it! Wow! Wow! Wow!! ROBBER! All right. Tough luck, Eddie. Two and two. Make her be over. Home run, Eddie, old scout. Break the gate. Wow! Wow! Wo—"

The red-faced, apoplectic young man in the front row made a trumpet of his hands and yelled until the veins in his neck turned purple. In the middle of the final "Wow" he collapsed, looked disgusted and turning to me said:

"What do they keep that hunk of cheese for? He can't hit. Never could. Striking out in a pinch like that!"

The fan, howling encouragement or bawling abuse at the ball players is the spirit of the town. Just how great an influence this spirit exerts upon the playing strength of the team representing the town or city is impossible of calculation, but it is certain that it is part of the national game. He and his fellows exert almost as much influence upon the team as does luck, and this spirit is so inextricably mixed with the element of luck that it is impossible to determine cause and effect. There are cities in which the loyalty of the fans has waned and turned to gibes, and in these cities no player does well. There are crowds that remain loyal in victory and in defeat. These inspire the players to give their best efforts to win. Ball players will tell you that teams invariably play better with friendly crowds applauding. The fan invariably will respond that he would be loyal provided the club would win games enough to justify loyalty. The players accuse the fans, the fans accuse the players, and both are in a measure right. The majority of patrons will "root" when the home team is winning. Any team will play better ball and win oftener if the patrons are loyal. The fan, voicing the spirit of the town, is a power for victory or defeat.

Conditions in different cities comprising the circuits of the major leagues assert a powerful influence over their teams. Players will tell you they would rather play for the Chicago White Sox or for the New York Giants than for any other team. They will assert that twenty Cobbs could not win a pennant for Cincinnati under conditions which the management is now striving to change. The fanatical loyalty of the White Sox rooter and the Giant patron, the angry abuse of players by the annually disappointed Cincinnati public, the sarcasm and rallery of Washington crowds, trained for years to expect nothing but defeat, have an immense effect upon the players and teams. They make or mar players, and weak men win for one type while brilliant ones fall and lose for the other.

The baseball fan is an unique American species and the most rabid of all enthusiasts. Compared with him the golf fan, the bridge fan, even the bowling fan are mild. Baseball is the most serious pleasure ever invented.

Probably the most blindly loyal crowd in the world is that which follows the fortunes of the Chicago American league team, and to one who is disinterested the Chicago situation is acutely funny. The White Sox park is located on the south side

of the city; the Cubs' on the west, and the city is divided into two great armed camps. In 1896 when these two teams, winners of the championships in their own leagues, met to contest for the world's championship, it was the loyalty of the south side crowd beyond doubt that won for the team. That fall the Chicago Tribune's composing room was about equally divided between the followers of the two teams and so bitter was the feeling that the foreman was compelled to separate them and send them to different sides of the building to maintain peace. It was civil war all over Chicago.

It is a magnificent crowd, wonderful in its spirit and in its intense loyalty. There are few things that shake an opponent like the incessant: "Get a hit," "Get a hit," which is the war

song of the Sox rooters when they scent victory. One of the most dramatic displays of loyalty I ever saw was in 1907, when the team, beaten and displaced from the championship, came home to close the season. They had gone away in high hopes, and failed. It was Sunday, and as the defeated team marched down the field 17,000 men and women stood silent and uncovered for a moment, then broke into applause that swept the stands. It is small wonder that a team backed always by such loyalty won even during years when it seemed much weaker than its opponents.

I have heard opposing players declare they would rather face anything in the game than the grinding "rooting" of the Chicago south side fans. The only duplicate I know is the rasping, nerve-racking, long Yale yell.

Not all players are frank enough to admit that the rooting has any effect. Indeed it is a common pose to pretend that they do not even hear. But they do. Even among themselves they pretend they do not care; but once in a while they tell their inner feelings. They know that half the men who quit the major leagues are driven out by the voice of the fan. I have seen men break and go all to pieces, rave and swear and abuse everyone after suffering a cruel grilling by a crowd.

