

Workers in Ivory

A gallery of the master minds of big-league benches—you know them all

By
**GRANTLAND
RICE**



John J. McGraw, still forceful and ambitious, will fight for his eleventh flag

TWENTY-SIX years ago, dating back to the season of 1902, a comparatively young fellow by the name of Connie Mack stepped out and won his first American League pennant for the Philadelphia Athletics.

Now, more than a quarter of a century after his first pennant victory, the same Connie Mack—tall, angular, lean-faced, solemn-looking, gray-haired—is still leading one of his legions.

Two years after Mack won his first Philadelphia pennant a shorter, heavier-set, more combustible manager by the name of John J. McGraw landed his first pennant for the New York Giants. McGraw has added nine other banners to his flock since that long-ago time when Matty was still young.

Now, twenty-four years later, the same John J. McGraw, round and gray, not quite so combustible but still full of fire, is leading another combat division into action in pursuit of his eleventh flag.

These two head the list of contending managers this season who in their careers have captured twenty-nine major-league pennants, and this doesn't include two other pennants that have been won by players who are now in the ranks—Speaker and Hornsby.

As they marched to the post in April, McGraw led the list with 10 pennants; Mack, 6; Huggins, 5; Carrigan, 2; Harris, 2; Robinson, 2; McKechnie, 1; and Bush, 1.

But a long, long line of leaders has come and gone since the willowy Mack and the fiery McGraw captured their first gonfalon trophies. Frank Chance, Pat Moran, Tris Speaker, Ty Cobb, Wild Bill Donovan, Dave Bancroft, Art Fletcher, Johnny Evers, Stuffy McInnis, George Stallings, Eddie Collins and Kid Gleason are among those who have retired, died or dropped back to the ranks.

Two Grand Old Warriors

THE marvel of Mack and McGraw is that for twenty-eight and twenty-six years respectively they have been with the same ball clubs—Mack in Philadelphia and McGraw in New York.

Knowing baseball is only part of the job. They must know how and where to pick and trade, how to build, how to

teach, how to direct and how to handle. Some stars must be led and encouraged. Others must be driven. Morale is almost as essential for a winning team as material.

In 1914 Connie Mack had won six pennants. He was at the head of a great machine. He scattered this machine, and now for fourteen years he has been facing rebuffs and reverses without any sign of lagging interest or any touch of discouragement. In these fourteen years of struggling up he has collected nearly 700 ball players, only to see promising youngsters fade out, or break, and promising teams crumble up after a good start.

Last year he gathered a team good enough to run up a pennant-winning average in normal times, only to have it finish nineteen games back of an abnormal team that broke all league records in the wake of a wild barrage of home runs and triples. But although well past sixty, he continued to build by adding Speaker to his outfield in an-

other year's dependence on such stars as Cobb, Speaker and Collins.

Mack intends to fight it out until he has whiskers longer than Trader Horn's and whiter than the snows of Everest. On his march through the 60's he has just begun to fight.

Mack and McGraw were tied with six pennants each until John J. assembled another brilliant cast in 1921 that brought him four more pennants in a row, putting him well in front of them all. Then as McGraw was planning to take a less active part St. Louis jumped into the lead in 1926, so he decided to bag at least one more pennant before he stopped. He came close to his wish last fall in a final headlong drive that almost nipped the Pirates a few jumps from the wire. And this year Hornsby is missing.

McGraw has naturally lost some of the fire of his earlier years. His aggressiveness isn't as pronounced and as harsh as it used to be. But the old qualities of direct and forceful leadership are still with him. No other man has done as much



Connie Mack, 14 years out, won't give up

for old-time players who have come up on rougher days.

Miller Huggins, the midget mandarin of the Yankees, is a different type from either McGraw or Mack. In many ways he lacks the personal or impersonal magnetism which these two veterans have always had. But he has always been a shrewd tactician, smart in the inside ways of the game, and he has proved his ability at handling men by controlling an all-star cast that at times has been none too easy to handle.

