



PHOTO, FROM WIDE WORLD PHOTOS
The "Babe" and Mrs. Ruth at Home

THE opening scene shows Babe Ruth, born George Herman Ruth, clad in awning-striped pajamas, seated on lounge of artistically furnished apartment, exhibiting a new set of golf clubs and pointing out their superiority to numerous other sets stacked in near-by closet. Every month or so somebody presents the Babe with a new set of golf tools. He, in return, presents the giver and hundreds of other admirers with personally autographed baseballs. Ruth complains about having had to shave himself in order to keep the appointment, meanwhile rubbing his face reflectively.

"Would rather shave myself if I could," he explains; "but, somehow, my beard always pulls as if it was coming out by the roots. It's a nuisance to go to the barber shop every morning, but a fellow does hear a lot of funny stuff there."

Ruth has a deep, bellowing voice that occasionally softens to suggest the thought that he could sing well if he tried.

"Did try once," he says, "but on the stage it was a bust."

In talking about himself, the Babe wishes to make it clear that he has been both bad and good and that his real name is George Herman Ruth, and not Ehrhardt, as has been often stated in the question-and-answer departments of newspapers. Also, that nobody ever called him George except Brother



PHOTO, SUPPLIED BY INTERNATIONAL NEWS PHOTOS, INC.
Ruth and Al Smith

"In other words, you are financially independent now?"

"Pretty nearly so. Since I got wise to myself, I've been socking my dough into an annuity trust fund. In a few more years I'll have sixty-eight thousand dollars coming to me in cash and an income of ten thousand dollars a year for life. It'll be pretty sweet to get a check for twenty-five hundred bucks every three months, won't it?"

"What's the most money you ever made in one year, Babe?"

Again he rubbed his freshly shaven face in an effort to remember.

"About one hundred and thirty thousand dollars—that is, counting baseball salary, exhibition work, stage appearances, syndicate writing, and so on. And, boy," he chuckled, "you ought to see how I managed to scatter that chunk."

AND ALONG

Matthias and Brother Gilbert, of St. Mary's School, in Baltimore, where he and his sister were brought up.

"Don't know where they ever got that Ehrhardt idea," he says, "unless some fellow gave it to one of the newspaper boys as a josh. First time I ever saw it was on a sport page."

The late Jack Dunn, owner and manager of the Baltimore ball club, also called him George until the players had unanimously decided on "Babe," and made it stick.

"In those days," Ruth explains, "Dunn was always digging up youngsters for try-outs with his ball club. When Brother Gilbert and myself came out of Jack's office after they had signed me to a baseball contract eighteen years ago, the players saw me from a distance. 'There's another one of Dunn's babies,' one of them remarked. The minute I put on a uniform they called me Babe and, in baseball, I have never known any other name. I'm

not kicking, though. I rather like it. I was such a big fellow that the nickname of Babe struck the other boys as funny. I guess it would still be funny if we hadn't all got used to it."

"How long do you expect to play ball?" he was asked.

"I figure that about two more years ought to do me, but you can't tell about that. You know how it is. Clarke Griffith may have been right when he said that no ball player ever voluntarily quits the game until they cut the uniform off him. Anyway, I won't be in there until I trip on my whiskers and the boys begin feeling sorry for me. I won't have to do that."

"Did you ever try to figure how much you have earned altogether since you began playing professional baseball eighteen years ago?"

"Oh, my average has been better than fifty thousand a year. I've made at least a million dollars. Threw away more than half of it too. Had a lot of fun, though."

"Did you have any aim in life or any particular thought to the future when you started out as a ball player?"

"No, of course I didn't. I just wanted to play ball. I still like to play, even if it's just for the fun of it. When I got my first job it seemed funny to me that anybody would pay me money to play ball."

Mr. Ruth put away his golf clubs, hauled out a big cigar—he never has smoked cigarettes—and began to fidget with his pajama jacket, frequently glancing at the clock.

