

BRINGING UP FATHER

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Drawn for The Bee by George McManus



Judgments

IN a little over a month the athletes will begin to report for the training season and the fan will be in his element once again. The fan is of a happy turn of mind this year, for he sees the dawn of a new era in baseball. He sees the vanishing of the petty squabbles between the managers, the mercenary rush of the players for enormous salaries, the breaking of faith and contracts, and the like. And in turn he sees the return of baseball as a game, a sport with the business end an incident relegated to the background, while the players, their victories and defeats, occupy the prominent position in the spotlight. That the brand of baseball will be superior in every class is evident. The owners and managers of the Western league are getting better ball players this year, much better players. Every team is fully fifty per cent stronger in the Zehring loop this year. The return to the 154-game schedule will make the Western race a better race than in or 48 games. All in all it looks like a bigger and better year than ever in every league in the country, and the Western will be leading the procession.

Omaha amateurs will get under way at a big mass meeting at the city hall Tuesday night. Despite the fact that a split has occurred in the National association and a "Federal" association has blossomed, Omaha has no fears for the continued success of the sandlot game. The local officers have abandoned the idea of promulgating the organization of a mid-west amateur association and will line up with the strongest of the National associations. This is a wise move on the part of Omaha. Omaha stands with Cleveland as one of the two best amateur base ball cities in the country and will be a leader in the big circuit. Omaha can hold its own with Cleveland, Chicago, Pittsburgh, Detroit and the other big cities and there's a great deal more honor, fun and interest in competition with such great cities than in competition with such as Lincoln, Des Moines, Sioux City and the like which would make up a possible mid-west loop.

Nothing short of a trip to alderland will take Jess Willard's title away from him. Will Frank Moran be able to provide that trip when he tangles with the procrastinating champ next month? It will be strictly up to Moran to force the fight with Willard. Jess will be content to play the defensive throughout the short ten rounds and then object his immense guarantee. "Safety first," will be his motto, and he will make every effort to prevent mixing with the Pennsylvania coal miner. If Moran is fortunate, or clever enough, he may land the punch which will produce the sleep—there are a lot of fight fans in the country who are hopeful—but the chances are the allied fight will be a running race with Willard giving Howard Drew an awful battle for the printing honors and Moran trying to make a pursuit race of it.

Western league magnates got their first view of the new league president, Frank C. Zehring, at the schedule meeting last week in Lincoln. That is, the magnates got their first view of Zehring in an official capacity. And they were quick to pronounce him strictly O. K. Zehring is a business man of first water. He has put a shoulder to the Western league wheel with a willingness and has entered into the spirit of the game with the magnates. Zehring doesn't know the inside ropes of base ball, but he is a worker and will lend his every effort to make the league a success. And that is the kind of a president a league needs, and the magnates and players and fans and even umpires wait, one who will get out an work and keep in touch with the affairs of the league, not pull a lot of "gun-and-buff" stuff, work a lot of inside wires and hide in a foreign city.

It has been announced that the seating capacity at Madison Square garden at the scale of prices decided upon, will allow for a house of \$16,000 when Willard and Moran box. Expenses of the big match, including the enormous guarantee to the fighters, will total about \$100,000. Tex Rickard can, therefore, make as high as \$45,000 on the bout if the suckers fall sufficiently hard. If there is any city that has \$146,000 worth of suckers New York is that city.

"It is not sportsmanship," said ex-President Taft at the recent National league banquet, "to try to disconcert an opponent by making remarks." The ex-president made this assertion in an argument for the abolishment of the sideline coacher. Perhaps Mr. Taft would have a player stop to say "thank you" after the ball had been thrown to him in a close play, and serve pink tea to the umpire at the end of the fifth inning.

Next they've sold the Cubs, the Browns, the Indians and even J. Frank Baker. The next sale will be that of the public when Willard and Moran gather together.

It will cost 50 cents to see Jess Willard train for his bout with Moran. Hand it to Tom Jones, he'd try to charge admission to an inquest.