He had his battle with Ruth, and Ruth finished second. There has been

no trouble since. He had his battles with other members of the team, but he has led them to five pennants in seven years, and he isn't through.

Two of the most interesting types are Joe McCarthy of Chicago's Cubs and Donie Bush of the Pirates.

McCarthy came up from a minor league to take over a somewhat disorganized club, and within two months he had them out hustling the league. You might take this Cub leader with a strong, pleasant face and a reserved manner for some banker or for the head of some corporation. He has his full share of poise and directness and smoothness of speech. He also knows a ball player, and he knows how to make his teams play all the baseball they know.

Old Solons Can't Pinch-hit

MCCARTHY believed that team discipline was even more important than Grover Cleveland Alexander, one of the greatest pitchers that ever threw dust in a batting eye. He had a young team coming on, and it was necessary for that young team to know he meant what he said.

As a result he had this young team hustling and fighting and scrambling along five games in front of the field late last August until lack of infield experience and the need of one more good pitcher broke up his drive.

McCarthy in no respect resembles Mack, McGraw, or Huggins, which shows again that results come from more than one set mold.

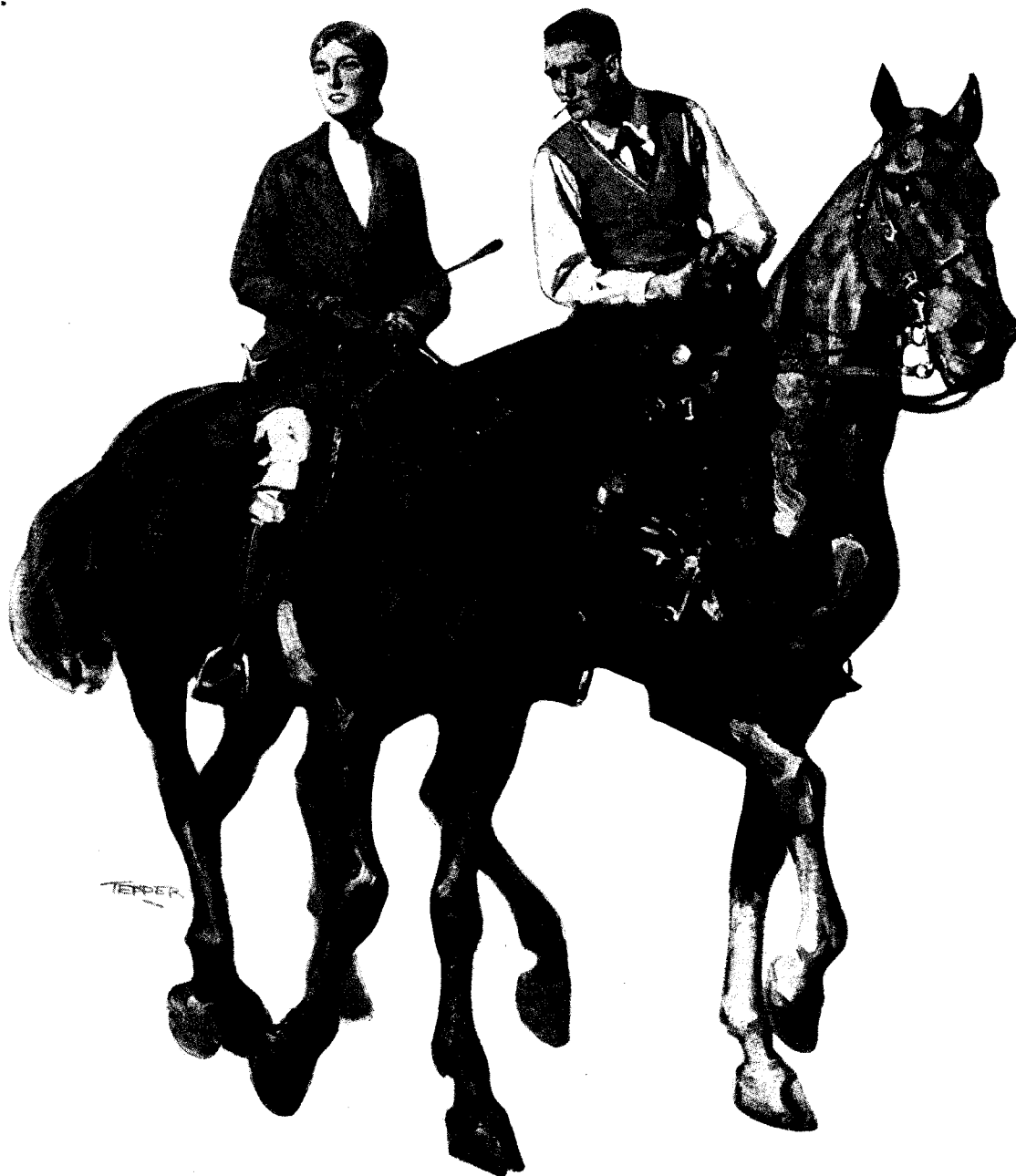
Donie Bush, now of Pittsburgh, preceded Buck Harris at Washington and helped to start a pennant-winning machine on its way. Bush, an ex-Detroit infield star, had a tough job when he came from Indianapolis to Pittsburgh, for he fell into the middle of internal trouble that finally led to the benching of Kiki Cuyler, one of his outstanding stars. He had to fight his way down the stretch with Cuyler on the bench and the howls of an indignant home mob thundering across the field each day, but he finally pulled them through.