"Listen," he suddenly exclaimed, "I've got forty minutes to report at the ball park. Always try to be on time. Young fellows seeing me late might think I'm trying to get away with something. The older and more prominent you get in baseball the closer you've got to follow the rules. Don't you think so? My sore hand's getting better and I might get a few good cracks at that old onion today."

He did. That afternoon Mr. Ruth hit two home runs. Every ball game is still a fresh adventure to him.

History points to many individuals who rose to national prominence through no studied effort of their own. In Cæsar's Commentaries—I think it was Cæsar—there is a reference to some "multitude marvelling at the muscles of the man." Anyway, our inference is that the proletariat passed up the statesmen and military wizards to look over the new white hope.

Exploding the Hard-Grind Myth

HEROES like that man of muscle away back yonder have a trick of upsetting storybook theories of the long, patient grind; of the persistent, determined aim at some goal that no untoward circumstances can shake. Without purpose, apparently, they achieve that which most men, even those of exceptional intellect, could never attain if they followed every rule laid down in the book. These popular favorites have what for want of a better word we call "color." Baseball parlance describes them as "naturals." Babe Ruth is an outstanding example.

Ruth is more than a great ball player. He has become a sort of national institution. Whether he does or doesn't do a thing, his name gets on the front page. There is something of drama in the way he strikes out. It only adds to the thrill of his next home run. No matter where he may appear or in what rôle, the crowd wants to see him. Usually he does what they expect of him too. For Ruth, the



One the Catcher Didn't Get

CAME RUTH—By Bozeman Bulger

stage seems always set, and he, consciously or unconsciously, enacts the star part.

Ruth's name is synonymous with hard hitting. Little boys use it as a superlative to describe most any kind of wallop. So do golfers, tennis players and poloists. Tommy Hitchcock is often referred to as the Babe Ruth of polo. The name is a byword for attack, as that of Christy Mathewson was for defense.

Oddly, the two athletes—Mathewson and Ruth—the most perpetual heroes in the minds of American youth, developed characteristics as far apart as the North and South Poles. Another oddity is that both began as pitchers. Had Ruth continued as a pitcher the chances are he would still have had a place in the Hall of Fame, but a little less prominent than that of the great Matty. It was as a hitter that Ruth became an idol.

The Thrill of the Big Sock

THOUGH Ruth is an unimaginative person, his mind dwelling almost entirely in the present, he utters this bit of sound philosophy:

"I guess the fellow who starts something always stirs up the crowd more than a fellow who stops something. I know I've made a lot more out of socking those long drives than I did in keeping the other fellow from hitting them when I was a pitcher."

"Which do you get the most thrill out of—your pitching or your hitting?"

"That's hard to say," he replied after some thought. "I don't believe I could ever get any more thrill than I did in pitching those scoreless in-

nings in the World Series back in Boston. Still, anybody gets a big kick out of taking a cut at that ball and hitting it on the nose. Any-

way, I know the public gets a bigger kick out of seeing a fel-

low hit 'em than in seeing him pitch 'em. Why, take a sixty-

year-old golfer, for instance. Nothing in the

world gives him such a thrill as clipping that golf ball on the button with a full swing. They'll tell you the science of the fine shots is what counts, but that's all boloney. What counts in their lives is socking that ball and giving it a ride."

Babe Ruth frankly looks upon his career as being favored by Lady Luck. When concentrated on the idea—it being difficult to get him so concentrated on a subject—he speaks of an era when baseball changed from a popular defensive game to that of offensive popularity. There certainly was such a change. Along

with the passing of Christy Mathewson and Walter Johnson, most boys no longer yearned to be great pitchers. They wanted to be home-run hitters. The hard wallop was, and is, the thing now.

"You see," Ruth points out, "I came along about the time of that big change and got the best of it

coming and going. I was just getting to the top as a pitcher when the fad was switching to long hitters. They changed me to an outfielder, and when I began slapping that old onion into the stands, I had the game beat both ways. Now, the records will show that I was a pretty good pitcher. You never hear much about that, though. Whenever talk turns to great pitchers, the name of Matty always bobs up. The kids know me as a home-run slugger."