Now that the Phils have signed Chief Bender, National league fans can enjoy the keen anticipation of a battle between the Chief and Jack Coombs.

SANDLOT GOSSIP STARTS

Annual Mass Meeting of Players and Fans Will Be Held Tuesday at City Hall.

CHANGES IN CONSTITUTION

By FRANK QUIGLEY. Although the robins are still a few blocks away, the local base ball gladiators have already started to chirp about the prospects for the approaching season. At the present writing the fever is only in a mild form, but before many moons whisks by the temperature will reach the limit. Next Tuesday night at the council chamber of the city hall, a big mass meeting of all the base ball players, fans and anyone concerned, will be held at 8 o'clock. Different matters relative to the season will be discussed and any ideas which will have a tendency to help conditions, will be given due consideration by the board of directors. Several prominent base ball men of professional repute will attend the meeting and hand out some gratis advice. The fire fighters are especially anxious to invade the Mercantile league this year and exert all their energy to put the other squads out of the race. They will organize two teams, so that when one squad is on duty during the day, the night squad will toss the sphere. Charlie Cox will lead one tribe and it has not been definitely decided who will be the main gazabo of the other bunch.

One Loop Blows Up

Last season eleven leagues, namely, Greater Omaha, City league, Hooster league, Southern league, American league, Commercial league, National league, Mercantile league, Church league, Saturday Class A league and the Colonial league, started the season and they all stuck until the asbestos dropped, with one exception. The exception was the Colonial league, a Council Bluffs organization. They threw up the sponge before they got a good start. When ten leagues can sail through, while the Omaha Amateur Base Ball association is in its infancy, there is no reason why a few more leagues can't enjoy the ride this season. Several gents are contemplating organizing a few more leagues and if they are composed of the right kind of material, their efforts will materialize and at least fifteen leagues will be on hand when the initial shot is fired.

His Dream Comes True

For some years John Beckoff, commander-in-chief of the Armours, has been dreaming about an amateur ball park for his colts to exercise in, and now his dreams have a tinge of reality. If nothing turns up to block the deal, arrangements will be consummated in a few days for the Armours to build a ball park at Twenty-seventh and R streets, South Side. Ernie Holmes, pool magnate and brother of Ducky Holmes, has sprinkled the news about that he is dickering on a deal to lease the old Dietz park grounds located at Thirtieth and Spaulding streets. This would be an ideal location for a ball lot, and if he lands said spot and builds a ball park he will make a monument of fame for himself that will last for many a day among the local amateurs.

Up in the Air

Of course, there is no particular rush for the Omaha Amateur Base Ball association to decide which eastern troupe they will affiliate with, but nevertheless, at present they are up in the air and don't know just where to light in order to be a fair territory. President Isaacson has received communications from both moguls, namely, E. C. Seaton of the National association and C. C. Townes of the Federation, and is insufficient to enlighten him as to which is the strongest bunch. It is the intention of the Omaha association to associate with the strongest combination.

Sandlot Gossip

A real booster deserted the ranks when Ben Kennedy left the Kennedy & Bees-Bonks this season.

What do you know about the Drexels, runners-up in the class B city series taking the Omaha Rubber Co. will bounce into the arena with a topnotch aggregation this year.

According to Frank Hubaka, president of the Southern league, five of last year's teams will be on the bill of fare.

Ralph Tuttle, popular local ball topper, is running a weed and tonorial shop in the vicinity of Fortieth and Q streets.

Alvie Graves, who managed the Lake Park (la.) money grabbers last season, will be on the Armour roster this season.

Ernie Smith is busy organizing a team to play in the Merchants Hotel. He will join one of the Class B leagues.

Oney Shannon will captain the Armours this season. Under his leadership the Armours should travel at a merry clip.

Every point where the directors were last season will be doctors up before the new constitution is submitted for approval.

