

Bringing Up Father

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Drawn for The Bee by George McManus



Judgments

KENESAW MOUNTAIN LANDIS is summing the cards at a rate he doesn't apparently appreciate. The longer he defers that decision of his the greater the uncertainty in the minds of player and manager, and neither can tell how far he is permitted to go. Just why the judge should delay all this time in the matter of handing down a decision is unknown, but it may be guessed at. Maybe he is planning on writing a companion to the famous Dred Scott decision, the pronouncement that got poor old Roger Taney in such disrepute and brought to him obloquy that lasted long after his death, and which finally came to be quoted as an authoritative statement of the law of master and servant. The law of contracts is most concerned in the case before Judge Landis and he may be able to prepare a treatise on that which will establish in the compass of a single opinion the concentrated experience of all the world. Let us hope that he does, and that he can get just what portions of the base ball contract are valid and binding, and to what extent the relation of owners and players is contractual and what proportion of it comes under the head of master and servant, and maybe the future will be then undisturbed by unseemly argument, calling of names and the like. But, for goodness sake, Judge Landis, hurry up.

A young man from out in the state writes to The Bee this week, in complaint against the law prohibiting spring shooting. He makes his own point very clear, but misses entirely the purpose of the law. It is not intended to protect the game in the spring so that the city man may go out and shoot it in the fall; it is to so order the matter that game birds will be preserved for anybody to be shot. A male bird killed in the spring means the possible destruction of several broods, while every female bird killed certainly means that one brood has been prevented. In the face of facts so plain as these, the man who really loves to hunt, who abominates the pot hunter, and who wouldn't take advantage of a bird, ought to rejoice when he sees the water fowl winging its way north un-molested in the spring. That bird is certain to come back in the fall, accompanied by its summer-reared family, and that is why the shooting of water fowl in the spring has been prohibited.

In England horse racing is to be kept alive during the war to hold up interest in breeding. Over here, the attempt is being made to revive the sport in the interest of betting. That's all the difference. Willie Ritchie says he is going to give Freddie Welsh one awful bumping when they come together. And just a day or two ago Charley White told the Chicago boys how he was going to grab the title from the little Britisher. Oh, very well. If Freddie Welsh stays over here long enough, he will have grabbed off about all the coin his countrymen lost when they sold railroad and other stocks away below the market price last fall.

The Nebraska State league magnates are game all right, and they are also business men, so the tight little league will very likely have another flourishing season.

Well, that affair didn't take place at Juarez, and it looks like it would not take place at Havana, or, for that matter, anywhere in the wide world.

In less than six weeks now they'll all have to uncover, and it won't make a great deal of difference what Judge Landis finally decides.

Pa'Rourke is said to have a wild pitcher in his list of hirings this season. Quite some novelty, we assure you.

Brother Dave is just as proud of this snow as if he were raising winter wheat instead of mere old grass.

No matter how Walter Johnson pitches, a lot of batters won't worry if he is kept on the bench.

Pa's boys will soon be trooping in, and that will be another sign of the spring.

Jumbo Stehm's basket ballers are just like his boot ball team—only different.

Anyhow, the big mags admit the Feds are a fact and not a theory.

Here's wishing a good season to Mordca Brown.

Time to begin to overhaul that fishing tackle.

SANDLOT BEES ARE BUZZING

Amateur Stove League Gossip Becomes Hotter as Season Approaches Nearer.

