

The Players' Association.

What the Workmen of the Baseball World Are Doing to Assert Their Rights.

"I AM surprised that some of the club owners have not shown a hostile disposition toward the Players' Protective association," said a veteran baseball enthusiast to me the other day.

The reasons why the club owners have not opposed the formation of the association to date are obvious to those who are in touch with the organization of the workmen of the baseball world. Some of the magnates, I know, are waiting a chance to get a whack at the association, but before that chance comes the organization may be so strongly entrenched, so thoroughly fortified, that a hostile demonstration from one or a dozen club owners would not interfere with the players. The green diamond knights have this time formed their association upon good and sensible lines, and the players had all their pipes laid before the outside public or the club owners knew anything about their intentions.

The meetings of the organization have to date been executive, and to those in a position to know the ultimate success of the players' movement is bound to be encouraging, providing wise counsel continues to prevail. Hot headed players must be kept in the background. The promoters of the organization realize this. Then there is another point which has not been generally considered, and this is that the men have profited by the mistakes made by the Brotherhood uprising of 1889 and 1890. That revolt was planned carefully, and John M. Ward, the leader, realized what he was about. Had the Brotherhood succeeded Ward would have been a rich man today and the supreme dictator in the baseball world. That was something to strive for, and it was not the fault of Ward and the players that the Brotherhood did not succeed. The present movement is different from the other in that capital has not been appealed to, and the players will be wise if they keep finances out of the organization as far as possible.

In the old Brotherhood fight the players stuck together like a unit. Had the backers of the organization been as faithful to their trust and real personal interests the death of the Brotherhood would never have been chronicled. There were some real sportsmen behind the Brotherhood, and Al Johnson, the street car magnate and ex-street car conductor, and Eddy Talcott were two of its strongest financial props. Had the rest of the money end of the Brotherhood been as strong and as courageous there would be no National Baseball league today. If anybody doubts this statement, let him write to A. G. Spalding and ask him. The league was licked to a standstill, but the trouble was that the Brotherhood and its backers did not know it. Spalding and one or two other league men met the financial backers of the Brotherhood at the Hoffman House in New York one night. Wine was plentiful. The league men worked one of the grandest bluffs ever seen in the sporting world, and the Brotherhood movement went to smash in 24 hours. And Al Spalding did more than any dozen men to smash it.

I met Ward in New York city quite

recently. He looks as young as he did ten years ago. The ex-Brotherhood leader and manager is now a prosperous lawyer and is connected as attorney with one of the big surface roads in the metropolis.

"What do I think of the players' association?" said Ward. "I believe that it will be a mighty good thing all around. The players must be careful, however, for they will be judged harshly for the slightest break. It is the way of the world. A rich man can make all sorts of blunders, but a poor or a working man must be careful. The players have started out all right, and they have my best wishes for complete success. There are some injustices inflicted upon the players, and their organization will help to remedy these things. The men, however, cannot afford to



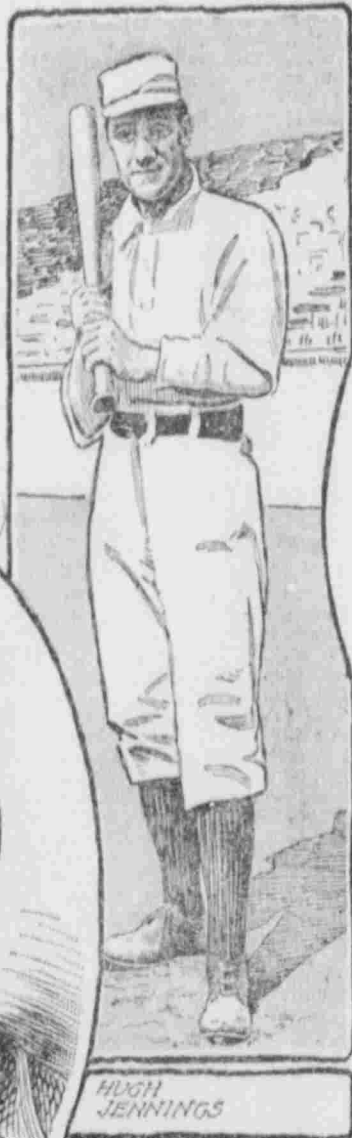
THREE PROMINENT MEMBERS OF THE PLAYERS' PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION.

make trivial complaints and nonsensical demands. They will weaken their cause if they do. There is one man in the league whom I would like to see the players start out for and hunt out of the game. He is a real detriment to the sport, and the game will be the better off without him. I won a case against him recently, and it gave me more real pleasure than any victory I ever won. I refer to Fred Pfeffer's vindication, a decision applauded by every player from Maine to California.