The Babe's a Mere Boy

THIS again suggests the contrast of personality in Mathewson and Ruth. Christy Mathewson was a close student, of thoughtful, coldly calculating mind. His feats of memory were incredible, his every move carefully considered and made for a purpose. No mannerism of an opponent escaped him. His photographic mind charted the foot and arm movement of every batter in the league. Matty was a clean sportsman, but not an unbending one in competition. Off the field he was a student, an omnivorous reader. He was somewhat diffident in conversation; always regretted his lack of natural affability, especially when meeting strangers. On all subjects he spoke and thought directly, seriously.

The boys of the nation admired Matty and set him up as a pattern. They once contributed to a fund and presented him with an oil painting that he had admired. To them, however, Matty was never a happy-go-lucky comrade, to be slapped on the back. He was something aloof, an idol to admire from a distance. His craftsmanship was superb.

The boys of this same nation look on Babe Ruth as a pal. They have the feeling of knowing they can meet him at the gate, can climb on his back, can clamber on the running board of his automobile, can get him to sign a baseball. To them, Ruth is still just another boy, and he feels exactly the same way about it. His sympathetic understanding of these kids is no pose. Ruth really likes the association, and they know it instinctively. He

feels it a keen responsibility to keep faith with his youthful admirers. That duty, as Ruth considers it, to the kids—and of which formerly he had to be occasionally reminded—has often brought him back to the straight and narrow path.

One winter's night about ten years ago, Ruth had gone in so enthusiastically for the gay life that his close friends gathered about him to give warning and advice. Like a big, overgrown boy that he is, the Babe listened, unperturbed. Mayor Jimmy Walker, then a state senator, happened to come along.

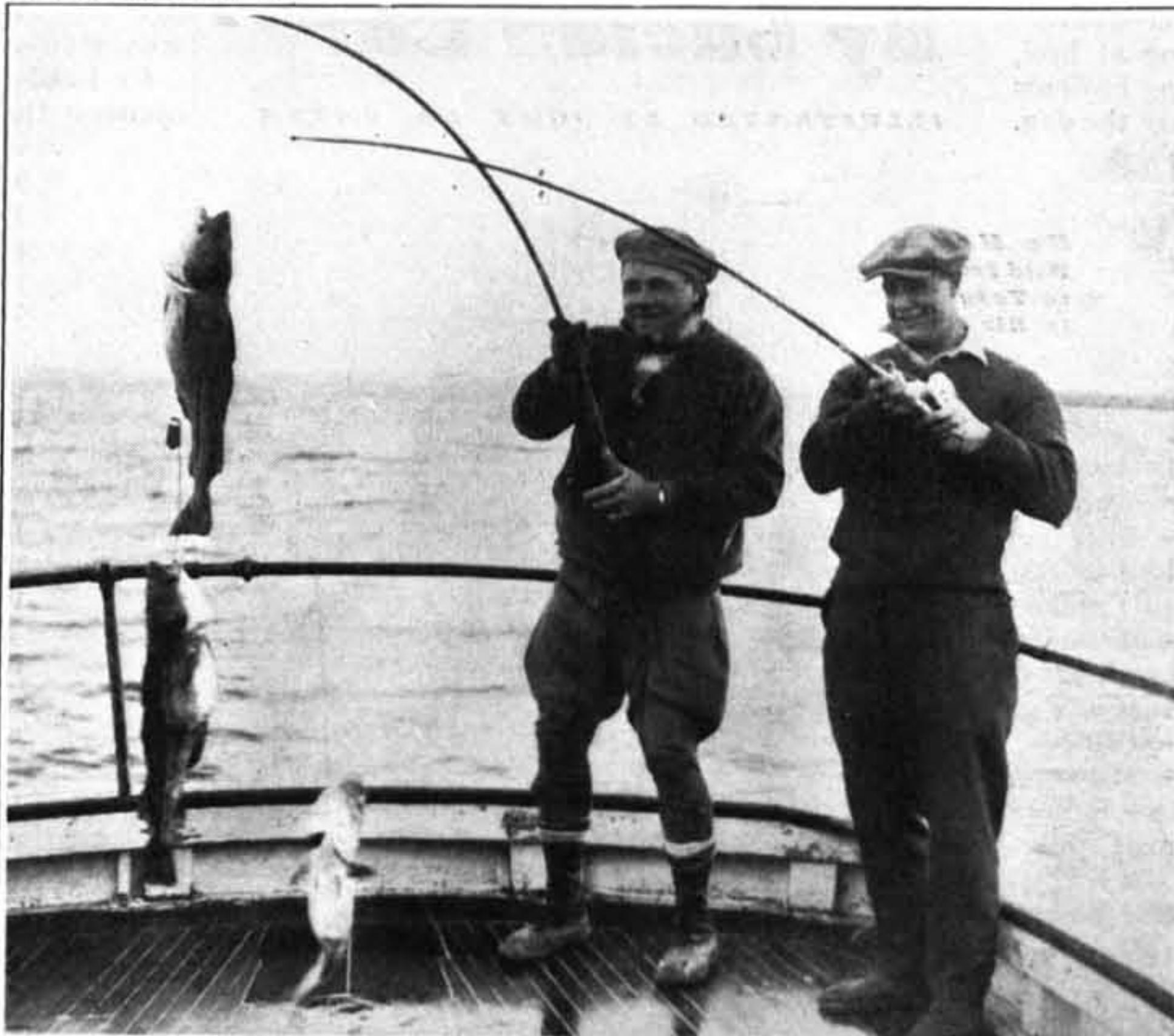
"Listen, Babe," he narrated. "The other day a ragged, dirty little kid on the street asked me for a dime to make up a quarter that he was trying to get together."