TEAMS ALREADY IN THE FIELD

By FRANK QUIGLEY. In a few days Old Man Snow will wander off for a much needed snooze and with the chirping of the red breasts, base ball, the king of sports, will again reign supreme for approximately six months. Already some of the youthful exponents of the national pastime have been peeping in the attic to see if their base ball paraphernalia is still intact. Of course the older base ballists are just as enthusiastic as the aforementioned, but experience has taught them that the early bird in base ball generally grabs a sore lunch hook. At that in a couple of weeks the majority of the local pill shooters will be perambulating on the sand lots to ascertain whether or not they will be able to make the grade this season. Quite a number of the old ball leavers have decided to unbuckle from the game and they will devote their Saturday and Sunday afternoons as spectators, although some of them will be sure to change their thought reservoirs and scramble for the diamond before many moons roll by. Eight leagues will be up and running this season and they all swarmed up the rocky road of success with one exception. The exception was the Tri-City league. Here with the seven that stuck until the gates were locked, namely: Commercial league, Saturday Class A league, City league, Mercantile league, Boosters league, Metropolitan league and the Church league. All of these leagues will be back in the harness this season, the only difference being that some of the leagues will add a couple of teams to their organization.

Start to Organize. Last week several of the leaguers congregated in order to clean up the preliminary work preparatory to organizing. The Mercantile league is practically organized. All they are waiting for is to give a couple of their teams a chance to decide whether or not they wish to enter the race. In case they decide to enter the negative they will by vote elect a couple of teams from the numerous applicants to fill the gaps. S. L. Story was elected chief cook of the Mercantile tribe and G. W. Johnston will do the scribbling and be custodian of the kale. Last season this league met all its trials and tribulations with a smile and as it is its firm intention to let harmony reign supreme this year it will undoubtedly float up the avenue of success. In all probability eight teams will compose this league.

Twice the class A leaguers have congregated, but to date they have not perfected an organization, but they expect to in the very immediate future. They have talked the situation over thoroughly, but are not in a position to organize until they decide what they want to do relative to organizing two class A leagues, to be composed of six teams apiece. One will be composed of what are supposed to be the fastest of the class A players and the other of the second raters. At the expiration of the season the leaders of each league will play for the championship. The sandlot chumps want each team to put up \$25 forfeit money. This dough to go to the champions. They will also play for side bets. At their last meeting all the managers concerned seemed satisfied with the plans and in all probability a couple of leagues will be spliced together at their next meeting. The only objection the class A bosses registered against a league last year was the question of finances and as they didn't stab enough to enable them to hire a litany to cart it away the opposition isn't very strong this year.

Commercial to Meet. The Commercial league, which represents different commercial institutions and is under the personal supervision of Leo Kiely, will get together this week and make the final arrangements for the ensuing season.

From the dope tossed around it is apparent that Logan Burr is the main gazaboa of the proposed Federal Amateur league. For approximately thirteen years, Burr has been associated with different class A organizations. He knows the game and the possibilities of the local contingents. He is excellent to start things, but he generally fails to attach the finishing touches, consequently this proposed league has about as good a show to get a royal reception as a bow legged girl in a classy chorus. So, fans, you don't have to quibble or bibble about the Feds.

Reduce to Six Teams. Now this City league, a Class B organization wants to reduce their league to six teams instead of eight. In the estimation of the writer the race would be more interesting and satisfactory to the fans if the league contained eight teams. New officers were elected at their last meeting. The lucky ones were: Robert Kroll, president, manager of the Vinton Street Merchants and formerly secretary of the league, and James Milota, secretary, manager of the Brown Park Pharmacy. They will have an-

"If Walter Johnson Doesn't Pitch for Feds He Won't Pitch at All"—President Gilmore



NEW YORK, March 6.—Clark Griffith has tackled a man's sized job in trying to lure Walter Johnson back into the fold of the Senators. "Fighting Jim" Gilmore, president of the Federal league, is determined that Organized base ball will not defeat him in the Johnson coup, and he avers that unless the redoubtable

other meeting next Thursday at the city hall and all of the Class B teams are cordially invited to attend. At this meeting they will decide how many teams will be utilized.

Sandlot Chatter. This season the Browning-King company team will enter the Class "A" army. They think they can ramble fast enough.

The report is going the rounds that the Tri-City crews will attempt to organize this year.

Hageman is a partner of Barr's in the Federal business. How does combination look?

A new team to be known as the Gentlemen's Holy's, will be backed and managed by John A. Gentlemen, the under-taker.

