

Who will be the
next President?

He won't be happy,
'till he gets it!



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THE BUSINESS OF BASEBALL

BY EDWARD MOTT WOOLLEY

*Fifty million people pay \$15,000,000 a year to see baseball games.
One hundred and seventy-nine thousand people paid \$350,000 to see one series of baseball games.
Baseball magnates pay salaries of \$10,000, \$12,000, \$15,000, and \$18,000 to their managers and players.
One baseball magnate paid \$22,500 for the right to employ a single player.
Millionaires like Charles P. Taft invest in baseball franchises as they do in railroads and industrials.
Baseball is a business—a wonder business.
The following article aims to take the reader out of the grand-stand into the box-office—and into those inner councils where business giants play for baseball fortunes.*

To the private office of an Indianapolis baseball owner there came one day a long-distance telephone call. "This is John T. Brush in New York," a voice said. "I'll give you five thousand dollars for Marquard."
The Indianapolis man laughed. "Nothing doing," he answered.

"I'll give you six thousand," said the owner of the famous New York "Giants."
"You're away down at the bottom," the Indiana voice told him. "Your offer is absurd."
"Seven thousand, then! I'll give you seven thousand in cash!"

THE BUSINESS OF BASEBALL

But only a mocking laugh traveled back to New York over the copper.

"I'll give you eight thousand." Mr. Brush was in action.

There was a moment's silence. Brush, in a Broadway hotel, heard snatches of a whispered conversation off in Indiana. He had been holding the wire an hour and forty minutes, and the toll of a dollar and a half a minute was still piling up; but he had forgotten it, or was indifferent. Then the Hoosier answer came back: "Too low!"

"Nine thousand!" said Brush promptly.

There was a longer pause this time. Indianapolis was wavering. But presently the owner there got back his nerve. "No, not enough."

"Ten thousand!"

"No; come again."

"I've gone the limit," said Brush; "I'll not pay another dollar!"

"Then good-by," and the Indianapolis receiver clicked on the hook.

A few minutes later the telephone jangled sharply once more in the Indianapolis baseball office. "This is Brush in New York," a voice said. "I'll make my offer eleven thousand—and this is final! I want an answer quick—eleven thousand dollars in cash!"

A silence of ten seconds; then a cough and another silence. "I'll take you," said Indianapolis. "Done!" said Brush. "I'll mail a check in ten minutes."

Brush paid his money—the highest price ever paid up to that time for a ball-player. And what did he get? A lanky, awkward, bashful boy of nineteen years that Brush had never seen, a boy that had never pitched an inning of major league baseball, that had never undergone the acid test of facing in a row the mighty batting eyes of Clarke, Leach, and Wagner or Sheppard, Schulte, and Chance. But Brush knew his record. By that marvelous system of newspaper publicity that has made baseball, Brush and his great manager, John J. McGraw, knew that Marquard had won for Indianapolis the championship of his own league, that he had won a marvelous proportion of his games, that he had struck out so many men, and who those men were and how good they were and how hard they were to strike out.

And McGraw's scouts, whose business it is to hunt ball-players, had seen the "Rube" in action. Brush knew what he was buying—or thought he did.

Perhaps nothing could better illustrate the nerve, daring, and judgment required of the modern baseball magnate. Within recent years this busi-



THOMAS J. LYNCH
THE FOREFRONT OF THE NATIONAL LEAGUE. LYNCH
WAS FORMERLY THE MOST POPULAR UMPIRE IN THE
HISTORY OF THE LEAGUE.

into a calling that has enlisted the brains and capital of many big men—big altogether aside from the technique of the diamond. It is a business that is unique, strenuous, and often health-destroying; and it has put the owners in a class with the Wall Street broker or the operator on the Chicago Board of Trade. It is a business, too, that holds many wonder-stories.

John T. Brush—this man who acts with the rapidity of lightning and stakes thousands on his judgment and on the skill of his manager, John J. McGraw—began his baseball career twenty-five years ago, when he invested twenty-five dollars in an Indianapolis ball team. Mr. Brush was a clothing merchant in that city then—indeed, he still retains his interests there, although he is virtually a New Yorker.

Originally he was interested in the game chiefly because it advertised business in Indianapolis; but the fever of the sport grew in his veins; it was not many years before he owned his local club. And then began his baseball fairy story.

Mr. Brush secured a membership in the National League for his Indianapolis team, but not long afterward received notice that the membership was to be reduced and that he must get out. At this point he first showed himself as a national figure in baseball. He denied the right of the league to evict him, and showed himself such a fighter that he was offered \$20,000 in settlement.

"No," said Brush promptly.

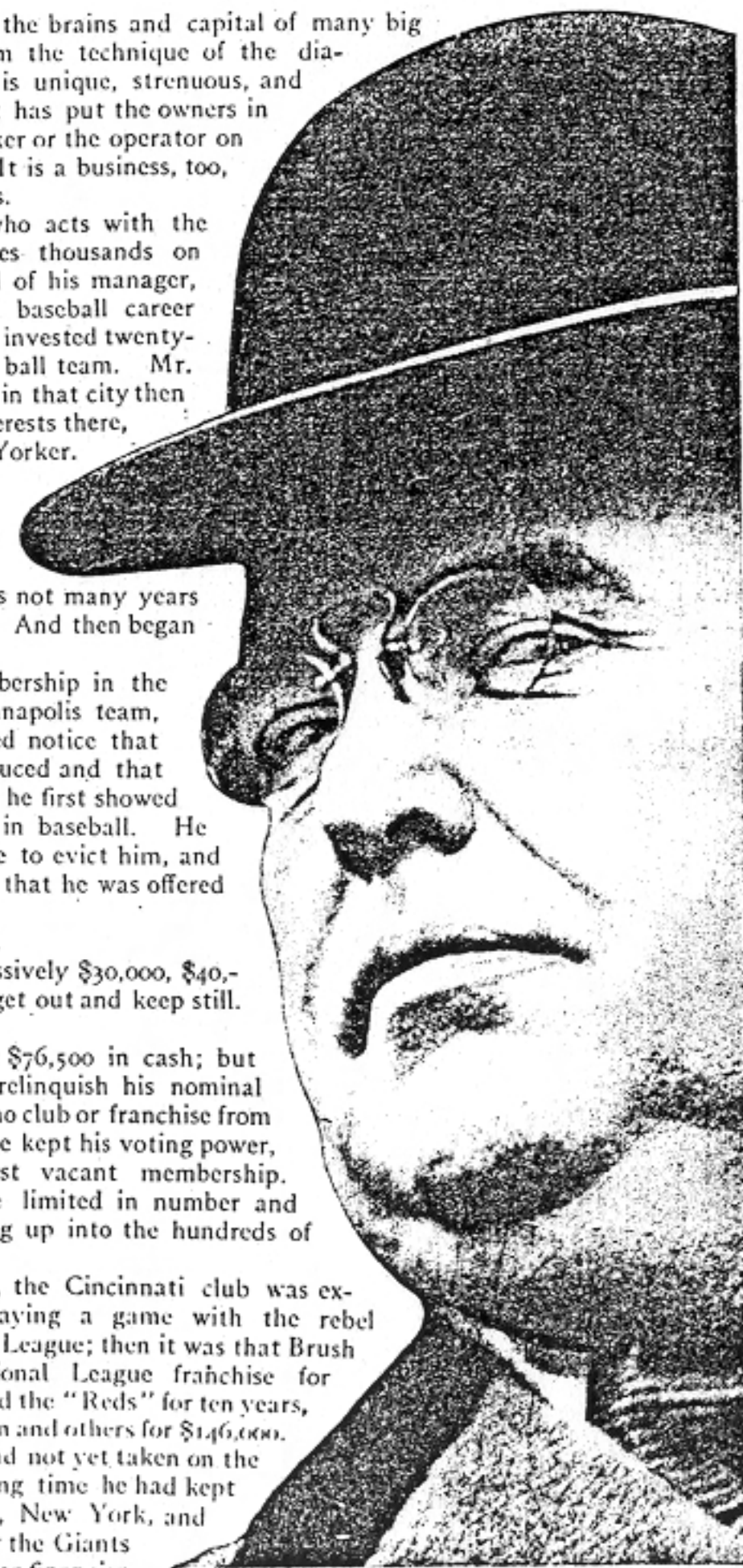
Then he was offered successively \$30,000, \$40,000, \$50,000, and \$60,000 to get out and keep still.