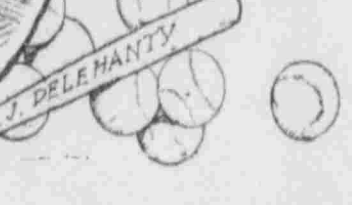
There are rumors galore regarding the intentions of the players, but none of them can be traced to any reliable source at this time. The officials of the players' organization will hold a meeting when all of the teams are in the east, and after the session some positive information may be given out to

the public. The players are wise in keeping their own counsel until their plans have been fully matured. The magnates sent among the minor leagues have done their work well, and before the present season is over most of the desirable players in the smaller organizations will be affiliated with the organization.

In case the rival organization takes the field next spring in opposition to the National league, the players will hold the whip hand, and they will be able to dictate terms as no organization of laboring men was ever able to dictate before. Still I do not think that the players as a body would jump the National league without first knowing considerably more about the opposition than they knew last fall, when the



HUGH JENNINGS



E. J. DELEHAN

STORIES OF MANAGER BARNEY DREYFUSS.

Undoubtedly the most unique figure in the business end of the national game today is Barney Dreyfuss, the little Pittsburgh mogul, who went into baseball for his health.

Barney Dreyfuss has been swinging around the circuit with the Pirates, and enough good stories to fill a book are in circulation in consequence of that fact. Pittsburgh's president doesn't weigh much over 90 pounds in his patient leathers. He sweats a pint of blood every time his team loses, and to him the umpire is a deadly enemy. He worried himself almost sick in Chicago, and when somebody suggested that his anguish would not be quite so keen if he were to stay at home, he responded: "Fred Clarke's not with 'em. Somebody must travel with the boys."

In Chicago Dreyfuss was nosing around late one night and made a discovery. Hustling to the Leland, he shoved the inquiry at Harry Pulliam,



HARRY PULLIAM

"Where's Dick Cooley?" The genial secretary made a confession of ignorance that filtered out under his Kentucky slouch hat in these words: "I don't know where he is." "I know!" declared the little president. "He's in the restaurant at the Auditorium annex with two ladies and a butler average of 225." Perhaps that episode in the restaurant close to the midnight hour was the cause of Captain Cooley's decapitation and the restoration of Fred Ely to the rank he had enjoyed in earlier and happier Smoketown days.

A STORY OF THE OBERAMMERGAU.

If the Oberammergau Passion play is brought to the United States, it will not be the first time that such a production has been seen in America. Some years ago a Passion play was produced in the west, although it was not allowed in New York.

During its representation in San Francisco one of the handsomest of the romantic actors of the new world was engaged to play Christus. He was an inveterate smoker. One night during the interval which followed the placing of the crown of thorns on his brow he went to his dressing room for his usual smoke. The weather was warm, and as he sat meditating and smoking he put his hand to his forehead and pushed the cigaret on one side.

Sitting thus, oblivious to everything

Seasonable Sports.

What Is Being Done and Said In the Athletic Field.

THE heavyweights having come to the conclusion that fighting will not be permitted in New York after the 1st of September, and realizing that that city will draw bigger crowds than any other place, will indulge in several scraps in the ring during the coming month.

The Ruhlins-Fitzsimmons fight, now less than two weeks away, is absorbing the attention of the sports. Ruhlins' splendid victory over Tom Sharkey has won for him a host of admirers, who predict that the Akron lad will administer just such a licking to the red-headed Australian as Jeffries did a year ago. They think that Ruhlins has gained such confidence by his victory over the sailor that he will put Fitz out quicker than it took the champion to accomplish the job.