Walter Wilnot, one of Anson's famous old Chicago players, came to a game on the old grounds fifteen years after retiring. He looked across toward the left field and said:

"There's some of them out there now I'd like to choke."

Yet the roar of the crowd does not break them as quickly as does some sharp thrust of sarcasm or biting wit from an individual. Perhaps that shaft is only the last straw, but when a player is in a nervous collapse he usually rages at some individual who said something to him. Josh Reilly, one of the merriest, happiest players I ever knew, "blew up" one day and had to be restrained from assaulting three or four thousand men in the bleachers.

"Did you hear what he said?" demanded Reilly as the other players tried to restrain him.

"What did he say?" inquired someone.

"He said: 'Reilly, you're a disgrace to the Irish,'" and then he raged again.

One of the quickest things I ever heard was a remark from a Washington fan which upset Frank Isbell, the veteran, completely. Isbell's head is as bald as a concrete pavement, and usually he kept his cap plastered tightly on his head to shield himself from the gibes of crowds. This time he tried to steal second and made a desperate, diving slide around and under the base man only to be called out. He was so enraged that he ran at the umpire, grasped his arm, argued and raved and finally in sheer anger, jerked off his cap, hurled it onto the ground and jumped upon it. His bald head glistened in the sunlight and the crowd roared. Then, above the roar came a voice:

"Put on that cap. They pinched Mary Garden here for less than that."

Possibly more trying than any concerted rooting is the incessant nagging to which players on the Polo grounds, New York, are subjected. The one great bit of rejoicing among

in Cincinnati, Brooklyn and Washington, during most of the season, the crowds are bitterly sarcastic toward the home teams, although the Brooklyn crowds are decent except on Saturdays. St. Louis affords a queer study of the crowds. When the Browns are at home the crowds are ugly and vent their temper upon the players, yet half a dozen blocks away, on the rival park, there assembles a crowd wilder and more frantically in favor of the home team and more unreasoning in partisanship than almost any in the country. Just where this feeling arises is hard to discover. The crowd is violent in temper when the team is winning, worse when it is losing. Perhaps long years of bitter defeat have caused it.

In Boston and Philadelphia, on both major league parks, the home players and visitors are almost upon equal terms, and the spectators applaud good plays irrespective of the players. They see baseball under the best conditions, with both teams encouraged and giving their best efforts to the work. Pittsburgh is bad because of the gambling that has become almost part of the game in the Smoky City. The temper of the crowd is ugly and the losing element is in evidence no matter whether the home club wins or loses. Detroit is a loyal, rather violent crowd, tamed now because the fans have learned to endure victory as well as defeat. The crowds were mad with enthusiasm the first year Detroit won and have since tamed down

the cheer masters fell flat—in Chicago at least. The harder the leaders of the rooters worked the more apathetic the crowds became. It was an interesting phenomenon and I set out to discover the reason. The first bleacherite I met solved the problem. "Dem guys ain't on de square," he said. "Usuna out in de bleachers don't want to rob nobody."

There was the solution. No matter how partisan a baseball fan may be, or how wild in his desire to see the home team win, deep down he wants fair play, and after a time he will insist upon it. The rooters' clubs died. There are few of the noted fans now, chiefly because the papers seldom mention them. Perhaps they exist. In the old days almost every club had one or two such followers. Probably the best known was "Hi! Hi!" This was General Dixwell, of Boston, who for many years followed the fortunes of the famous old Boston club. He is wealthy, intellectual and a cultured gentleman who became completely absorbed in baseball. He followed the team wherever it went and became a familiar figure all over the country. He occupied a front seat in the stands, kept a careful score and studied the game with a seriousness that was appalling. He maintained a deep silence during almost all the game, but when a really great play was made he emitted two sharp staccato barks: "Hi! Hi!" and then dropped to silence again. His



"They Pinched Mary Garden for Less Than That."