"No," he reiterated.

Finally he compromised for \$76,500 in cash; but even at that he would not relinquish his nominal league membership. He had no club or franchise from the league to play ball, but he kept his voting power, and he was promised the first vacant membership. These league franchises are limited in number and often command prices running up into the hundreds of thousands of dollars.

By a curious turn of fate, the Cincinnati club was expelled the same year for playing a game with the rebel organization, the Brotherhood League; then it was that Brush secured the Cincinnati National League franchise for practically nothing. He owned the "Reds" for ten years, selling out to August Herrmann and others for \$146,000.

But Brush's wonder-tale had not yet taken on the real tinge of magic. For a long time he had kept his eyes on the wonder-city, New York, and finally the chance came to buy the Giants from Andrew Freedman, traction financier in the metropolis. The price was something like \$200,000, a very low figure for these famous players—famous, they



BANCROFT B. JOHNSON
THE FOREFRONT OF THE AMERICAN LEAGUE.

list at that time. "I'll redeem New York," said Brush. Then he touched the team with his magic wand. It was a wand of business management. If you wish to know the ingredients of business management in baseball, you must study Brush's methods of building up his aggregation of players. It was he, more than any one, who developed this art as it is practiced to-day by all modern owners. The scouts from the Giants are scouring the land continually for players whose peculiar abilities, one way or another, fit in with Manager McGraw's analyses of his needs. When McGraw says the word, Brush pays the money — three, four, five thousand dollars for a youngster, ten thousand for a veteran, whatever is necessary to get the man he wants. And then, of course, you must study the Brush financial methods and the enterprise that has given New York, at the Polo Grounds, the most magnificent baseball stadium in the world. "Yet the finest grand-stand will not make a successful base-



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JOHN T. BRUSH
A BASEBALL PIONEER AND OWNER OF THE NEW YORK GIANTS,
WHO FROM AN INVALID'S CHAIR IN A HOTEL ROOM OPERATES
A MILLION-DOLLAR BASEBALL PROPERTY

ball business," says Brush. "The organization and upbuilding of the team must be given first place. Without this, baseball ownership falls."

With all his aggressiveness and executive ability, Brush is a pathetic figure. Rheumatic ailments have deprived him of the use of his legs, and he is held a practical prisoner in his suite at the Imperial Hotel in New York. But he is one of those men who rise above physical suffering, and for many years he has fought disease as he has battled for pennants. His strong, clean-shaven face shows his character, and his eyes flash the fire of the man who leads. All day he sits in his easy-chair, in the grip of his relentless physical enemy, but still master of his business.

The Giants now constitute the most valuable baseball property in the country, being held at more than a million dollars not including the grounds, which are leased. Brush has made immense profits from the team, ranging from \$100,000 to \$300,000 or more annually.

The risks and strain of the business are illustrated in Marquard, the pitcher whom Brush bought for \$11,000. Dealing in human muscle and skill is full of strange contradictions and unforeseen happenings. For three seasons after Brush bought him, Marquard "fell down" ignominiously. Hailed as the "\$11,000 beauty," he soon became known to the "fans" as the "\$11,000 lemon." Then he suddenly emerged from his disgrace and became a sensation. It was the limelight of the big club that broke him up temporarily. But Brush never lost faith in the youngster, and Marquard has justified his judgment. To-day the announcement that Marquard is going to pitch at the Polo Grounds is good for a crowd that will more than pay his \$11,000 purchase price at the gate.

For the star system is just as profitable in baseball as in the theater. Ty Cobb is as big an attraction for "the gate" as Maude Adams is for the box-office. In this respect, but only in this respect, Hans Wagner might be compared to Ethel Barrymore, or Ping Bodie to John Drew. The brightest star in baseball for ten years back is Christy Mathewson, for whom Brush has said he would not take \$50,000. Marquard bids fair to replace him as a magnet for the populace.

Murphy's Million from the Cubs

Another million-dollar baseball holding is that of the Chicago National League team, the celebrated "Cubs." For a real wonder-story, the history of Charles W. Murphy outranks anything in baseball records.

From baseball writer in Cincinnati, Murphy was taken up by Brush and made press agent for the Giants. About this time the Chicago National Bank failed, and its ill-starred president, John R. Walsh, then owner of the Cubs, was in desperate straits for cash. Murphy received a tip on this situation and saw a baseball opportunity. He rushed off to Cincinnati and called on Charles P. Taft, owner of the Cincinnati *Times-Star*, and brother of the President.

"I need a hundred thousand dollars," he told Mr. Taft; "I'd like to borrow it from you."

There are several stories as to what led Murphy to Taft. One story is to the effect that Taft had already purchased baseball stock from "Cap" Anson, and therefore seemed a likely lender. But, at all events, Taft was something of a fan and was a personal acquaintance of Murphy, who had done baseball for Taft's paper. Besides, Taft had virtual control over a huge fortune; for Mrs. Taft, as the heir to the Sinton estate in Cincinnati, was worth \$20,000,000.