COLUMBUS Y. M. C. A. VOLLEY BALL TEAM STATE CHAMPIONS—Top row, left to right, I. R. Divine, tournament promoter; Earl Drawbaugh, coach. Middle row, left to right, O. H. Walters, L. C. Smith, Otto Walter. Bottom row, left to right, Wood Smith, A. D. Anderson, captain; V. H. Weaver. Columbus' crack volley ball team, which annexed the championship in the state tournament held February 15 at the Columbus Association building



MORE TROUBLE FROM BRAVES

Johnny Evers Oppines Aggressive Methods on Ball Field Will Appeal to Percy Haughton.

PERCY WAS ROUGH FOOT BALLER

NEW YORK, Feb. 19.—It seems something of a shame that such a thought should be permitted to cast its evil shadow athwart a situation so sweetly saturated with peace, yet accumulating evidence compels the belief that the National league is stirring up a heap of trouble for itself. Percy Haughton was initiated into the mysteries of his new calling the other day and the sort of future developments this may lead to may best be judged from a soulful remark uttered by Johnny Evers, after getting the real low-down on his new boss for a number of folks who have known the converted foot ball player for many years, said: "People, I imagine I'm going to enjoy playing for Haughton."

"In ten years," said Johnny, "I haven't missed a single Harvard-Yale foot ball game. For a couple of years at the start I saw Harvard eleven which were out-fought and out-gamed by just as wide a margin as they were outscored. They may have been pretty good foot ball players, but in those days you couldn't prove your foot ball ability against Yale without starting a muss and Harvard was too proud to fight. "Then I noticed a change. One Haughton took charge of the outfit, and almost immediately there sprang up at Cambridge a race of two-handed scorpions who fought for everything in sight, and a lot that wasn't in sight. Within two or three years the aggressiveness that had been Yale's had become Harvard's own, and the once soft and ladylike Crimson style of play had been replaced by a game as rough as any ever played by the maulingest of Yale eleven. "Now Haughton has a ball club, once which had been known as a fairly tough crew, on his hands. I have not yet had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Haughton, and so have no means of knowing at first hand just how he feels about certain little things. Haughton Will Agree. "But something seems to tell me that he will not send me a letter every time I blow myself to a bit of a run-in with an umpire next season. Somehow I feel that we are, in a way, kindred spirits, that Mr. Haughton's ideas on the subject of permissive aggressiveness coincide with my own. I am inclined to believe that I, for one, will have no cause to regret that Mr. Haughton has come into possession of the Braves."

Others who have known Haughton, Evers and George Stallings long enough to give weight to their opinions feel the same way about it. They believe Haughton will be as hard fighting a manager as he has been a foot ball coach, and that he will stand by his field agents,

GRIF WILL SWING THE AXE

Boss of the Senators Plans a Number of Changes in Lineup for the Coming Season.

EVEN CHICK GANDIL WILL GO

WASHINGTON, Feb. 19.—Before the American league championship race begins on April 12, Clark Griffith will reorganize his Washington team by supplanting several former stars with new players. First baseman Chick Gandil will be sold to either the Chicago White Sox or the Cleveland, as Griffith has secured a splendid man for this position in Joseph Judge, who was purchased from the Buffalo International league champions last fall. Second baseman Ray Morgan, who has been with the Senators for several years, will be sent to the minors if Griffith cannot trade him to some other American league club. The old fox recently tried to make a deal with the Yankees by offering Morgan and Catcher Eddie Ainsmith for several players whom Bill Donovan had no idea of releasing. So Griffith has just made a cash offer to Donovan for infielder "Daniel" Boone.

"Boone is a great young second baseman," said the old fox. "But he is weak at the bat and surely can be of little or no value to the Yankees, who need hitters more than fielders." Eddie Foster will remain at third base for the Washingtons, and the hitless McBride again will cover short field. Griffith will stick to Clyde Milan as the regular center fielder, but he has two new men who may secure the other outfield berth. They are Jamieson and Barber. The former was purchased from the Buffalo Champions last August, at the same time Judge was obtained. Barber was secured from the Winston club of the North Carolina league, chiefly because of his heavy stickwork. Shanks, Mosler and Rometeau are other outfielders who have had plenty of experience in fast company, but Griff is trying to improve the batting strength of his team.