One of the queer things in that city is the baiting of George Mullin, the veteran pitcher. Mullin is a jolly, quick-witted joker and years ago he began talking back to the bleachers. He was warned that the bleacherites would put him out of the business, but he persisted. Every afternoon he would walk down in front of the bleachers and engage in a verbal skirmish with the crowd, trying to hit his own at rough repartee with hundreds. He abused the crowd, laughed at them, accused them of "quitting," and enjoyed it. If he had taken it seriously the result might have been different, but after a time it became part of the game and now the spectators in the bleachers would not be satisfied if Mullin forgot to start a skirmish. Last summer, going out on a car in Detroit, three young fellows were talking.

"Oh, I've got a peach of a get-back at him today," said one, and, at the urgent request of the others he drew out a card and read what he was going to say to Mullin if he came near their seats.

It is not the great crowds that attend the crucial games that exert the strongest influence over players. True there is a natural nervousness among all the players when a tremendous throng gathers to see them, as in world's series games; but the ones that help the home team, or damage it, are the crowd of from six to ten thousand, stirred up by the "regulars" who, day after day and season after season, incite those around them. There are thousands of these regulars, self-appointed claqueurs or cheer masters, and some of them feel as if they are doing as much to help the team to victory as if they were out there on the mound pitching. The large crowds usually are the fairest and most sportsmanlike, for in these great gatherings the rabid and partisan fan is lost and his utterances are smothered. These crowds police themselves and the players feel safe and assured of fair play, and, after the first nervousness passes, they play their best.

A baseball crowd is much like a mob. Without a leader it is just noise and turmoil, but with one recognized leader it can do much. A few years ago a number of Chicago men attempted to carry out a theory that the crowd needed leaders and the result was one of the most dangerous experiments ever attempted. The White Sox rooters organized a band of men far above average intelligence, who laid daily plans for inciting crowds and stirring up enthusiasm. The Board of Trade Rooters operated at both Chicago parks, being organized primarily to attack McGraw and the Giants. They wrote and circulated songs, invented ingenious methods of harassing a worthy foe, and to force undeserved victory upon the home teams. The idea spread rapidly. "Rooters' clubs" were organized in many cities and towns to help the home teams. For a few weeks it looked as if the new movement would seriously endanger the national game. The crowds grew more and more violent. Then, suddenly and without warning almost, the wildest efforts of

war cry gave him his name. He quit attending baseball games years ago, but still continues his deep interest in the sport, and in his apartments he keeps a wonderful set of books showing the averages and performances of players for many baseball generations.

"Well, Well, Well," was another character who was named because of his cry, which followed just after a big outburst of applause on the part of the crowd. The moment the applause subsided his "Well, well, well," would boom over the field and never failed to start the cheering again. The average crowd is cruel, because it is thoughtless. Few of the fans who hurl abuse and criticism at the players stop to think that the men they are addressing have the capacity to feel and to suffer. Many a thoughtless, barbed jest has wrecked the career of some ball player. It took the players a long time to discover the fact that their popularity and their safety from abuse lies in presenting a good-natured appearance, no matter what happens, and in answering questions when possible.

If you go through league after league, team by team, you will find that the most popular player, in nine cases out of ten, is some outfielder. He probably is not the best player, but he has the most devoted following, because he keeps on friendly terms with the men and boys who sit



The Baseball Fan is a Unique American Species.

behind him. In fact, almost every outfielder has his own regular patrons, who attend games and seek seats as near to him as possible, and who defend him against all comers. To them he is the best in the world, a "Greater than Cobb," nor do they forget him; the player who finally displaces an idol has a hard time. I have known them to follow a player around the field when he was shifted from one to another position and to battle for him with the retainers of the other fielder who dared criticize him.

Biased, prejudiced and distorted in their views as most of them are, they are very human and very lovable in their blind devotion to the game, and in their unreasoning hatred. And a word of warning: Never try to argue with a real, dyed-in-the-wool, thirty-second-degree fan. In the first place the chances are he is right, but even if he is wrong there isn't a chance to win the argument.

Horticultural Points

HOW WEEDS ARE REPRODUCED

In Quackgrass, One Means of Multiplication is by Stems, Commonly Called "Roots."