Taft backed Murphy in the purchase of the control of the Chicago Nationals, the price being between \$105,000 and \$125,000. Immediately following this deal came a series of the most extraordinary successes. The first year the Cubs won the league pennant, and the next season captured the world's championship. The profits that year were more than \$165,000. Since then the annual earnings are believed to have been at least \$100,000.

Murphy paid his Taft loan within a year or two, but today Mr. Taft is said to hold a quarter of the Cubs' stock.

When the team was bought, so the story goes, Frank Chance, Chicago's famous player-manager, took a one-tenth interest, paying for it with a slip of paper on which he had written: "I O U ten thousand dollars." The first year his dividend was \$9,950.

When Murphy paid this neat little earned profit to Chance, he dug down into his pocket and

brought out a fifty-dollar bill. "Here, Frank, we'll make it an even ten thousand," he said.

"Thanks," said Chance; "let's go to dinner." The fifty dollars was spent on the meal, the memory of which brings a watery taste still to Chance and Murphy.

The Tafts and Baseball

Since those days the Tafts and Murphy have pulled together in baseball investments and in other affairs. Murphy, having been led into baseball finances largely by Brush, himself led the Taft family into successful enterprises. Mrs. Taft and Murphy jointly own the grounds of the Chicago Nationals, and Mrs. Taft herself owns the land used by the Philadelphia National team. "She bought the Philadelphia property," said Mr. Taft, "because it looked like a good real estate proposition. For myself, I am keenly interested in baseball."

Sporting authorities in Chicago assert that the Tafts are financially interested in the Louisville and Cincinnati teams and in the Boston Nationals; other authorities say



CHARLES P. TAFT
THE PRESIDENT'S BROTHER IS THE LARGEST SINGLE FINANCIAL POWER
BEHIND AMERICAN BASEBALL. HIS INVESTMENT
REACHES INTO THE MILLIONS



JOHN J. MCGRAW

THE HIGHEST-SALARIED MANAGER IN THE WORLD. HE RECEIVES \$18,000 A YEAR FOR COMMANDING THE NEW YORK GIANTS, AND HAS MADE BASEBALL NEW YORK'S MOST POPULAR DIVERSION

that this is not true. Mr. Taft himself prefers not to discuss his baseball stock in detail, but it is self-evident that the Sinton, millions have had an important influence on baseball as a commercial proposition, and on Murphy's fairy story. Murphy is worth half a million or more—made out of baseball in half a dozen years. He owns an interest in the La Salle Opera House, title to which stands in Mrs. Taft's name. Incidentally, he is something of a playwright.

The Politician-Magnate of Cincinnati

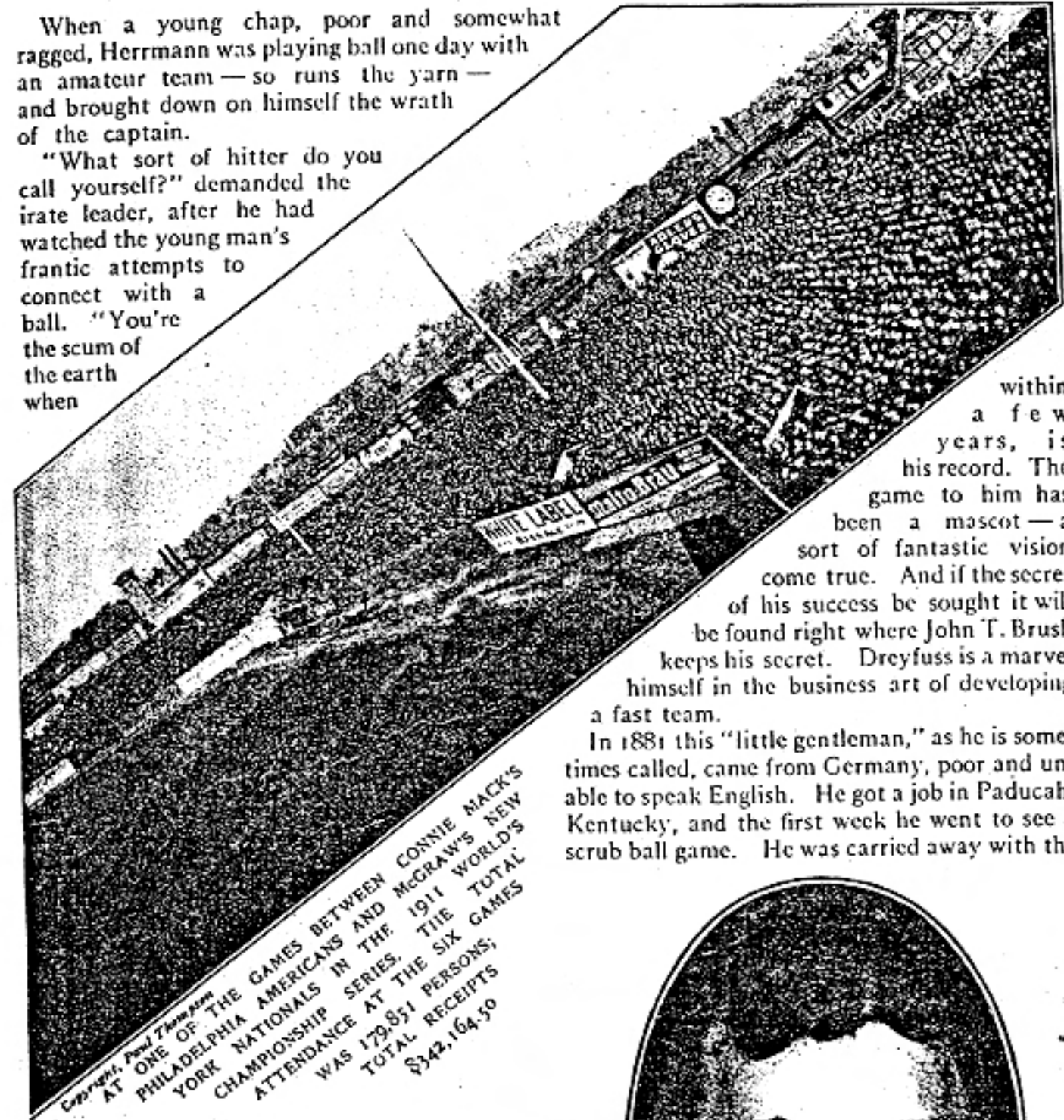
Through the Tafts, Chicago baseball links itself naturally with Cincinnati. There is a picturesque ownership of baseball in Cincinnati, although not a story of riches. It is an ownership, too, that has a strong flavor of the political element which has worked into the business end of baseball. In Cincinnati it goes without saying that August Herrmann and the Fleischmanns make up the bulk of this political factor, while thirty per cent of the stock is divided into eighty lots and held mostly by small politicians. Originally George B. Cox, former boss of Cincinnati, was a backer; he is said to have differed with Herrmann over the management, whereupon Herrmann bought him out.