Ainsmith Will Go. Ainsmith will be traded or sold to a minor league club, which means that Henry and Williams will do all the catching in the future. Of course, Walter Johnson is the star pitcher. He is receiving \$12,500 a year—not \$20,000—and there is no longer a Federal league to tempt him with new offers. Ayers and Gallia rank in point of effectiveness in the box, and Griffith says that they will be among the best winners this year. The other Washington pitchers are Jim Shaw, Harper, Bentley, Dumont, Rice and a left-hander named Humphries. Joe Boshling, once Griff's best south-paw, will be turned loose as soon as some other berth can be secured for him.

SYMES AND CAHN TO MIX FOR STATE HONORS MONDAY

Harry Symes and Albert Cahn will battle Monday night at the Symes' billiard parlors for the Nebraska state billiard championship. The veteran cue masters meet in the final round of the tournament which has been in progress for the last month. Both players have perfect scores, with five victories, and the match Monday night will definitely decide the state honors.

PUG PADS FIST WITH LEAD

Brooklyn Tommy Sullivan Relates a Little Expose of the Fighting Game.

TELLS MEET-ALL-COMERS FAKE

There's a little red-headed chap who hands himself a good laugh whenever John L. Sullivan hops up with periodical dissertation upon the days when he met all comers. Modern fighters, especially those who demand and get huge guarantees for short, "safety-first" bouts, usually suffer severely in John L.'s comparisons, and just to rub it in the former king of 'em all never fails to recite the glory that was Sullivan when he toured the country knocking 'em dead in the open houses at the rate of as many as three a night. But of the sorrel-haired boy—he's Brooklyn Tommy Sullivan. Tommy is retired now to the precarious business of running a fight club in St. Louis, but he had truthfully recall a knockout over Abe Attel when the Hebrew boy was king of the feathers. Attel erased Tommy's clouded glory not long afterward with a return knockout in three rounds, but the little Brooklynite still froths in the memory of many a fight fan as one of the best who ever donned the mauling mittens for trouble among the little fellows.

Brooklyn Tommy Reminiscent

When Tommy was in his heyday more years ago than he cares to say he played the game of meeting all comers and found it great fun. Like William of Lincoln, he played the variety circuit. Seated at his desk in the dinky office of his Future City Athletic club, St. Louis, Tommy at times can be guided into a reminiscence of such a mood overlooking him on the occasion of Sullivan's most recent outburst. "Meeting 'em all is a great game," said Tommy, shooting ill-formed smoke rings at the dusty electric light. "I remember one chap who did it. He had a system; maybe John L. didn't have one, but it he didn't he took some long chances. It's hardly worth any man's while to risk all his prestige for the money he collects in the one-night tour.

"There are many peculiar turns to this game of meeting them as they come. I'll mention an instance, understand, but I'll tell off how one fight with West Side theater in Chicago. He had been exploring the North Side the night before and was in better mood for sleeping than for polishing off a total stranger who might or might not be a 'ringer.' The show manager tried the usual stall of warning the youngster how tough was the near champion. He failed to make an impression; the climber wouldn't listen to any proposal to take one on the jaw and dive gracefully, nor would he be denied his meeting with the star. The bout had to go on and it did.

"The chap I'm speaking of had a contract with a burley grizzly show and was billed as the star attraction, next to the dancer. The dancer's still dancing, by the way, and the fighter is—the fighter hasn't fought for years.

"They brought the boy a tough nut to crack on the first night of his tour. The show started at eight. West Side theater in Chicago. He had been exploring the North Side the night before and was in better mood for sleeping than for polishing off a total stranger who might or might not be a 'ringer.' The show manager tried the usual stall of warning the youngster how tough was the near champion. He failed to make an impression; the climber wouldn't listen to any proposal to take one on the jaw and dive gracefully, nor would he be denied his meeting with the star. The bout had to go on and it did.