Fitzsimmons, on the other hand, has a number of followers who have been watching his work at Bergen Beach of late, and they declare that he has never been in finer fettle than now. The injury to his hand is said to be completely healed, and the year's rest, Fitz himself says, has been of great benefit to him physically.

Fitzsimmons, of course, is a marvel, especially when his age and build are taken into consideration. According to his own admission, he is 38 years of age, which gives Ruhlins ten years the advantage. Joe Goddard and others, however, who knew Fitzsimmons in Australia, say that his real age is some five years more than this. If so, then he is a still greater wonder.

Almost a middleweight in size, Fitzsimmons is obliged to fight some 30 pounds heavier than the present prominent "heavyweights," which is somewhat of a handicap to him. Besides this Ruhlins has the advantage of several inches over Bob in height, as well as a longer reach.

Ruhlins' admirers bank on the fact that, as he knocked out Sharkey in 15 rounds, a feat that Jeffries could not accomplish in 25, the Ohioan is consequently better than the Gall-finisher. Therefore they figure that Ruhlins will have an easier time with Fitz than Jeffries did. They point to the fact that Ruhlins is just as capable of standing punishment as the champion. This Ruhlins proved conclusively in his bout with Maher and more recently against Sharkey. He can hit hard, and owing to his intercourse with Corbett, is more shifty and quicker in every way than the ex-holder maker. All these things tend to make the admirers of Gus think that he will put Fitz out in their forthcoming encounter.

It is very gratifying to all cyclists to know that America will be represented at the cycle races that will be held in Paris this summer. The new international cycling association will hold its initial championship meet soon. This organization controls all the prominent racing countries except Great Britain, and most of the cracks from that country have left their shores and are racing in France under the auspices of the French union.

Our experts have learned a great deal in regard to the intricacies of pace following and track jockeying since last

been to the United States in past years and have left behind them worthy reputations. The most notable player on the team is R. E. Forster, the captain of Oxford university, who recently made 171 in a match against Cambridge university. The eleven will be led by R. H. Wood, the noted captain of the Derbyshire club, who is an old Cambridge player.

A suggestion has been made by Secretary Bassett of the L. A. W. which seems to me very apropos just now. He says, "Why should we not have one day in the year which shall be known as L. A. W. day?" Then, going on and explaining why it could not in our immense country be celebrated by a large gathering of whitemen, he advocates that some day be set apart on which runs, tours, meets, etc., be held all over the United States. He further advocates that Oct. 6 be made L. A. W. day for 1900, as that month has no holiday in it and is one of the best riding periods of the year.

If, as Mr. Bassett suggests, members, club captains, consuls and workers in the league will take up this suggestion, it seems to me that, besides the pleasure to be derived from the outing, some very practical results may be obtained. The L. A. W. has recently raised the good roads question to the dignity of a political issue. The elections will take place just a month later than the date mentioned. Surely something could be done by the wheelmen to impress on the people the great need of good roads and the votes they could bring to one side or the other if necessary.

At the beginning of the present baseball season the magnates of the major league made their usual assertions and promises as to reforms, etc., in regard to the game. Of course, it was not thought by those who had heard their vapors in the past that they meant anything more than they had in previous years, which was nothing at all. Subsequent events have more than justified this belief.

If it is the intention of the magnates to endeavor to belittle and kill the greatest of all outdoor games, they are at least accomplishing their purpose. The attendance at cities at which even the rowdiness and indecencies of former years were unable to cool the ardor of the fans is this year lamentably poor. The Brooklyn and Boston, even when winning games and showing fine ball playing, cannot attract a paying gate, and the other clubs in like proportion are losing money along the line.

If this is the state of things at the top, the effect on professional and amateur ball teams in general must necessarily be evil. The outlook for amateur baseball last April was brighter than it had been in years, but I am afraid the enthusiasm will be killed if things go on in this way much longer. The feeling in certain sections may be understood from the fact that one of the most prominent newspapers in New York on a recent date advised its readers who wished to see a good ball game on the following Saturday to go to a small town in Jersey near by, where two amateur nines were to play, and this when two National league games

GOOD NATURED DAN RICE AND THE BOYS.