Herrmann now owns more than fifty per cent of the Reds, the Fleischmanns holding twenty per cent. Baseball has sown no magic gold in Cincinnati, though that city is known as the cradle of the game, and is still a red-hot baseball town. In ten years the aggregate dividends have been only forty per cent.

This comparatively poor record is due to constantly changing managers, lax discipline among the players, too much advice from the newspaper-sporting editors, and a constitutional fickleness among the supporters of the game. Baseball owners have many problems to face. But at last Herrmann seems to have a fine team and a fine manager in Hank O'Day, the picture-

When a young chap, poor and somewhat ragged, Herrmann was playing ball one day with an amateur team—so runs the yarn—and brought down on himself the wrath of the captain.

"What sort of hitter do you call yourself?" demanded the irate leader, after he had watched the young man's frantic attempts to connect with a ball. "You're the scum of the earth when



within a few years, is his record. The game to him has been a mascot—a sort of fantastic vision come true. And if the secret of his success be sought it will be found right where John T. Brush keeps his secret. Dreyfuss is a marvel himself in the business art of developing a fast team.

In 1881 this "little gentleman," as he is sometimes called, came from Germany, poor and unable to speak English. He got a job in Paducah, Kentucky, and the first week he went to see a scrub ball game. He was carried away with the

it comes to handling a bat! You don't belong in baseball. Get out!"

To-day Herrmann is chairman of the National Commission, and thus has more power in baseball than any other man, while the wrathful captain of the early amateur team is a bartender along the levee in New Orleans.

Barney Dreyfuss—the "Little Gentleman"

But, of course, people like the Fleischmanns follow baseball as a side line and are not in the list of men who have heaped up financial marvels out of the game. Such a man is Barney Dreyfuss, owner of the National League "Pirates" of Pittsburgh. From bookkeeper in a distillery to millionaire baseball owner, all



CONNIE MACK

MANAGER OF THE PHILADELPHIA WORLD'S CHAMPION ATHLETICS. HE HAS A FINANCIAL INTEREST IN THE PHILADELPHIA TEAM—AN OLD PLAYER GRADUALLY MAKING HIS WAY INTO THE OWNER CLASS

Copyright, Paul Thompson
AT ONE OF THE GAMES BETWEEN CONNIE MACK'S PHILADELPHIA AMERICANS AND MCGRAW'S NEW YORK NATIONALS IN THE 1911 WORLD'S CHAMPIONSHIP SERIES. THE TOTAL ATTENDANCE AT THE SIX GAMES WAS 179,851 PERSONS; TOTAL RECEIPTS \$342,164.50

sport, and played on an amateur team. His achievements on the diamond interested his distillery employers, who backed him ultimately in the purchase of a club at Louisville. Into this he put \$16,000, but earned a profit of only \$72, which he spent on a dinner for the boys. He had a chance to buy some stock in the Pittsburgh Nationals, and in 1900 he acquired control of the club, the distillery backing him, so authorities assert.

A few bits of personal history, related by Dreyfuss for this article, will give the key to his management.

"In the baseball business," said he, "an owner must act quickly and secretly. He does not have time to consult a board of directors. He must act on the jump and talk afterward.

"Once I was down South, and, chancing to miss a train, I went out to see Memphis play Savannah. The score was 21 to 2 in favor of Savannah, and you can imagine that Memphis came in for a sizzling hot roast from the fans. I had been watching the game rather sharply, however, and I had my eye on a Memphis fielder who interested me. After the game I said to the manager: 'How much do you want for that chap?'

"Maybe I looked a little green; anyhow, the manager sized me up in a queer sort of way and then made up his mind that he'd soak me to the limit. 'I'll take a hundred dollars,' he said, and took a chew of tobacco.

"I had the cash, and I bought that fielder. I've got him to-day. He is Fred Clarke, my manager. The first day he played for me he made five hits.

At another time I heard of a player up in New York State, and I went up to look him over. On the grounds I met Harry Davis of New York. 'What are you doing up here?' I inquired.

"'Oh,' said he, pointing to the chap I'd come up to see, 'I'm watching that little shrimp play ball. I've got an option on him — but I'll tell you right now I don't want him. He's such a little cuss I wouldn't tie a can to him.'

"Now, I'm small myself. 'What'll you take

"'A hundred dollars,' said he, as a joke.

"I fished out the hundred. Then I went to the owner of the club and bought the 'shrimp' for three hundred. In a few weeks I could have sold him for ten thousand dollars. His name is Tommy Leach. I reckon you've heard of Tommy.

"At still another time I heard of a man named Hans Wagner who was playing with the anarchists up in Paterson, and I sent Clarke up to look at him. Clarke wired me to gobble him; but just at that time Philadelphia got on the line with a bigger offer than I made. Well, the bidding jumped a hundred dollars at a time until Philadelphia quit, and I got Wagner at twenty-five hundred. At that time this was the highest price ever paid for a player. Of course everybody now knows the great Hans.

So you see that the chief factor in baseball success is the ability to pick good players. That's the game the owner plays—and it's a game that turns his hair gray."

But even Dreyfuss, canny baseball man that he is, doesn't buy all his players for a song. Last year he invested \$22,500 in one pitcher, Marty O'Toole. To date, O'Toole has repeated Marquard's early experience of failing to pay dividends on his owner's investment. But Dreyfuss is willing to wait — those dividends may be cumulative.

One of the notable achievements of Dreyfuss is his magnificent Pittsburgh stadium at Forbes Field, costing — land and grandstand — about three quarters of a million. This has done much to make the game popular with the women of the Smoky City.

When one speaks of women in baseball, the St. Louis "Cardinals" instantly come into

mind. Here is a team that is owned by two women. They are Mrs. Helene Robison Britton and her mother, Mrs. Sarah C. H. Robison.

Everybody in Cleveland knows the name Robison, and it was in Cleveland that Helene Robison used to go to the ball games as a little



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"RUBE" MARQUARD

THE SENSATION OF THE NATIONAL LEAGUE. BRUSH PAID \$11,000 FOR MARQUARD, WHOSE NAME OUT OF THE DIAMOND IS RICHARD LE MARQUIS. MCGRAW SPENT THREE YEARS DEVELOPING HIM BEFORE BRUSH REALIZED ON THE INVESTMENT

Frank De Hass Robison, her father, and Stanley Robison, her uncle. These two men were financiers and builders of street railways — rich, popular, and thorough "fans." They owned the Cleveland National League club, having acquired it from pure love of the sport. Old-time "fans" tell about the wonderful aggregation of players the Robisons got together.