(By L. H. PAMMEL.)

Weeds are spread by means of seeds, by vegetable reproduction, or by both seeds and vegetative reproduction. Most weeds multiply by means of roots, stems, or both. In quack grass, one means of multiplication is by stems commonly called "roots," which are divided into a series of joints at which new shoots are produced. In another type, like the Canada thistle, morning glory, and horsetail, a small part of the underground portion is stem, the rest being true root. On these roots buds are produced which send up new shoots each year.

Some plants, like wild onion, produce bulblets. In others, as crab grass, the stem above ground may strike root at the nodes, or roots may be produced at the points as in purslane. These roots and stems capable of producing new plants are widely scattered in fields by means



Root system of milkweed, the roots 2 inches to 4 inches below the surface.

of the cultivator and plow. They may be dispersed with undecomposed manure, packing materials, or imported fruit trees. Mice and gophers may scatter roots to different parts of the field.

The root systems of weeds vary greatly. The term root as ordinarily used by the farmer, may mean a root stock, as in the case of quack grass. A great many weeds, especially perennials, have not only perennial roots but root stocks also. A root stock is simply a stem growing beneath the surface of the ground.

Many weeds have strong tap roots, this being especially true of weeds like mullen, hemp, cockle-burr, wild-carrot and lamb's quarter, or quack grass, wood sage, and peppermint, produce numerous horizontal rootstocks that are found close to the surface of the ground, 75 per cent. of the rootstocks being found within four inches of the surface. From the nodes there arise numerous small fibrous roots.

The roots of many perennial plants, like Canada thistle, morning glory, horsetail and milkweed spread very extensively through the ground. The root of a common milkweed has been traced for a distance of fourteen feet through the soil.

VALUABLE AS WINTER APPLES

Baldwin and Rome Beauty Excellent for Home Use and Market Under Favorable Conditions.

Two very valuable winter apples, either for home use or for market, are Baldwin and Rome Beauty, when conditions are favorable. In the north Baldwin is very profitable. It has vigor, productiveness, good size, good appearance, quality and keeping. Grown south it is far from satisfactory. Below 40 degrees it is usually on the ground at picking time and beginning to decay.

Rome Beauty, on the other hand, suits the south, if soil, cultivation, etc., are right. If originated in the old Putnam Nursery, near Marietta, Ohio. It was a sprout coming out below the graft, and by a kind of accident was not cut off until the purchaser of the tree, and intelligent farmer named Gillett, was attracted by its beautiful appearance. Finding on examination that there were roots enough for both graft and sprout, he cut them apart, and handing the sprout to his son, directed him to plant it and see what it would come to.

When it came into bearing and its value was seen, some thought of calling it Gillett's Seedling, the addition of the term, seedling to new varieties, being customary then. But as Mr. Gillett had not raised it from seed, Rome Beauty was finally agreed on; from Rome township in Lawrence county, Ohio, in which the original tree was growing.

In growth it does not start off as vigorously as Baldwin, but it does finely afterward, bearing early and well if it has the right care. In quality is not quite up to the Baldwin and not near up with the Grimes Golden, Evening Party, Stuart Golden and one or two others; but its fine size and appearance render it very popular in market. Nor must it be forgotten that its early and profuse bearing render good soil indispensable. And spraying at the proper time must not be overlooked.

SUPPLEMENT TO A PASTURE

Feeding Corn Silage is Most Economical Method of Supplying Feed to Help Cut Pasture.

(By R. G. WEATHERSTONE.)

Green crops fed as a supplement to pasture may be fed in the pasture or in the barn lot but as a rule are fed most economically in the barn. The cows remain inside long enough at milking time to eat their portions.

As a rule the most economical method of supplying feed to help out the short pastures of midsummer and fall is to feed corn silage. Silage will keep in good condition for summer feeding with no loss except on the surface. If it is not needed during the summer, it may be covered with the new silage and kept until wanted. Corn furnishes a larger yield of dry matter per acre than any crop that can be ordinarily grown for summer feeding, and has the further advantage of being on hand as early as wanted.