"And what will you do with the quarter?" I asked him.

"I want to get me a cap with Babe Ruth on it," he said, "like the rest of the gang."

(Continued on Page 36)

PHOTO, FROM WIDE WORLD PHOTOS



Ruth Selecting His Bat. Above—Babe Ruth and Lou Gehrig on a Fishing Trip

PHOTO, FROM WIDE WORLD PHOTOS



It Has Gone for a Long Ride

AND ALONG CAME RUTH

(Continued from Page 7)

"Now, big fellow," the then senator proceeded, "it's those dirty-faced little boys that you mustn't forget. You are their hero, and you can't fail to keep their faith. And you won't."

That was enough. Tears sprang into Ruth's big brown eyes. "You're right, I'm licked. Watch me from now on."

On the subject of caps, incidentally, Babe Ruth is an expert. They are a hobby with him. Years ago he managed to find a cap that suited him exactly, and he rarely wears any other kind of headgear. Newspaper readers often are curious to know why they never saw a photograph of Ruth in street clothes when he wasn't shown wearing a cap. The answer is that he never wears a hat except on very special occasions. They once rigged him up in a fedora to have his photograph taken, but the result was more amusing than effective. In a hat he looks unnatural. The nearest to a winter hat that Babe ever found satisfactory was a coonskin affair that he wore while driving a car in cold weather. The kids associate the Babe with his familiar cap and strive to imitate him.

Ruth is no student, though no one has a more instinctive knowledge of baseball. For example, it is pointed out by ball players that Ruth never has yet made a throw to the wrong base. He has rarely been charged with making a stupid play. Ruth also has an instinctive understanding of teamwork. He does not consider it a personal hardship to sacrifice himself in a tactical play, even though it deprives him of immediate glamour. He works with and for the gang.

Ruth seldom reads books. His baseball acumen and philosophy come from observation. No amount of public acclaim and financial success has robbed the Babe of his naturalness, rough charm and kindness. To this day he is as jubilant and enthusiastic over making a successful play as any kid on the sand lot.