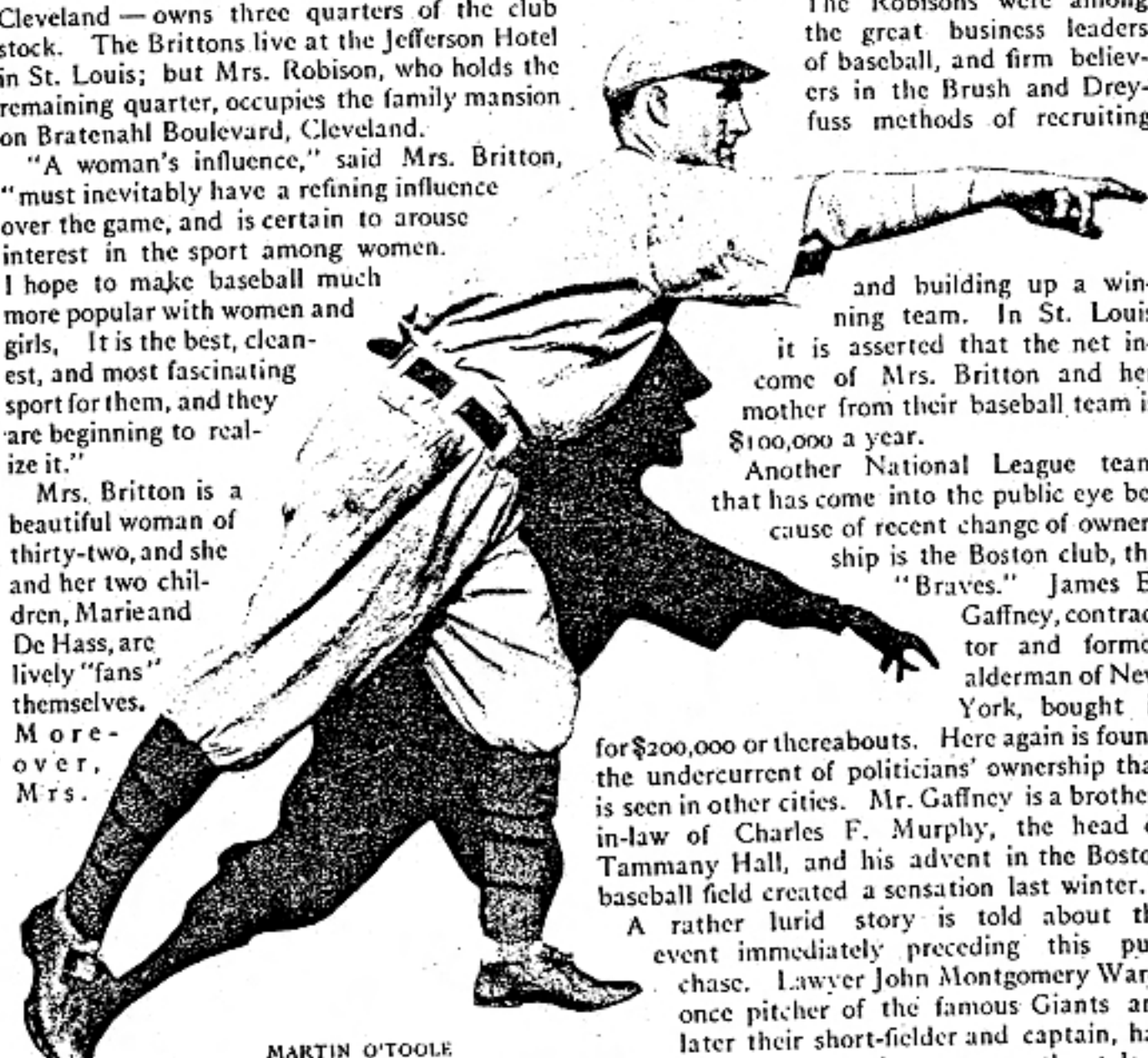
In 1899 the Robisons transferred their franchise, as well as their players, to St. Louis, and now, through the death of both brothers, Helene — who married Schuyler P. Britton of Cleveland — owns three quarters of the club stock. The Brittons live at the Jefferson Hotel in St. Louis; but Mrs. Robison, who holds the remaining quarter, occupies the family mansion on Bratenahl Boulevard, Cleveland.

"A woman's influence," said Mrs. Britton, "must inevitably have a refining influence over the game, and is certain to arouse interest in the sport among women.

I hope to make baseball much more popular with women and girls. It is the best, cleanest, and most fascinating sport for them, and they are beginning to realize it."

Mrs. Britton is a beautiful woman of thirty-two, and she and her two children, Marie and De Hass, are lively "fans" themselves.

More over, Mrs.



MARTIN O'TOOLE

THE \$22,500 BEAUTY. DREYFUSS OF THE PITTSBURGH NATIONAL TEAM BOUGHT O'TOOLE FOR THE RECORD PRICE OF \$22,500. THE OUTCOME OF THIS INVESTMENT IS STILL IN THE BALANCE

Britton has recently given evidence of an intention to take the detailed management of the business into her own hands. She has brought suit against the administrator of the Robison estate to prevent his voting the stock of the club. This is taken to mean that the young woman

Incidentally, the lawsuit has made public the fact that an offer of \$500,000 was made for the Cardinals not long ago by Roger Bresnahan, the team's manager. In two years this magnetic leader has demonstrated his right to such substantial financial backing by making a trailing club of untried players into a plucky fighting aggregation that is one of the biggest attractions in the circuit: Bresnahan, as all "fans" know, was a famous catcher of the New York Giants when, in 1908, Stanley Robison outbid every club in the National League for his services.

The Robisons were among the great business leaders of baseball, and firm believers in the Brush and Dreyfuss methods of recruiting

and building up a winning team. In St. Louis

it is asserted that the net income of Mrs. Britton and her mother from their baseball team is \$100,000 a year.

Another National League team that has come into the public eye because of recent change of ownership is the Boston club, the "Braves." James E.

Gaffney, contractor and former alderman of New York, bought it

for \$200,000 or thereabouts. Here again is found the undercurrent of politicians' ownership that is seen in other cities. Mr. Gaffney is a brother-in-law of Charles F. Murphy, the head of Tammany Hall, and his advent in the Boston baseball field created a sensation last winter.

