

# EDITORIALS



HE appointment of John Foster to the secretaryship of the New York Giants adds one more to the many triumphs of newspapermen in baseball. Ever since the National game started on its career of progress the press has been its most faithful and devoted ally. Ban Johnson, head of the American League, is an ex-newspaperman, so is John Heydler, Secretary of the National League, and there are many other examples which might be cited. In fact, the grand alliance between the press and the game has been one of the most striking illustrations of what intelligent co-operation can accomplish.

Mr. Foster is a man whose long connection with the press has given him a supremacy of seniority over his fellow-writers in the metropolis. Also in his capacity of official scorer at the Polo Grounds he has had an additional interest in the game whose exploits he has written about so long. Several times in his active career opportunities to enter the executive department of baseball have offered, but circumstances have always prevented the acceptance of such offers. Now, however, a well-deserved position has been accepted, and Mr. Foster is at last embarked in a field more intimately connected with baseball than ever. As Secretary of the most important club in either league, Mr. Foster occupies a position of prominence and trust. All who know him are confident in predicting for his efforts an unqualified success.



HE coming of Frank Chance to New York revives anew that classic argument as to the real worth of a manager. Many good people in Manhattan are already dreaming of a pennant in the ensuing season, and point to Clarke Griffith and his wonderful success with Washington.

Such arguments are pure rubbish. There is hardly a possibility that Chance can raise the club into the first division. There is every reason to be well content if he finishes in sixth place. Who for a moment considers that the regenerated New Yorks can compete with the victorious Red Sox fresh from their recent triumph of a world's championship, can rival the Athletics, with their scintillating infield, the best in either league, or with the fiery Washington club with its galaxy of grand new players and the greatest pitcher in the world as the foundation of a formidable twirling staff? And as for the White Sox and Cleveland and Detroit, rest assured some one of this trio will beat Chance beyond a doubt. Beat Chance, did we say? No, they will not beat Chance; they will rather defeat a club which is completely demoralized, which has good material, but material that even Chance will need time to properly arrange and remodel.

It is true that Griffith raised the Washington club in a single season, but he had the greatest pitcher in baseball as a foundation for his pitching staff, several other excellent players as well and was fortunate enough to

secure some real finds in the shape of new material. All honor to Griffith for his good work—it was certainly deserved; but the two cases are hardly parallel unless Chance can himself secure some star young players, a proposition which is always one of the big uncertainties of baseball.

The New York club is to be congratulated on the acquisition of Chance. He is one of the greatest managers who ever lived. But let the public give him a helping hand when he comes and not handicap his best efforts by expecting that he will all at once achieve the impossible. Extravagant expectations of a new manager are the greatest misfortune that can happen to him. Such unwarranted hopes are not only foolish but harmful, for they defeat the very purpose they aim to further. Chance will bring a pennant with him all right, but he will leave it safely packed in his grip, and along about 1915 we may see it waving from the flagstaff in center field. Before? Perhaps, but not this season anyway.



IN commenting upon his recent suit against a moving picture company, John McGraw is reported to have said: "I care nothing for publicity. In baseball, ability is the only thing that counts." This is a type of fallacy which is plausible largely because it is partially true. And because it is plausible many famous players and personages high in baseball elect to believe that it is wholly true.

Ability is the only thing that counts for the simple reason that ability insures publicity. Publicity which does not rest upon ability is built on an insecure foundation, and McGraw is right to that extent. But personally we believe McGraw is too clever a man to discount publicity and say he cares nothing for it. For if he does feel that way about it he cares nothing for the position which gives him his board and lodging.

The Polo Grounds would not be the costliest baseball property in the world, McGraw would not be drawing his immense salary as manager of the Giants, were it not for the fact that his club has received from the press of New York City, and from the press in other cities on the circuits, and from various other sources, an amount of free advertising that could not be purchased for mere money. If the Giants, with all their assets, paid for the publicity they receive at current rates of advertising they would go bankrupt in a single week. It is not the ability of the player, or of the manager, but the press of the United States which has made baseball great. Where would Ty Cobb be if only the comparatively few people who saw him play knew of his ability? Has it been nothing in Cobb's pocket that his great deeds have been blazed from coast to coast and are household words wherever baseball is known?

There is absolutely no question that the greatness of baseball has been built upon the enormous amount of publicity it has received. To be sure, McGraw may argue that the papers naturally print what is agreeable to their readers, and that is true. The press and the game have mutual interests, and those interests may best be served by co-operation. But this is no ground for the tendency on the part of certain baseball authorities to ignore the incalculable service publicity has rendered and assume that they are so great that they need no publicity. In addition to the fortune which he has helped build up but which has been built even more by publicity he affects to undervalue, McGraw has recently returned from a theatrical engagement where he netted some thousands of dollars, every cent of which was due the great amount of publicity he has received since he began his career. And we hardly think he would be willing to forego any of the benefits he has enjoyed by reason of that publicity.