The last play of the World Series in which the Yanks beat the Cardinals four straight games fell to Ruth. There were two out when the batter hit a foul fly that started toward one of the field boxes. On a dead run, Ruth went for the ball and finally made a one-hand catch by reaching over the heads of the spectators in the box. It was a really remarkable catch.

Among Those Present

Ordinarily, the callous player would have stuck the ball in his pocket and made his way to the bench as if the incident had been merely a part of the day's work. But not the boyish Ruth. Clutching that ball in one hand and taking off his cap with the other, he held the ball aloft, shaking it at the spectators and gleefully exclaiming: "How's that?" At that moment Ruth was the same boy who had helped win games at St. Mary's. The fact that the catch ending the game decided something like six thousand dollars for each player on his team, himself included, meant nothing to Ruth. He was supremely elated over having had the chance to make the last play, and it a brilliant one.

In contrast to Mathewson, the student, Ruth has a very faulty memory. Details do not impress him. Often he is hard put to remember the names of the younger players on his own team. In St. Louis one season the Yanks and

the Browns had just finished a red-hot game. The players had dressed in street clothes and were going out of the players' exit in pairs. The second baseman of the Browns—a man whom Ruth had played against that day and at intervals during the whole season—happened to meet Ruth on the sidewalk.

"Pretty tough game, Babe," he remarked by way of pleasantries.

"Certainly was," agreed the Babe, trying to place this man in his mind. "Were you out to see it?"

During the World Series in which Ruth pitched so brilliantly for the Boston Red Sox, his manager, Ed Barrow, cautioned him to keep certain opposing batters from crowding the plate. The implication was to throw the ball close to them, so as to make them back off. In baseball parlance that practice is called "dusting 'em off." It is also known as "settin' 'em down," due to the batter's often dropping in the dust at the plate to avoid being hit.

"Now," directed Barrow, "Babe, you want to watch out for that Leslie Mann or he'll crowd the plate and hit one on the nose."

Mann, now a director of athletics for one of the colleges, was known as a particularly dangerous batter against left-handed pitchers. Babe promised to watch him.

Dusting Off the Wrong Man

In a subsequent inning Max Flack came to bat, and Ruth sent a fast ball so close to his chin that, in ducking and turning, the ball struck him on the back of the neck, knocking him flat.

Coming back to the bench later, the Babe appeared well pleased with his strategy. "Well, I guess I dusted that Leslie Mann that time, didn't I?"

"It was a good joke of mistaken identity," said Flack afterward, "but it seems like the joke was on me instead of Ruth."

In comparing Ruth and Mathewson, the two great baseball heroes, it should be borne in mind that their early environment was entirely different. There was nothing even remotely similar in the backgrounds. Mathewson was brought up in a Pennsylvania town with the halls of learning at Bucknell not so very distant. It was there that he got his education and his start as an athlete.

Ruth was brought up—or, rather, started to grow up—on the streets of Baltimore with other small boys who had to depend on their own resources for amusement. It was a hard school that had no guiding hand. Of that early environment and Ruth's subsequent days in St. Mary's Industrial Institute, where those good Brothers educate and train boys for various trades and occupations, we will speak later. It was during that early association with boys, good, bad and indifferent, that Ruth acquired his tender feeling for kids in general; his understanding of their emotions and problems.

He appreciates thoroughly the cause of rough exterior and awkwardness in little shavers who have been knocked about. He also sees through those who show a respect for elders and have been taught little forms of politeness. At heart, he insists, their impulses are the same.

Ruth also instinctively marks those youngsters who have had the benefit of religious training and those who have not. Incidentally, he is convinced that

any boy is better for having some sort of religious background.

"There's no doubt about it," he says. "It gives 'em the angle on what is right and wrong. I guess you'd call it a standard. Everybody's got to have a standard. It'll come back to him, even if he forgets. A home-run record wouldn't amount to anything if we didn't have something to shoot at. Yes, I believe in religion, though I hate these religious arguments that cause prejudice and hard feelings."