It is handled more economically also than soiling crops since it is cut all at once and not every day as is necessary with soiling crops.

It should be remembered that it is only possible to feed a bunch of cows economically when they are fed as individuals and not as a herd. A too common practice, even in the otherwise well conducted herds, is for all animals to be fed the same amount of grain, regardless of the time they have been in milk or the quantity of milk the individual cows are producing. Such feeding always lacks economy, as the high producing cow does not get enough, and while she may milk very well for a time, she soon comes down to a lower level, while the lighter producing cow usually gets too much feed and accumulates fat.

MAKE-UP OF JERSEY CATTLE

Breed Attracts Notice by "Dairy" Type of Their Bodily Conformation—Some of Characteristics.

(By R. M. GOW.)

The characteristics which mark the present race of Jersey cattle are known to have been notable and prominent in the breed at least one hundred and fifty years ago, so that now they have become thoroughly "fixed," sure to be inherited by their progeny, thus affording the breeder a sure foundation for further development.

The main external characteristics of the Jerseys are the beautiful softness of the various tints of fawn and gray in their coats of hair; their gracefully formed deer-like limbs; their neat, incurving horns, large limped eyes, small heads and delicate noses; their bright, attractive and intelligent faces; their soft yellow skin, long tails and



Eurotas, 2454. Record for One Year, 778 Pounds of Butter.

well-developed switches; their full, rounded-out udders, straight backs, and the fine proportions of their general conformation. The Jersey cow looks the high-bred lady of the cattle race. Well-developed male animals should weigh from 1400 pounds to 1800 pounds, and females, from 750 to 1200 pounds. Above all else, Jerseys attract notice by the "dairy" type of their bodily conformation, by their large and well-formed udders, and prominent milk-veins. In color they are of various shades of soft fawn, from red to silvery, with more or less white, broken color being unobjectionable except from the standpoint of individual taste.

DAIRY NOTES

A silo will pay for itself in one year. Be sure that the calves are started right.

A farmer owning six cows should have a silo.

Be sure that the temperature of the milk is right.

It is not possible to grow too much forage on a dairy farm.

A comfortable stable reduces the cost of maintenance and increases the flow of milk.

Feed regularly, not too much at a time, and young calves at least four times a day.

Nothing can be marketed on the farm so successfully or so economically as butter.

The dairyman who does not keep an individual record of his cows is not an up-to-date dairyman.

If the mow is nearly empty and the feed low in the bin, don't cut down the rations of the cows.

The dairy farm that is stocked to its full capacity without being overstocked is a pretty safe investment.

When an animal forms a habit, either good or bad, that habit is a part of its life as long as it lives.

Draining the butter well before salting is one of the little things that makes for a better quality of product.

Experiments have proven the average milk cow requires about an ounce of salt per day. Heavy milkers should have more.

Success does not lie in the number of cows the dairyman keeps, but in the kind he keeps and the way he keeps them.



"Fans."

of the city; the Cubs' on the west, and the city is divided into two great armed camps. In 1896 when these two teams, winners of the championships in their own leagues, met to contest for the world's championship, it was the loyalty of the south side crowd beyond doubt that won for the team. That fall the Chicago Tribune's composing room was about equally divided between the followers of the two teams and so bitter was the feeling that the foreman was compelled to separate them and send them to different sides of the building to maintain peace. It was civil war all over Chicago.

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of the National league players last year when they saw the wonderful Brush stadium was that the crowd could not make itself heard on the field as it did in the old stands. The Polo grounds crowd is odd. Somehow fans who occupy box seats either are not as rabid as those in the cheaper seats, or they are on their good behavior, and a fringe of box seats is an effective shield for players. Strangely enough the crowds on the New York American league park, although quite as noisy, are much fairer, than the crowds at the Polo grounds.

One would think that visiting players would like to play on grounds where the home team is unpopular through defeat or other causes, but they do not. They rather resent the home crowd abusing the home men.