Bush is keen, eager and likable. He is another great believer in hustling to the last out, but he knows how to lead and drive, plead and rave in turn. They must play baseball for Donie or step into a war. He is as dynamic a type as baseball knows today.

Then there is Your Uncle Wilbert Robinson of Brooklyn, the great pacifier, guide, philosopher, friend, teacher and student. Robby is the great salver, the "Come on, kid, you've got everything," and one of the greatest instructors baseball has yet seen. Baseball has never had another as good at developing and handling pitchers or at salvaging wrecks.

Give either Robinson or Bill Carrigan of the Boston Red Sox an even break in talent, and no home fan will have to worry about his share of victories. But not even a Robinson or a Carrigan, who have won their pennants, can sit on a bench and make base hits in a pinch.





"That poster reminds me . . . a horseback scene like this would make a good cigarette advertisement . . ."

"Sure, call it '*Thoroughbreds*' and it would be perfect for Chesterfield!"



THEY'RE MILD
and yet THEY SATISFY

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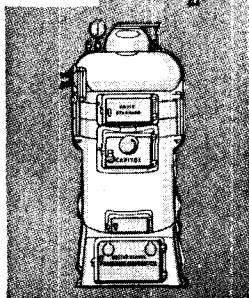
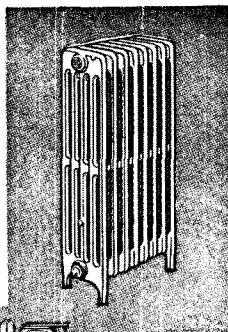
Ben Franklin's back was cold

TIRED of scorching his face and freezing his heels and alternately warming his back and chilling his front, Benjamin Franklin in 1742 invented his Pennsylvania stove. A biographer calls it one of the first contrivances to give the American home the civilizing comfort marvelled at by the world.

But comfort was not all that Franklin aimed at. The difference in economy alone, he pointed out, "between the English farmer in America who makes great fires in open chimneys . . . and the German who burns his fuel in a stove . . . shall in a course of years enable the German to buy out the Englishman and take possession of his plantation."

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Great Grief!

By
CHARLES
BRACKETT

Illustrated by
HENRY DAVIS

The Story Thus Far:

VICKY BOND returns to Chatfield from Paris to find that Mrs. Edith Viereck, prospective divorcee, whom she detests, has wormed her way into Vicky's own circle and that Dolly Tillinghast has been nice to her. Dolly and Vicky are intense but not inseparable lovers, for Vicky wants her own way. Vicky teases Dolly about Edith till, in a rage, he calls Vicky the most exasperating woman in the world and goes on a yachting trip. Next day the papers announce his marriage.