This influence of early religious training is at times very pronounced in Babe Ruth. In his hoopla days, when some mischievous impulse would get him into disfavor and nobody, not even his manager, could make him see the error of his ways, there was always recourse to the Brothers who had been his boyhood tutors. Naturally, Ruth was brought up in the Catholic faith at St. Mary's.

Miller Huggins, the late manager of the Yankee ball club, himself a Protestant, made a point of inviting Brother Matthias to join the club occasionally and have talks with Ruth.

The Babe may have been ever so obdurate with others who attempted to give him counsel, but when Brother Matthias appeared on the scene the atmosphere became calm and peaceful. Ruth was, and is to this day, downright afraid to risk offending Brother Matthias. After a nice, quiet talk with him, Ruth again becomes the lovable, good-natured boy who left St. Mary's to go into professional baseball. Those early days have left a deep imprint on his mind.

According to Ruth himself: "'Now, George,' Brother Matthias would begin—and right then I knew I was licked."

In his association with boys, Ruth is always guided by his keen understanding of them, and a sense of humor. He won't even permit himself to be annoyed by their requests and insistencies. His attitude is one of kindness, even though he may assume a gruff, forbidding exterior. They understand perfectly well. To a particularly rough one he might go so far as to say, "Now get out of here and come back tomorrow." The lad so addressed will depart, whooping with delight. But he'll be back tomorrow. Make no mistake about that.

Dining Before an Audience

To understand this hero worship as an annoyance, the average man should try to picture himself in a taxicab with his wife and have a dozen kids standing on the running boards, hanging on the bumpers, the spare-tire rack and even the roof. Also try to imagine yourself trying to eat dinner in some small-city restaurant with a half hundred faces flattened against the plate-glass window, eager eyes peering to see just what you eat.

One day in Jackson, Mississippi, a crowd like that was joined by a newspaper reporter who actually wrote just what Ruth ordered and how much of each dish he ate or left on his plate.

Older persons, if too insistent on prying into Ruth's personal affairs, may draw a rough or cutting rebuff from him, which they deserve, but the kids are dismissed with a wave of the hand. The Babe might even go farther, and invite all the youngsters in for a treat of ice cream and cake.

At the Polo Grounds in New York, a few years ago, a red-headed boy not more than ten years old and of serious demeanor came down the aisle of the grand stand, just prior to an important game, and stopped at an iron gate that leads to the field and to the players' dugout. In his hand he held a small camera. In his eyes was a purpose not to be thwarted.

Ruth and Wallie Pipp, after practicing, were within earshot, and the youngster called to them.

"I want to see you, Babe," he said.

Eyes of veterans in the near-by press box turned at this unusual demand. Let us explain that no non-participant is allowed on the playing field and no one can use a camera there without permission. Apparently all this was unknown to the lad, and probably would have been considered inconsequential anyway. Ruth, smiling, walked toward the gate as the kid opened it and stepped out on the grass to meet him.

"I want to take your picture," he said. "Now take that bat in your hand and stand like this." With great care and deadly seriousness he posed Ruth just as he wanted him, and then snapped his little camera.

"Now," announced the youngster, "I'll take one with you and Mr. Pipp here. I want one of you to hold a glove and the other a bat." When that pose was finished, Ruth, keeping a straight face, asked if that was all.

"No, not yet. I want to have one taken of you and me together. Here, Mr. Pipp, you hold the camera and snap it when I tell you."

A Homer for a Photo Fan

There was nothing to do but obey, the near-by press box in the meantime filled with silently convulsed, though interested, onlookers. The audacious lad posed himself with Ruth as buddies, each holding a bat, Ruth's arm over the kid's shoulder. Following orders, Pipp snapped the camera.

"Thank you, Babe," said the youngster, starting toward the gate. Then he turned, as with an afterthought.

"If they come out good, Babe," he said, "I'll send you one."

The big crowd had also observed this scene and gradually caught the humor of it. There was a round of applause as the youngster made his way up the aisle, wholly unconscious of the fact that he had done something out of the ordinary. The attendants were so flabbergasted that nobody had thought to stop him.