The late Dan Rice, the famous circus man, was fond of boys and always wanted to see a lot of them in his audience. He never gave a performance where the nooks and corners were not filled with youngsters who had come in free.

A good story on Rice is told by Captain George J. Grammer, traffic manager of the Lake Shore railroad. At the time of the occurrence Grammer, who lived in Zanesville, O., was standing one afternoon with a crowd of other boys looking longingly into the tent, but not having the price of admission.

It was Mr. Rice's custom to stand at the door until the first grand entry of the circus people, when he would leave. On this occasion he saw the hungry look on the faces of the boys and called them around him. "You want to go in, don't you, boys?" "Bet yer life!" shouted back the youngsters.

"I'll tell you what. All the boys who are back here in ten minutes with clean faces and hands get in." The words were hardly out of his mouth before there was a dash for the river, and in less than seven minutes 200 boys with clean faces came back to the tent. The crowd went inside with a rush.

HOW LAJOIE GOT EVEN.

This good story of how Larry Lajoie got even with Freedman because he was not permitted to take a friend into the grounds with him is told in a New York paper.

"During the trip to New York early in

May Larry Lajoie tried to pass a friend in to the Polo grounds, but was held up at the gate and made to pay an admission of 50 cents. 'I'll pay even for that,' the crack baseman said, and he did. The first time at bat he calmly stood and fouled seven on bright new balls, worth \$1.50 per, over the left field among the elevated tracks, where they were laid to Freedman's feet. While Larry was thus squaring accounts a regular procession of balls rolled from the Giants' bench to the umpire, only to pass from mortal view. After pounding \$8.75 from the receipts of the day Larry readjusted his sights and made a base hit for himself. New York lost \$8.25 on this deal."

WHY DEVONSHIRE LOST.

More yerns and ghost stories are told of steeplechase and hurdle racing than any other branch of equine sport. Here is one:

"I was at one of the meetings in England a few years ago," said a well known plunger, "and, as you all know, they pay more attention to the steeplechasing over there than they do in this country. On one occasion a horse named Devonshire was one of the starters in a big field, and a small price was laid against his chances. He was a big horse, a voracious feeder and full of tricks, a fact that turned up after the race was run.

"His stable was down on him to a man, and they stood to win a snug sum. Everything favored him, even to the flying start, and he took the barriers and the Liverpool like a bird. I was standing a dozen lengths from the finish and was watching the race, when my attention was drawn to a carrot-headed chap in jeans and clodippers, a veritable yokel, who remarked to a man standing alongside:

"'E won't finish, see hif 'e does, the bloomin' dog! Hiv! stop 'im; see hif hif don't!"

"I was interested and amused, but returned my observation to the man of the race. Presently Devonshire came bowling a dozen lengths in front, and when just opposite where I was standing the yokel made a megaphone of his hands and shouted:

"'Hoats! Hoats!' Devonshire stopped as if he'd been shot, folded back his ears, wagged his tail, turned around and went the wrong way back over the track and disappeared in the distance near his stable. 'The crowd was thunderstruck, but the happiest man of the lot was the yokel. I spoke to him, and he said that he used to work in Devonshire's stables, and had taught the brute to run for his quarters whenever he would hear the cry of 'Hoats!' The yokel had been discharged for some trivial cause, and had taken this method of getting square with his recent employer. He didn't have a shilling down on any horse in the race, but he was the merriest chap in the crowd when he saw Devonshire turn tail and scoot for cover."

THE CYCLIST'S DICTIONARY.

Century.—The distance made in one day by an imaginative rider when riding alone.

Cranks.—(1) Supposedly steel rods, which refuse to move when desired, and vice versa. (2) All persons who don't ride wheels.

Cyclometer.—A small instrument operated by turning machine up and down and revolving front wheel rapidly by hand.

Expert.—One who is able to frighten a pedestrian to death by coming within one-eleventh of an inch of him without hitting him, instead of running into him and killing him at once.

