

BASEBALL!

(By Dave Wyatt)

With the boxing circles all wrought up over the sudden passing of Les Darcy, the Australian fighter, and over which many seem opinioned to claim was superinduced by the many taunts and jibs hurled towards the young boxer through the fact that he was existing under conditions which technically branded him a slacker to his country's cause in war time, has somehow brought about a sort of a reactive effect causing many to ask, what of our baseball players? Many of our best known fighters have harkened unto the call of the times and have rushed to the front with their names. We haven't as yet heard of any of the well-known baseball gentry casting aside their athletic garb in favor of the wearing apparel of our navy or army. True the boys are going through the military training maneuvers, as a sort of a side show to the big Sunday games; still the pulsative throb seem to indicate that the heart of the players, as well as the magnates, is more endeared to the fighting game than it is to the briny deep blue or the strategy of the trenches in the foreign climes. Be it as it may, "Uncle Sam" has made it a point to give baseball and baseball men a distinct consideration. Baseball has been adopted as the chief recreation sport for the training camps housing the soldiers, forming the new army to be formed by selective draft. It is thought that the baseball season will about be over before the real big blow off in the draft comes through. If such is the case, it will not materially affect the present season's prospects, but it is a good safe guess that it will seriously hamper the pastime for the season of 1918, and it may have the effect of closing down the sport altogether.

This draft term has been a misnomer to the Negro in baseball, although it is one of the most important items in the whole baseball business; without the reserve and draft baseball would go under in a jiffy. Of course, the Negro baseball magnet knows nothing and has no regard for the equity of the terms; he neither reserves or drafts his players; if he wants a man he simply writes him a letter or sends a friend to him offering flattering terms, and no matter what the affiliation, the indebtedness or conditions under which said player has been enabled to exist with the other fellow, nothing is taken into consideration; the deal is all closed. It sometimes occurs that the player is a few hundred dollars to the bad for personal favors from his late employer. The latter has no redress. Reserve; a player's word is all you have. A star pitcher may work for you today, and tomorrow, without imparting any information whatever, he may be on a train en route for some other seaport. There is absolutely no protection whatever for the man who puts his money into the baseball business as conducted by the dark contingent in the game of today. As a rule, baseball players are a most ungrateful set of fellows. Therefore, it does not require a very long or effective sermon to show the folly of investing in baseball as a business, so long as you have no organization, no unity, and nothing but the word of a lot of shiftless athletes as protection for your investment. There is a crying need for some kind of a definite business consideration, if the so-called baseball people ever intend to attract men of wealth, influence and prestige to the game. There is not a season, and there never has been one for the past fifteen years, but what we hear a lot of noise followed by a storm of dilly-dallying and jockeying for premiership as leaders in baseball; and what is the consideration? If such an honor (?) has been acquired, what has been gained by it? What is the coveted goal, and what the consideration? We have seen a half dozen or more organizations put on foot and backed, too, by men of influence, wealth, etc., only to pass on to nothing in a short while, through the one-man leadership. Do you know that for about three years, say,

1908-09-10, there was more real wealth and big men behind the old Negro baseball game than any other business that you can name right now? Did you hear of such men around old New York and Philadelphia as Ed Warren, Connors, McMahon, Bro. Walter Shichter and others; around Chicago, Hon. B. F. Mosely, Maj. Robert Jackson, Louis Anderson and others; the Reessius brothers at Louisville; big interest at West Baden, St. Louis; Tobe Smith at Kansas City, Kans.; the organization at Kansas City, Mo., and M. Lacy and Mitchell at Minneapolis, and Phil Reed at St. Paul? Still baseball was only a big noise without a semblance of a foundation. However, not a one of the above list is identified with the game today, unless it be the McMahons, who are white. Some of the white fellows seem to be the most successful; at least it has been through them that the colored lads have such a lease on baseball life that they have. Harping away back to the early nineties J. M. Bright was going over the country with the Cuban Giants, and is until today or at least was a few years ago. Ed Lamar came a few years later with the Cuban Giants and continued until about three years ago. Then came Gus Parsons with the Page Fence Giants. Walter Shichter was next with the Philadelphia Giants. Others cut in for short periods. A company of whites out around Algoona, Iowa, operated successfully for a while. The McMahon brothers started out with the Lincoln Giants, and, we think, have a club now called the Lincoln Stars. John Schorling has been identified in some form or others with the colored players for years and has for the past five or six years operated a park which in many respects has been the real life preserver of our side of the game. The chief reason as to why these white fellows can see enough of the business to enable them to hang onto the game is because they either know the business from all angles or employ persons or make it a point to closely affiliate themselves with persons who do know it. I cannot think of a strictly Negro organization which has launched out with the business and followed such a course unless it was the Leland Giants Baseball Association external differences causing a dissemination of interests. It might be said that when the last remnant of that association was no longer visible John Schorling took over what was formerly their biggest asset, in the person of one Andrew "Rube" Foster. Schorling is perhaps the best posted man

on semi-pro baseball in the whole country. He operated a park for years at Seventy-ninth street and Wentworth avenue, and, if we mistake not, his father operated the same park before him. Schorling is a thorough student of the whole thing; that is, practical, theoretical and commercial, and has turned out some, and, I guess, a larger portion of the highest class players that Chicago can boast of, many of whom have acquired fame in the big leagues. In "Rube" Foster, Schorling has a co-operator who by tradition is perhaps the best equipped man at getting the proper range upon the baseball business as it does exist today. Foster has, during the fifteen years that he has been around the big sections, been closely affiliated with all the brightest students of the game, star players, big moguls and men in all walks of life, including all races and in all parts of this immediate territory and foreign. There is not an atom in the baseball atmosphere but what Foster has come in touch with. He perhaps has a better inside knowledge of the inside workings of a colored ball player's mind, most especially when said individual has needs for a state of discipline, than any other manager in, or who has ever been in, the game. Foster's knowledge didn't come gratis. It cost him something. And that something would be enough to start three or four baseball clubs. However, there is a reason for the Foster system in baseball operation, and of which some time we may talk, but not without the sanction of the big boss.—The Freeman.

"We Want No Race Prejudice" is a Star headline, but you get it and use it too, and twelve million colored citizens, good and true, in the United States will verify and substantiate our statement. In fact, when it comes to the colored man, you were conceived in race prejudice, born in it and grew up in it. It's absolutely your nature.

President Wilson's ears must burn day, and night on account of the many nice things that are said about him behind the door and over the "big gate."

The whole country is enjoying a wave of prosperity such as never before heard of; only the wave is without money.

Cayton's Weekly publishes legal notices at current rates. Main 24.

Do You Need

Bills, Letter Heads, Cards, Posters
or any kind of

Job Work

If so let us figure with you.

Doing this kind of work is a part
of our business, and we are pre-
pared to do your work

At Once if Not Sooner

Ten thousand are as easy for us
to handle as one thousand.

CAYTON'S WEEKLY

513 Pacific Block

Telephone Main 24

Residence, Beacon 1910