"That kid'll probably be handling our money some day," chuckled Ruth. "He'll be the head of a trust company, or something."

Babe Ruth, since his earliest days in baseball, has possessed that mysterious faculty or gift, not uncommon in public idols, of doing the dramatic thing at the exact moment to put himself in the limelight. This is not a studied effort on his part. He just happens to be one of those persons so favored by Fate. On the afternoon that the youngster had so innocently cut the red tape to take his picture, the Babe remarked to one of his teammates:

"Now, I'd like to hit a home run for that little fellow today and make his day complete."

It so happened that he did. The photographing incident coupled with

(Continued on Page 38)

November 28, 1931

(Continued from Page 36)

the homer made a nice little feature story for the newspapers.

When Queen Marie was in this country Ruth was doing a stunt on the vaudeville stage. Ruth's theatrical manager thought he saw an excellent bit of publicity in having Ruth presented to the queen. As she was en route westward at the time it was planned to have him introduced to her at some point in the Middle West. Ruth did not regard this as a great privilege and honor. In fact, on the morning of the day set for the presentation, Ruth explains that he had gone pheasant shooting with a friend. For some hours the birds were not flying much. Then, all of a sudden, the fun started. Though just a fairly good shot, the Babe was having the time of his life.

"We've got to quit," the friend finally suggested. "We'll just have time to get there and meet the queen."

"Oh, forget the queen," exclaimed Ruth. "The shooting's too good."

As a result, the meeting did not take place. Now, to show that Ruth is a better press agent by impulse and without design than those who plan a stunt so carefully, his failure to meet Queen Marie got him more space on the front pages than the meeting could possibly have done.

"Oh, I don't suppose she minded," he said the other day. "It was all in a day's work to her, but that pheasant shooting was mighty important to me. When it was explained to her, I understand she thought it a good joke and wasn't put out at all."

A few years ago Ruth was stricken with sudden illness just as his ball club was finishing up its training season in the South. He was put on a limited train and hurried to a hospital in New York. For several days crowds of boys stood around the hospital awaiting news and a possible chance of seeing their hero. The details of that illness, with added illustrations, were considered a first-rate news feature. During Ruth's illness reports of his improvement got on the front pages of some newspapers, while a President's message was tucked away on the inside. "More Ruth publicity," complained the cynical-minded, but surely Ruth couldn't have deliberately staged that serious illness.

As a matter of fact, Ruth never thinks of publicity, as such, in its relation to his actions on or off the field. It just happens. The public is always interested in what he does, apparently. He needs no press agent and has never had one. He has a very efficient manager, however.

"Say, listen," is Ruth's philosophy: "Publicity can't make a fellow hit that apple or play good ball. If he does do his stuff he'll get the publicity anyway."

When the Babe is a Jedge

Ruth's popularity is not limited to the small boys and to those grown-up baseball fans who go into ecstasy over his home-run wallop. As a ball player and a unique character he is just as sincerely admired by his teammates and his opponents. On the bench there is nothing of the upstage star in Babe Ruth. He is simply another one of the ball players, and is so regarded by them. He does not high-hat his associates and probably would not know how to assume a patronizing air. His nickname on the bench is Jedge, nobody knowing exactly why. With his teammates he skylarks, argues, jokes

and makes suggestions, all participants on an even footing.

Having had little understanding of the value of money and no regard for it in his earlier days of success, Ruth has been generous to a fault. The players show great relish in spinning yarns of his acts of generosity. Some of the recitals are picturesque.

Three or four years ago Wiley Moore, an Oklahoma farmer, joined the Yanks as a pitcher. His awkwardness at bat was even more pronounced than that of most pitchers. Moore's futile swings at the ball and his drawling speech were a source of constant amusement to Ruth. Among others he gave Moore the nickname of "Cy."

When Cy Moore Turned Slugger

One day, by some freak of luck, Moore got a clean base hit and was very proud of same.