"The story of the fighter's second who stands behind the bank drop in the all corners act and drops the stranger with a hammer blow on the skull doesn't fit in this narrative. We—that is, they—were smoother than that in this case.

Tea Lead on Knuckles. "Just before bell time they wrapped the star's knuckles in a heavy layer of tea-lead. They didn't even bandage his hands and the gloves were 'broken' at the knuckles—that is, the padding was pushed out that only two thin layers of kid separated the stranger's jaw and the solid chunk of lead if the boxer ever connected. He connected. In the third he connected, and judging from the way the beaten lad listened to the cuckoo he's dreaming still.

"On other occasions he sprinkled his

hands with a white powder that hardened with perspiration and formed a cinaster cast and at other times this near champion won his fights by slipping a strip of coarse steel along his knuckles and bandaging them only enough to keep the metal in place. As he was the star he dressed in his dressing room and the gloves never left his hands except below stage.

"To say the all-comers game is dangerous always give me a laugh. As I say, John L. may have played it in the open, but if he did he is one of very few. The fighter I have in mind always agreed to win in three rounds or forfeit \$25, but though a couple of kids managed to stay with him they never collected.

"It was a frame and a bunk from the start and I hate to hear the old four flush game paraded to the disparagement of the boys who are fighting today. The present day fighters are not all game or clever, but neither were they in the old days, and they were not all hampered by a conscience."

Some Songs by Lord Byron as He Slips Athletes the Gate

Some curious tales are related of William, or "Lord" Byron, the National league umpire, who sings his optimes to the tune of old-time melodies.

One hot day the Superbas were playing the Cincinnati Reds. Buck Wheat was peevish, but so were all the other players, fans and umpire. There was a man on third base and two out, with a run needed to tie the score.

Wheat felt a ball whizz over, and Byron called the third strike, bringing his arm around in his famous cranking swing.

Ruck howled his protest, and Byron began to sing "Can't hit a ball with the bat on your shoulder," using the air of "Reuben, Reuben, I've been thinking."

"Mr. Wheat, your powers of observation will cost you ten bucks. Retire to the bench or it will be twenty-five."

Johnny Evers also has been beaten by Byron. The Braves were playing the Chicago Cubs on the West Side park in Chicago, and Johnny lost a half-line decision after a long slide for second base. "Yer out," said Byron. "I'm safe!" yelled Evers, holding his nose, and he followed the umpire across the diamond to argue. But argue Byron wouldn't. He just chanted:

"It's a difference of opinion, difference of opinion, difference of opinion; that's all I have to say."

But Evers had more to say, and he said it. Byron shifted to "Auld Lang Syne" and sang sonorously. "I called you out because you're out; you're out because you're out;" then his mood changed, with it his tune. He sang: "I think you will go to the bench; if you don't it will cost you just ten; if you don't go away it will cost you your pay, while mine will go on, don't you see?"

Tyrus is Some Guy For Fine Decisions

Billy Evans tells of the impression that George Hildebrand got of Ty Cobb when Hild broke into the American league as an umpire, that is one of the nearest compliments ever paid the Georgian.

Hildebrand was doubled up with me during his first year in the American league, says Evans. Prior to meeting the Detroit club he had several times discussed Tyrus. I warned Hildebrand that when working the bases never to lose sight of Cobb; that nothing was too daring for him to try to pull. In the series of three games in which Hildebrand saw Cobb for the first time, the Georgia Peach was at his best. I don't believe I ever saw him take so many chances, or pull so many seemingly impossible feats.

After the third game, while in our dressing room, Hildebrand was marveling at the greatness of Cobb. I thought he paid Ty some compliment when he remarked: "Say, Bill, that fellow in three games has given me more close decisions than I had all last season in the Coast league."

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