A rather lurid story is told about the event immediately preceding this purchase. Lawyer John Montgomery Ward, once pitcher of the famous Giants and later their short-fielder and captain, had an option on the team, so the tale is told, but had no money of consequence. There were various bidders, and there seemed little chance of Ward's getting a

backer. Almost on the expiration of the option he got on the track of Gaffney, who had been a great "fan" for years. According to one baseball authority, Gaffney made up his mind to buy the team something after this fashion:

Scene: Gaffney's office in the Metropolitan
"Now, Ward, breathelessly.

WARD. There's a ball team for sale up in thousand men, hundreds of wagons, and Boston for two hundred thousand! Quick! half a dozen great steam-shovels were managed by Mr. Gaffney with extraordinary efficiency.

GAFFNEY (rising from his swivel chair). What's that? A ball team for sale for two hundred thousand? I've been looking for a thing of that sort for years. Are you sure you can get it—in Boston, the great baseball city of Boston?

WARD. Yes; but be quick! Only fifty-nine minutes—

GAFFNEY (touching a button) A pad of telegraph blanks in a rush!

WARD (running out with the telegram and hammering on the elevator grating for a car). The world is ours!

So Gaffney is now the practical owner, with Ward installed as president. The property was bought from the estate of William Hepburn Russell, Mr. Russell, a New York lawyer, having died shortly before. At one time in the days of the stone-wall infield, Tenney, Lowe, Lang, and Collins—this Boston National club was worth half a million, but it exemplified the truth that a baseball business may go to pieces very rapidly without the most rigid management. The value of the club went down to almost nothing, and was resuscitated with difficulty. What Gaffney will do with it is a speculation for the "fans," but those who know the Gaffney business methods predict great things. The contracting firm of which Gaffney is the head dug the monster hole for the new Pennsylvania station in New York. A



FRANK FARRELL,
FORMER ASSOCIATE OF BIG TIM SULLIVAN,
FAMOUS SPORTING MAN AND CHIEF BACKER
OF THE NEW YORK AMERICANS

Philadelphia at the present time is something of a mystery, so far as ownership goes. The stock is held nominally by Horace Fogel, president of the "Phillies" corporation. Mr. Fogel was a telegraph operator and then a newspaper writer on the Philadelphia *North American, Ledger, Telegraph*, and *Star*. He was a baseball official in Indianapolis

and New York before he took charge of Philadelphia. The major part of the stock is said to be distributed among a number of prominent men, some in Philadelphia and some elsewhere, who prefer to remain in seclusion. Of these, Charles P. Taft is reported to be one. E. F. Albee and Percy G. Williams, theatrical managers, are others. The club is fairly prosperous financially, having earned something like \$70,000 last year on a valuation of perhaps \$300,000. These figures, of course, are estimates, but they are made by men in a position to come near the facts.

The Brooklyn "Superbas" belong to Charles H. Ebbets and Henry W. Medicus, the former a long-time baseball official and the latter a furniture manufacturer in Brooklyn. Mr. Ebbets began as the secretary of the club many years ago, and has climbed gradually into the presidency. Eight years ago, while at a bowling tournament in Milwaukee, he talked Mr. Medicus into buying a half interest.

The Brooklyn club, which won the league money himself. There was no written agreement; please, remember this, for it is part of the fairy tale.

The next two years, 1905-6, Yawkey lost \$45,000, while the original investment had been only \$35,000. Then Hugh Jennings, affectionately dubbed "Hughie" throughout the land, was drafted from Baltimore and made bench manager for Detroit. That year the Tigers won the league pennant, and the profits were \$50,000. It was then that Navin said to Yawkey: "I think I'll take formal possession of my half interest."

With some men, contracts are superfluous; Yawkey is that sort of man. There might have been a lawsuit, but there wasn't. The verbal understanding was carried out to the letter, and Navin came into a bonanza. With his profits he purchased an equal partnership. His total investment in the club was now \$17,000. Then, the next year, the Tigers captured the pennant again, and the net profits were \$75,000. Hugh Jennings was a mascot. For the third time, in 1909, the team finished first, and a great stream of money poured in—more than \$150,000 in clean profits! In 1910 and in 1911 Detroit came out second, and the net earnings of the two years were \$90,000. In five years this team had earned for its owners \$365,000. The grounds, now owned by Yawkey and Navin, are worth \$200,000. Into the stadium has gone, so far, about \$225,000 more. The total value of the club is put at \$650,000. Here at Detroit are exemplified the almost fantastic possibilities of baseball. A story is told been bookkeeper for Angus and had little about Mr. Yawkey that gives an intimate

Now turn to the American League, organized by Ban Johnson ten years ago as a rival of the National League, but now working in harmony with it. Johnson is the general manager of modern baseball. He is the czar of his own league, and exercises an influence over the National League, whose president, Tom Lynch, is a graduate of the playing field and not of the counting-room. "Ban" has the money-raising powers of a college president and the "sand" of a college half-back. It was Johnson that recently suspended baseball's greatest player, Ty Cobb, of Detroit, for assaulting a spectator who had insulted him. Johnson stood his ground against a great wave of newspaper sentimentality and the stubborn resistance of the whole Detroit team, who "struck" in sympathy. Ban Johnson is a man to be reckoned with.

The story of the Detroit "Tigers" would make a good chapter in a baseball fairy-story book. But before this fairy story began the club had received some bad jolts. S. F. Angus, a railroad man who owned the club in its early days, dropped \$60,000 in it. Then William H. Yawkey bought it, and engaged Frank J. Navin to manage it for him.

"Any time you want a half interest," said Yawkey to Navin, "you can have it."

Navin had possibilities of baseball. A story is told



MRS. HELEN R. BRITTON
CHIEF OWNER OF THE ST. LOUIS
NATIONAL TEAM, WHO HAS A NET
INCOME OF \$100,000 A YEAR FROM
HER INTEREST IN THE CARDINALS

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With some men, contracts are superfluous; Yawkey is that sort of man. There might have been a lawsuit, but there wasn't. The verbal understanding was carried out to the letter, and Navin came into a bonanza. With his profits he purchased an equal partnership. His total investment in the club was now \$17,000.

Then, the next year, the Tigers captured the pennant again, and the net profits were \$75,000.