"Listen, Cy," Ruth proposed to him. "I'll bet you ten to one that you don't get two more hits all season."

"I'll take thirty dollars' worth of that," said Moore.

Among the players the outcome of this bet of three hundred dollars to thirty dollars became a daily topic of increasing interest. In midsummer Moore got his second hit, and along in the early fall he accidentally made the third one. Amid shouts of laughter and mock praise of Moore as a hitter, Ruth promptly paid the bet.

With his three-hundred-dollar check Moore went back to his Oklahoma farm and promptly bought himself a pair of mules.

"And as a special compliment to you," he wrote his benefactor, "I have named one Babe and the other Ruth."

"The funny part of it," says Ruth, "is I don't believe they were that kind of mules."

Ball players, as a rule, are not jealous of Ruth's fame or his enormous salary—now eighty thousand dollars a season. They express the belief that his popularity is largely responsible for the growth of the game and the general increase in attendance. They reason that this has enabled the club owners gradually to increase salaries all along the line.

As a drawing card, the presence of Ruth in a ball game adds to the receipts of opposing clubs as well as of his own employers. He could be called a meal ticket for the whole league. At one

time there was a suggestion that other clubs contribute to his big salary, and not permit one club to carry the whole burden. It is generally understood that Colonel Ruppert, owner of the Yanks, discouraged this idea, and nothing ever came of it.

In earning his money as a star, the demands on Ruth are very exacting. It is difficult to book an exhibition game in a smaller city or town without the local owners demanding a guaranty of Ruth's presence in the batting order.

Under baseball law a club must use the players agreed upon and advertised. Consequently, Ruth gets very few days off. He is the big bull elephant of the touring baseball circus. No Ruth, no big crowd. Often he has made good his presence in these advertised exhibition games, handicapped by minor injuries.

One of Ruth's trials and tribulations is the constant request for interviews by sports writers and so-called specialty writers, many of whom are women, while his team is on tour. He may frown at the telephone, but when the local writer appears Babe's natural friendliness exerts itself and he does the best he can. He puts no inhibitions on an interviewing writer. They may write what they like. In a strange town the Babe usually plays bridge before game time with some of his teammates. He will seat his visitor and then between hands will answer all questions, many of the questions and answers being suggested in a kidding spirit by his fellow players. The interview usually closes with all hands satisfied and everybody having had a good time.

"Got to be friendly with folks like that," the Babe explains to his associates. "It might help them hold their jobs. Besides, nobody could ever earn seventy or eighty thousand bucks a year by being a crab."

Beating a Faulty Memory

Ruth's delight in sports is not limited to any one game. He likes everything. He once got so thrilled over watching a fox hunt that when the baseball season was over he went to Pennsylvania and Virginia and for two weeks had the time of his life riding behind the hounds. He'll try anything once. He is an enthusiastic gunner, a corking good golf player and a fairly good boxer.

Late this last summer, on an off day, Ruth was discovered a spectator at a polo match, wildly rooting for Tommy Hitchcock. In one exciting chukker the head flew off Hitchcock's mallet and he made a despairing effort to hit the ball with the headless shaft.

"Got to hand it to him!" exclaimed Ruth, standing and waving his cap. "That boy is a big leaguer!"

A trait that endears Ruth to adversaries in any sport competition is his openly expressed admiration for their good work, even if it brings about his own defeat. He means it too. Ruth may have his faults, but no one has ever discovered in him a trace of insincerity.

Ruth is often hard put to remember the name of his opponent, but that is no check on his friendliness. He disposes of this problem in a way that is generally satisfactory, if not perfect. All men under the age of forty are addressed by Mr. Ruth as "Kid." Those who have gray hair or wear spectacles are "Doc." Rarely do they fail to answer to their names.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles about Babe Ruth, by Mr. Bulger. The next will appear in the December fifth issue.



PHOTO, BY LEO J. HEFFERNAN
Crystal Cascade, at the Foot of Mount Washington, New Hampshire