The Luxus Mercantile company is figuring on putting a Class A team in the field. To date they have not decided on any definite plans.

Home Run Abe Sampson has decided to keep himself in seclusion this season, as far as base ball is concerned.

If George Kennedy can argue a law suit as well as he can a decision made by an umpire, he ought to be a rip roaring success in his new profession.

This trip Hilliard Morearty claims he will be the "come back" dude. If he even looks like he is coming back a couple of the local fence busters will inculcate that icy feeling.

ASSERTS STECKER IS CHAMP

Omaha Wrestling Fan Ridicules Youssif Hussane's Claim to the Cherished Title.

JOE ONCE THREW THE TURK

An Omaha wrestling fan who has seen many mat encounters between grapplers of more or less worth for several years, writes the following letter to The Bee, scoffing at any claims Youssif Hussane may promulgate as long as the record of a defeat administered by Joe Stecker hangs over his head. "In Monday night's World-Herald, of February 15, under the head of sporting column appeared the news that Hussane was to defend his title against Olson. In that article it stated that by virtue of his win over Westergard two weeks ago the Turk is now looked upon as the champion of the United States. This is all soft talk and every paper should know that for a couple of weeks ago Joe Stecker, a Nebraska boy, living at Dodge, Neb., wrote a letter to Sandy Griswold of the World-Herald in which he told very plainly of the match wherein he had a decision over Hussane and saying that he was willing to meet Hussane in Lincoln or Omaha and that within twelve hours after Hussane would accept his challenge he would show \$500 with the World-Herald, the match to be for \$5,000 a side and all the gate receipts. Hussane in his wind-jamming-way ignored this challenge but kept on talking about what he could do to Stecker, and two weeks ago the paper came out and stated that he was to meet the "Mysterious Man" in Chicago whom he was to wrestle for \$5,000 a side. It is strange that he runs away from our own Nebraska and goes to Chicago and sends back word what great things he is doing. On the day of the wrestling match between Hussane and Jess Westergard, appeared a letter from Jack Curley, the noted wind-jammer of the country, wherein he comments on the idea of Stecker wanting to bet \$5,000 as a side bet and saying that this is too easy but he did not have the backbone and nerve to come forward with his little \$5,000 to prove that he had the confidence in Hussane for they are all fighting shy of the Nebraska boy for he has got the goods on them. Of course, it is well known among the general sporting public that before every match or every fight there is a lot of ragchewing and a lot of bluff. It stands to reason that if this man Hussane had the confidence in himself, or the money, or any friends that would back him, or that Jack Curley had the money or had the nerve to back his Turk against the young Nebraskan, that they would do something more than talk, for if they thought for one moment that they could win \$5,000 they would be there to do it. If there was a match put on between Stecker and Hussane tomorrow the Omaha sports who have shown their unyielding to Nebraska's greatest wrestler, if not the greatest wrestler in the world, they will get a chance to show how much real sporting blood they have in them for the Dodge county farmers and business men will back Stecker for all the money that any of the Omaha sports or outside sports want to bet against Stecker and those tin can sports around down here want to bet saving their dimes and they had better save car fare home for that is all they will have left when Stecker gets through with Hussane. If Hussane or Curley do not think Joe Stecker wants to wrestle Hussane for \$5,000 let them show their money and stop talking. It is a case of put up or shut up.

"Hussane made a brag that he chased Stecker off of the stage the night of the Westergard wrestling match. He cannot chase Stecker any place and if he want to bet from \$5,000 to \$25,000 the money will be up so quick that his backers will really wonder whether they want to be sent to Lincoln or not."

"AN OMAHAN. "P. S.—This letter was sent to the World-Herald, but they being friends of Hussane, would not print it. Jack Curley has pulled another of his bluffs down at Juarez, Mexico, for he is not going to make good with the public by having the Johnson-Willard fight; and while Hussane made mention in the World-Herald since this letter was sent to the World-Herald about Stecker, yet he has failed to put up any money or make an offer. He talks about Stecker being sick because he ate a piece of pie. If he ever goes up against Stecker he won't need pie to make him sick."