Smarting under the sympathy of Edith and others, Vicky says she was married first—to a master bootlegger, Clovis d'Auvergnat, alias Frederick Brown. It turns out that it was another Tillinghast who got married, but Vicky must see her lies through.

She therefore announces that Clovis is dead—died in some mysterious bootlegging way, so there can be no funeral. Dolly Tillinghast returns, tells Vicky that she can't get away with it with him, so, bound to make him believe her, she announces that Clovis' body is coming on.

Then Vicky in desperation writes Gennery Bond, her cousin, the truth and says he must have a wax figure sent on in a coffin.

Then arrives a note from her absent maid, Hester, saying she is returning and a telegram from Alice Campbell Higgins, Bloomington, Illinois, announcing that she is coming on to discover what Frederick Brown Vicky married. In answer to a previous message Helen Vaughn, friend of Vicky's, had written that it was not any Frederick Brown whom Miss Higgins could have known. Vicky reads the telegram and hands it to Helen.

"IT IS for you," Vicky said humbly. Helen read it.

"Why, that's the woman who wrote the letter to you!" she exclaimed. "Yes, this comes from Bloomington, Illinois. She's coming on."

"Well a lot of good it will do her," Vicky said.

"It may relieve her mind to see him."

"She's certainly not going to see him."

"Vicky! I should think, after you've been through so much, you'd feel sorry for her."

"She should take my word," Vicky sniffed. "See him, indeed! I don't expect to see him myself."

"You what!"

"I certainly don't expect to have the coffin opened."

"Oh, Vicky!" Helen Vaughn said, and for a moment Vicky thought she was going to cry, and even Lizzie, who was mopping up some coffee which had been spilled when Vicky was grasping for the telegram, paused and said protestingly, "Aw, Miss Bond!"

"Does that seem so very surprising?" Vicky asked. "It seems to me the only civilized thing to do."



Dolly was at the foot of the stairs, his wonderful smile shining up at her

"It doesn't have to be opened at the funeral perhaps," Helen Vaughn began, "but I certainly think it would look very queer—"

"We won't discuss the matter now," Vicky told her grandly, "and I think I'm getting my headache again and will be left alone. The only thing I feel up to today is answering the telephone. Connect my extension, and don't pay any attention if it rings downstairs."

"But I should think that would be the very worst thing for your headache!"

"It won't and I want to feel that I'm doing something. Have you happened to hear what's happened about Edith Viereck's divorce?"

"No, I haven't," Helen confessed. "I've been so busy."

"Well if Edith Viereck should call today I'll see her, and bring me any telegram the instant it arrives."

"I'm afraid you're in a terribly nervous state," Helen fussed affectionately. "I wonder if I oughtn't to have a doctor see you."

Vicky had to shoo her and Lizzie from the room.

She was so tired of bed that she rose, took a tub, put on another of Lucy Faraday's creations, and applied a splendid pallor to her face. She then tried to read a book lying on her chaise longue, but not hearing from Gennery had made her too nervous. After about an hour and a half more Vicky put in a long distance call for him in New York.

WHILE she was waiting for it Helen Vaughn tapped at the door, opened it, said: "There's somebody you said you'd like to see," and produced Edith Viereck from behind her.

"Oh, 'ou poor 'ittle dirl!" Edith Viereck mouthed, coming into the room, and Helen withdrew, beaming at the reunion. Helen loved amity.

"Don't let's talk about my troubles," Vicky said with a look of fugitive saintliness. "Helen told me last night you'd had news, too. Was it about your divorce?"

"Yes, it was," Edith Viereck said, in a perfectly adult voice. "What do you think Walter Viereck has done now? The meanest trick. He's disputing my residence in Pennsylvania."

"I didn't know you lived in Pennsylvania."

"I don't, but I reside there. I go down twice a month, and you know no gentleman disputes a thing like that anyway."

"Was that why you wanted Dolly Tillinghast?"