Zelma Rawston is one of the decidedly few women on the stage who can dress up in boy's clothes and look right. She has been employed in London for 18 consecutive weeks, where she was declared to be equal to Vesta Tilley.



CHARMING MARY MANNERING, WHO WILL BE A STAR.

Mary Mannering, the clever young English actress who has been the leading lady for Daniel Frohman's stock company during the past five seasons, will be star next fall. Some months ago Frank McKee secured the dramatic rights to Paul Leicester Ford's "Janice Meredith" and engaged Edward E. Rose to make the stage version. He had no one in mind to play the title role at the time except Mary Mannering, and she then seemed an impossibility because of a contract to star which existed between her and Fred C. Whitney. Mr. Whitney returned from Europe, and his contract with Miss Mannering was cancelled by mutual consent. Within two days Mr. McKee had secured her to play in "Janice Meredith," in which he will present her in October surrounded by a company of excellent players. Miss Mannering is spending the summer with her husband, James K. Hackett, "roughing it" in the mountains of Colorado.

HOT WEATHER THEATRICALS.

The legislature in Louisiana is considering a bill to forbid theatrical or circus managers from making false representations in their advertising. Beerholm Tree is in London preparing a great revival of "Othello." The theatrical season next winter in

LOMBROSO ON CYCLING.

Professor Lombroso, the great criminologist, wrote a few months ago a stupendous article in one of the magazines to prove that, if a cyclist, the chances were strong that you would take to picking pockets and probably end your days on the gallows. The average cyclist is not able to follow the professor's reasoning. But it would almost seem that every thief in the land is a cyclist, and that at present the chief occupation is selling the machines of those who are not yet thieves.

WHY JENNINGS APPROVED.

Something calamitous must surely overtake the Trolley Dodgers since Huxley Jennings took to reading "The Pilgrim's Progress." He was told that it was a good story, and so it is in a literal sense, though better adapted for a Y. M. C. A. library than a quiet nook in a bat bag. After waddling through some of those chapters where numerous paragraphs end with "And Christian, taking up his burden, proceeded on his journey up the hill," Huxley cynosured a little. "The young fellow is playing a strong uphill game," he said.

ARRANGEMENTS FOR A TEAM OF ENGLISH CRICKETERS.

The arrangements for a team of English cricketers to make a tour of this country are now complete. The visitors will arrive about the second week in September and will play three matches in Philadelphia and several others in other cities where suitable arrangements can be made.

THE ARRANGEMENTS FOR A TEAM OF ENGLISH CRICKETERS.

The British team is already made up and is very strong, being composed of several well known county players and the pick of the Oxford and Cambridge elevens. Several of the players have



HARRY VARDON, THE BRITISH GOLF EXPERT NOW PLAYING IN THIS COUNTRY.

around him, he did not hear the manager open the door and enter. The latter noticed at once the incongruity of the picture, and, without saying a word, he picked up a little hand mirror and held it before the actor's face. His expression changed in a moment. He took the pipot out of his mouth, put it on the table, reverently readjusted the crown and said:

"I shall never smoke again while I am playing this part." And he never did.

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Most of the records are held by Americans, and it seems only right that we should be adequately represented. At first the American Bicycle company was not disposed to send over a team because of the unorthodox and sloppy manner in which the officials over there were managing affairs.

Since A. G. Spalding and James E. Sullivan have been in France, however, these two gentlemen seem to have infused some American ginger into the Gauls, and in many ways have made things shipshape.

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were to be played within the city limits!

I was present at a baseball game the other day between nines representing two of the largest amateur athletic clubs in the country and knew personally most of the players, several of whom were prominent in college baseball teams earlier in the season. The game was one of the best I have seen in a long time. The pitcher on one of the teams is well known owing to his work on his varsity nine. A spectator next me observed while he was pitching:

"I guess that young fellow gets a nice little salary for this afternoon's work."

Now, it happens that neither that young man nor any of the players on the two teams in question get remuneration of any kind for playing baseball, yet such is the odor left by the misconduct of former years that it is almost impossible to make people think they are not paid in some way. It is a great pity.

LEO ETHERINGTON.

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