Hugh Jennings was a mascot. For the third time, in 1909, the team finished first, and a great stream of money poured in—more than \$150,000 in clean profits! In 1910 and in 1911 Detroit came out second, and the net earnings of the two years were \$90,000. In five years this team had earned for its owners \$365,000. The grounds, now owned by Yawkey and Navin, are worth \$200,000. Into the stadium has gone, so far, about \$225,000 more. The total value of the club is put at \$650,000. Here at Detroit are exemplified the almost fantastic possibilities of baseball. A story is told



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BARNEY DREYFUSS

WHO HAS BECOME A MILLIONAIRE THROUGH HIS INTERESTS IN THE PITTSBURGH NATIONALS

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"GARRY" HERRMANN

THE CINCINNATI POLITICIAN WHO IS CHIEF OWNER OF THE CINCINNATI NATIONALS—A POOR MONEY-MAKING TEAM

glimpse of him. One day, while traveling to Cleveland with a crowd of "fans," he fell to arguing about wrestling. To settle a difference of opinion, he observed to "Billy" Lamb of Detroit:

"I'll give you five thousand dollars, Bill, if you can put me on my back in the aisle of this car."

Billy promptly did it. Yawkey got up, brushed the dust from his clothes, and wrote a check for \$5,000. With the money Lamb started an auto-tire business.

And yet Yawkey, who is only thirty-seven, is a keen business man and has largely increased the great estate left by his father. It is said that Mr. Yawkey's own holdings in timber, coal, and oil—from which the fortune originally came—are \$20,000,000. But even millions can not make a pennant-winning baseball team, and back of Detroit's success has been that mystic quality which no mere cash can create.

Jump to Cleveland. Here is another club valued at \$650,000. It is owned by Charles W. Somers, a coal operator who is known as the financial father of the American League. It was he who kept it from collapse. He has put more money into baseball and taken less out than any other man. This, too, in spite of the fact that his club, since 1904, has netted half a million dollars. In 1908 the profits were \$100,000. At one time Somers had \$785,000



DE HASS BRITTON IN TRAINING FOR THE CARDINALS

pledged in aid of the American League teams; that is, he had guaranteed leases and debts. During the baseball war it is said he loaned money to many owners—\$50,000 to Comiskey, according to good authorities. All this Mr. Somers did because he loved baseball and had confidence in its future—and because of the hypnotic Ban Johnson. Had the American League collapsed he would have lost half a million.

It is a fact that most of the rich men who back baseball are level-headed business chaps. There is no keener business manager in Cleveland than Mr. Somers. As the head of the coal firm of J. H. Somers & Company, and in his other enterprises in coal lands and copper, he has made a great deal of money, although the original business was founded by his father. To-day he is worth several millions.

But, if Somers is the father of the American League in a financial way, Charles A. Comiskey, owner of the Chicago "White Sox," stands out most conspicuously in other ways. Comiskey's history and personality make him the most distinctive figure among baseball owners.

Thirty-five years ago, at the age of eighteen, Comiskey first played ball—with a semi-professional team at Dubuque, owned by Ted



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CHARLES H. EBBETS

BACKER OF THE BROOKLYN NATIONALS, WHICH EARNS \$70,000 A YEAR

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CHARLES W. SOMERS

MILLIONAIRE COAL OPERATOR OF CLEVELAND, WHOSE MONEY MADE THE AMERICAN LEAGUE POSSIBLE

Sullivan, then and now well known in baseball circles. Comiskey became famous as first baseman and captain of the St. Louis "Browns," and with the Chicago Brotherhood Club. "Commy" was the first man to realize the important possibilities of first-base play, a science that was developed by Fred Tenney and perfected by Hal Chase, of the New York Americans.

At the time the American League was organized, Comiskey was captain, manager, and first baseman of the Chicago Western League Club. He joined the revolt against the National League and organized the "White Sox," declaring that the baseball kings could not build a wall about Chicago so high that he couldn't get over it. At that time the National League dominated baseball with powers as great as those exercised by the National agreement to-day; but Comiskey became the lion who dared the enemy in its own den. The Western League became the American League, and Comiskey's "White Sox" grew into a team of ball-players of national repute. Throughout his career the "Old Roman"—as somebody dubbed him—has been capturing league pennants and world's championships.

• As an owner, the proprietor of this Chicago team has created material for another baseball wonder-story.

The original investment was \$30,000. The other day Comiskey stated that all the money he now has he got out of baseball; and, since his club is in the million-dollar class, his fortune has grown out of the comparatively trifling investment with which he started. Comiskey owns the franchise, grounds, and stands—all paid for. The steel and concrete grand-stand cost \$550,000. For the land he paid \$102,000, and has been offered \$100,000 for less than half of it. The profits have run as high as \$150,000 in a year. Next to New York, Chicago is the greatest baseball city in the country. These large profits have come in spite of heavy expense. Comiskey pays an average of \$40,000 a year for the one item of recruiting players; he has gone as high as \$90,000 in a year. But, from the standpoint of business management, this item is not to be considered as an expense, but as an investment in the goods that earn the profits. To a considerable extent Comiskey still selects his own players.

"I get tips on them," he said, "but I feel that I can still tell a good



THE WORLD'S MOST DISTINGUISHED "FAN"

player at sight. Of course it is a question whether my judgment is as sound now as it was when I was playing ball, or my eye as keen; but I have a good team, which is evidence that I'm still able to handle the thing."

Comiskey is immensely popular, not only in Chicago, but throughout the country. He has been called the ideal baseball magnate. There is a charm to his personality that makes him a striking figure. He is more than six feet tall, broad-shouldered, and weighs over two hundred pounds, while his kindly gray eyes and furrowed face radiate gentleness that has behind it strength and determination.

From the "White Sox" turn your attention to the "Red Sox," the team of the American League in Boston. Once more we find a million-dollar club. Boston comes next to Chicago as a profitable baseball city, and the Red Sox have been a gold mine.

How \$100,000 Saved \$200,000 a Year

In 1904 a young man named John I. Taylor was connected with the business management of the Boston Globe, his father being General Charles H. Taylor, the editor and owner of that newspaper. But young Mr. Taylor did not have his heart and soul in newspaper work. He was a thorough sportsman and amateur ball-player, and he reveled in athletic games of all sorts. A mighty rooter he was, and his friends say that whenever the Bostons lost a game he refused to eat or sleep until time revived his spirits. Withal, he was one of Boston's best-known and popular young men.

It was something of a surprise when General Taylor—who believes in giving a boy his bent—bought the Red Sox for this youngest son. "John I.," as his friends often call him, had long yearned for a ball team of his own. The price paid was something like \$100,000.

Since that day young Mr. Taylor has been very much in evidence, while his team has continued to earn him big money. In the first place, Taylor was fortunate in having as his manager the great Jimmy Collins, the most graceful ball-player of all time, and a successful leader of men. Within four or five years the original investment was repaid several times over. The club is said to have earned as high as \$200,000 in a year—clean profits over expenses. The White Sox and the Red Sox constitute by far the most valuable teams in the American League.

But the heavy responsibilities resting upon him induced Mr. Taylor last winter to look about for a brace of partners who knew the game

and could take part of the load. He found them in James R. McAleer and Robert W. McRoy.