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TO WED OR NOT TO WED

Benedicts Assert They Are the Better of the Ball Players and More Valuable.

NOT SO, SAYS OLLIE O'MARA

There's a heated debate going on just now in base ball circles over this subject: "Is a married ball player of more value to a club than a bachelor ball player?" One faction—the wedded faction—asserts loudly that the wedded gent is more valuable to the club, while another faction—the unwedded gents—take the opposite viewpoint. It looks like a deadlock. The wedded fellow says that after a ball player gets married he quits frivolling and that the less frivolling the better it is for the ball club as a whole. That faction asserts that after a ball player gets married he becomes steadier in his habits; he doesn't stay out all night, or even half the night. He realizes that he has a family, responsibilities, and that he must keep working so as to hold his job and thus keep the wolf from the door.

Ollie O'Mara, who shortstops for the Brooklyn Dodgers, and who is spokesman for the bachelor gang, has this to say: "As soon as a guy gets married he begins to go back. He loses his pep and he loses his nerve. He no longer takes the chance that he did in the past. He doesn't try the long shots on bases that he did before he got hooked up."

"A married fellow detracts from team spirit. Instead of getting around with the boys in the evening, he ducks into some corner and writes a letter to his wife. Then he sneaks off to bed. The married fellow won't get into a card game unless the limit is about ten blue chips for a penny."

"A married ball player doesn't sass an umpire as an umpire sometimes needs to be sassd. Why? Oh, because the married fellow fears a fine and a later accounting to wifey for the shyness in the pay envelope."

"The unmarried ball player plays base ball all the time—on the field, on the Pullmans and in the hotel lobbies. As soon as a fellow gets married he plays the game only on the ball field. At all other times he plays the love game. And base ball and love don't mix."

Carrigan Makes His Athletes Work Hard

Manager Bill Carrigan of the Red Sox will follow the same course of training at Hot Springs this season as in 1914. He believes that by going out at about 10 o'clock in the morning and practicing through the hottest part of the day right up to 3 o'clock in the afternoon all the players will benefit. There will be no car riding despite the fact that the Hotel Majestic, where the team is to stop this year, is nearly a mile farther away from the grounds than was the hotel used in 1914. The men will walk to the playing field and after each player has done his stunt he will be made to jog back to the baths, where "Doc" Charlie Green will be in attendance to arrange for his wants.

FATHER OF BILL ARMOUR DIES AT EIGHTY YEARS

Adam Armour, father of Manager William Armour of the Kansas City Blues, died at his home in Homestead, Pa., last week. He was 84 years of age and had been blind for twenty-five years.

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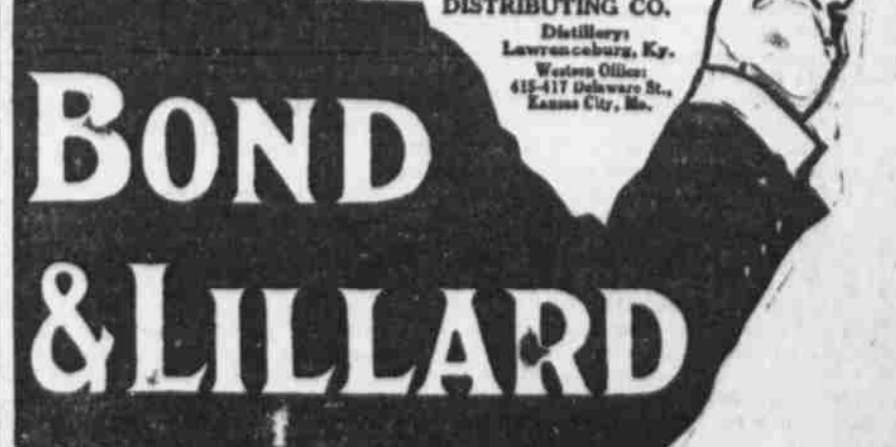
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