"Yes, it was. You see Adolphus has been so sweet about my divorce, and I haven't any other great big man to—"

At that moment the telephone rang. "Pardon me," Vicky said, and seized the receiver. "Yes, this is Miss Bond speaking. Hang up the other receiver, Lizzie. I'm answering as I said I would."

"Your New York call," Central told her.

"If you'll wait in my dressing-room," Vicky suggested to Edith Viereck.

Edith went into the dressing-room but failed to shut the door.

Gennery's voice came at last, rather grumpy.

"Hello, Gennery," Vicky said.

"Lo, Vicky."

"You got my letter?"

"Yep."

It was just like Gennery not to help out.

"Is it all right?"

"Yep."

"On what train?"
"Shipped at twelve noon."
"That means the seven o'clock?"
"Yep."

"Are you coming?"
"Nope. Busy."

"You understood, Gennery?"
"Nope."

"Thank you a thousand times anyway. You're a lamb."

"G'by."

Feeling in her relief, that she could deal with Edith Viereck without danger to her blood vessels, Vicky went into her dressing-room.

"Funeral arrangements," she said.

Edith had undergone a terrific relapse into infantilism.

"Does 'oo know when sad fings are going to happen yet?" she asked.

"Tomorrow. That was my cousin Gennery Bond saying he couldn't be here."

"Oh, yes. We had a 'ittle talkfest wif Helen Vaughn when she was coming from posting your letter to him last night?"

"You and Dolly Tillinghast?" Vicky helped to bring the conversation back to its muttons.

"You were just telling me about Dolly Tillinghast and your divorce."

"Well, Adolphus knows Walter Viereck's lawyer, and so I told Adolphus the bad naughty fng I'd been freaterened with, and Adolphus offered to go to New York and tell him it wasn't nice to treat poor Edie so."

"Dolly hasn't gone to New York?"

"Yes, he has. And he says with just one big man to man powwow all poor Edie's troubles can be blowed away, puff, puff. Only then she'll be a divorced lady."

"When did Dolly go?"

"On the midnight, and I'll have to telephone him wight'away 'ause he said if sad fings were going to be tomorrow he'd take a train back to be here in time."

"Why in the world should he be here?" Vicky asked. "I don't care whether he's here or not."

"But he wants to be here. Adolphus is very, very fond of you, Vicky Bond. He wouldn't not be here for worlds and worlds. Now what can Edie do for 'ou? Edie loves to help."

"I'm afraid the only thing, at present," Vicky said, "is to leave me alone. My headache seems to be coming back."

"Oh poor 'ittle Vicky!" Edith moaned.

"Ou poor 'ittle fng!"

SHE left, shedding proffers of assistance to the sill of the door.

Dolly Tillinghast in New York and likely to look up Gennery! Vicky flew back to the phone but before she had a

"Is it Dolly?" she called down in a rich, sad voice



chance to get even the long distance operator Helen Vaughn was at her door.

"Edith says it's coming at seven! I'm sorry to disturb you but there are so many arrangements to make."

"Just make them, please, and don't bother me."

"But which undertaker do you want?"

"Do we have to have an undertaker?"

"Oh, yes. They won't send it up from the station on an express wagon, you know."

Vicky had a feeling that Dolly was getting nearer and nearer Gennery's house.

"Get whatever one you want."

"Carroll has nicer chairs," Helen meditated, "but Bloom is really awfully sweet. And about the service? Shall I get Mr. Marshall, or is he a Catholic?"

"I'm sure I don't know, but Dr. Marshall will do. Clovis was nothing if not broadminded."

"Burial in the family plot, I suppose?"

That really was awful. To put a perfect stranger with four generations of Bonds. The Bonds had never been a gregarious family in the least. Still, Vicky supposed it had to be done, and perhaps it would only be a load of stones anyway. Vicky hoped so at the moment.

"Oh, yes," Vicky agreed.

"Any choice as to where?"

"If you could find a place near Uncle Edmond."

Uncle Edmond had been a bachelor and quite sociable as Bonds went.

"I guess that's all."