McAleer was once the greatest outfielder in baseball. At the time he bought into the Boston team he was manager of the Washington club at a salary of \$10,000. The financial magic of baseball had accumulated for him a neat fortune of \$100,000. Now, as part-owner of the Boston Americans, he bids fair to become a rich man—not a mere prosperous ball-player.

Frank Farrell and Bill Devery

Altogether different in type is the chief owner of the New York American League team—Frank J. Farrell. Once more we run into the subcurrent of politics and gambling sportsmanship, for Farrell is a member of Tammany Hall, and acquired newspaper notoriety for his connection with bookmaking and turf affairs in New York. A number of Manhattan politicians are currently reported to be part-owners of the "Highlanders" with Farrell, among them "Big Bill" Devery, once chief of police.

Years ago Frank Farrell was a race-track partner of Julius Fleischmann of Cincinnati. Between them they had a string of horses that included many well-known equine names. Fleischmann retired from racing, but Farrell kept on. His extensive betting, as well as his costly thoroughbreds, supplied much gossip in gambling circles. From racing to baseball was a natural step, and when the American League entered New York he acquired the franchise—in 1903.

Authorities say that it cost him \$100,000, and that he spent as much more on his grounds before he took in a dollar. Since then, although he has spent money prodigally for players and has had such stars as Willie Keeler, Jack Chesbro, and Hal Chase, he has not done well financially or in a ball-playing sense; at least, he has been unsuccessful from the standpoint of his New York rival, John T. Brush. But with the new grounds he has acquired near Two Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street—on which he plans to have one of the finest baseball plants in the country—the Highlanders represent an investment that reaches perhaps \$800,000.

The cartoonists have represented Farrell as a loudly dressed, uncouth, and noisy individual given to flashy jewelry and always looking for a row. As a matter of fact, he wears modest clothes, talks in a low voice, wears little jewelry, and is a diplomat who finds plenty of oppor-

tunity in baseball to exercise his talent for conciliation.

Uncle Ben Shibe

In Philadelphia—as we swing around toward the end of the American League circuit—a wholly different phase of baseball ownership presents itself. It is different from anything we have yet discovered, for it involves the great manufacturing industry connected with baseball. Benjamin F. Shibe, founder of the world's champions of to-day, is a partner in the A. J. Reach Company of Philadelphia, makers of baseballs, bats, masks, mitts, and all the varied regalia connected with the game.

"Uncle Ben," as he is commonly called, first met A. J. Reach when the latter was a member of the old "Athletics" team in the early seventies. Mr. Shibe was a "fan" in those days; but neither of them, in the wildest flights of their imagination, saw the river of riches that was destined to flood their future. While still a member of the team, Mr. Reach started his sporting goods house. To-day it is the largest manufacturer of baseball equipment, although in the retailing of these goods A. G. Spalding & Brothers stand on a similar footing. It is said that half the baseballs coming from this plant bear the Spalding imprint, while the other half have the Reach label.

Mr. Shibe financed a number of baseball ventures before he started the Athletics, the stock of which he controls. He put his money into this now famous Philadelphia club at the solicitation of Ban Johnson, Comiskey, and Connie Mack, who were furthering the early efforts of the American League. The newspapers referred to the Athletics as Uncle Ben's White Elephants. To-day the property of the club is estimated at \$800,000, and, under the wisest of management, a team of world's champions has been developed. Connie Mack, its wonderful manager, who began as a catcher, is a stockholder in the club.

But the money Shibe has made from the game itself appears insignificant beside the earnings from the Reach factory. Mr. Reach is the possessor of great wealth—far more than any of the owners of baseball proper. He himself was for twenty years president of the Philadelphia National League Club, and bears the reputation of being the best-posted baseball man in the country.

At Washington there has been a varied and changing ownership; at least, many prominent men have held stock in the American League club. One such former stockholder says he received a dividend of seventeen per cent, but

that this was an exception. The chief owner is Thomas C. Noyes, proprietor of the Washington Star. Clark Griffith, manager, is reported to have bought \$25,000 in stock, with the backing of James E. Gaffney of New York. The financial standing of the club may be judged by the fact that the stock, having a par value of \$10 a share, is worth \$18. The capital was increased last year from \$100,000 to \$200,000, while the new grand-stand, built to replace the one burned last year, cost \$125,000. The club owns the land, which was purchased for \$80,000.

Washington is a good baseball town for two reasons: first, because many visitors are always in town who are interested in the teams from their home places; and, second, because the capital is a town of clerks who are free after four o'clock.

The Famous St. Louis "Browns"

This informal account of baseball ownership has not attempted to follow the sixteen clubs of the big leagues with any reference to their baseball standing or financial worth, so the fact that the St. Louis "Browns" chance to come last has no significance. These Browns, however, are not the famous old club; only the name survives.

The chief owner of the St. Louis American League Club is Robert L. Hedges, a former carriage manufacturer of Cincinnati. He holds sixty-five per cent of the stock, while the remainder is in the hands of five men, including John E. Bruce, secretary of the National Commission.

In 1908 the profits from the Browns were estimated by baseball authorities to be \$168,000, on a capital of \$80,000. This, however, is away above the average earnings. For the last two years the profits have gone into real estate and a grand-stand and into an effort to build up a team that is worthy of St. Louis baseball traditions.

"I went into baseball," said Mr. Hedges, "purely as a matter of business. Before I began to organize the St. Louis team, in 1901, I had not seen a dozen games of professional baseball in my life. But, although I went into the thing for the purpose of making money, I have an entirely different feeling to-day. I am full now of the spirit of baseball. Let me have a winning team for four or five years, and I'll be satisfied, regardless of the money end."

Now, remember, as you glance back over these owners of the sixteen big teams, that you have seen, in reality, only a small part of America's baseball ownership. There are fifty-odd minor leagues, which mean between three

and four hundred teams. Each team represents a business investment; each team is training players to sell to the teams in the leagues above them; each team offers an opportunity to local capital for sharing in the immense profits of baseball, and to the local youth for starting in what has become a very respectable and lucrative career.

The people of the United States spend from \$12,000,000 to \$15,000,000 a year to see baseball games. The total number of persons registered at all professional ball games during a season

probably approaches 50,000,000. Those who attend the games of the big leagues alone number from eight to ten million. So rapid has been the growth of baseball enthusiasm that the owners predict the time when the aggregate patronage of baseball in this country, including major and minor leagues, will be three hundred million. They believe baseball to be still in its infancy, and on this prophecy they are staking their cash in monster stadiums of iron and stone, and laying out their business plans to care for profits that must be counted in millions.