

Shall Certain Magnates Defy the Public?

The Rights of the Baseball Public and Where These Rights
Are Being Seriously Jeopardized by the Attitude of an
Objectionable Element in Big League Politics.

By F. C. LANE

The following article is one of a series that the BASEBALL MAGAZINE feels impelled at this time to present to the public. It is, in a sense, unfortunate that our theme involves some of the highest names in baseball, that we are obliged, in our earnest desire to serve the best interests of the game, to discuss certain subjects which are not commonly discussed. Some of our deductions may be deemed extraordinary, but we have been extremely careful to err, if anything, on the side of conservatism, and have painted a phase of the present situation in baseball in colors by no means too glowing to do justice to their theme. The aftermath of the Fogel controversy, that travesty on justice, and the insolent manner of certain magnates in their attitude toward the public, call, in no uncertain tones, for a fearless, vigorous exposure of certain things behind the scenes. Murphy has been panned for years, and we have no intention whatever to defend him. But Murphy, in our opinion, is not the magnate who most needs a measure of the popular attention just at present. For the Chicago owner, with all his faults, gives the public winning baseball in return for their money. And in any case he has not recently raised the price of admission to his park on the strength of finishing a poor seventh in the last season's race.

"I HAVE had so many knocks in the press and elsewhere of late that I don't mind them any more." The speaker was Charles Webb Murphy, of historic fame, who, seated in his swivel chair in the office of the Cubs at Chicago, was going through his afternoon mail. "Here," continued Murphy, adjusting his black-rimmed glasses, "just listen to this," and diving into the confused pile of mail matter on his desk he drew forth a finely written letter of at least four pages and proceeded to read the first few paragraphs. The author, a well-known man in Chicago, was berating the owner of the Nationals for his release of Frank Chance, and he did not mince his terms. Murphy read it through with no apparent emotion. "I get a lot of these," said he. "This one sounds as though the writer was perfectly sincere. But what are you going to do? You can't please everybody. I don't expect people are going to like me. What difference does it make if they don't? The team is the whole story. The owner doesn't count." And he chuckled in his quick, nervous way as he swept the whole mass of correspondence from the top of the desk into an open drawer. Murphy's views are at least refreshingly frank. If he cares nothing for the opinion of the public, no one should. For no man in baseball today has had criticism in more wholesale quantities than he. There is a widespread impression which seems slowly but surely permeat-

ing the whole baseball world. This impression assumes that baseball is a business proposition pure and simple; that the only important thing to be considered is the standing of the club; that the personnel of the owner is unimportant. A number of magnates have apparently accepted this impression at its face value, with never a thought for the public or their wishes, as completely as though that public did not exist. For this state of affairs the public is in a sense responsible. It reasons, "What does So and So (some powerful magnate) care about my opinions?" But So and So, however powerful, does care about those opinions, or can be made to care, and it rests wholly with the public how soon its influence becomes the dominant power in the National Game.

The great development of baseball the sport has been lost sight of in baseball the business. The old days when the magnate and the player associated together on a mutual plane of financial despondency have passed away. The magnate has assumed the attitude of the large business man. He talks in terms of hundreds of thousands of dollars now where he was once glad to get a fleeting glimpse of dimes and quarters. He is an important individual, and as the National Game grows and becomes greater, more dominant in its influence, the magnate shares in that development. He has conferred upon the public a service for which that public is only too willing to respond with a golden stream of dollars, but at the same time he should not lose sight of the fact that the source of all his prosperity is that public whom he sometimes affects to despise. This is unwise, as well as uncalled for, for the same power which raised these magnates to their dizzy height can hurl them down again. And it is not too much to believe that it will do just that in the case of one or two club owners who have most abused its privileges.

There is no excuse for the cold, grasping, mercenary spirit which is so conspicuous a trait in certain magnates. It is true that baseball is a business involving enormous expenditures and demanding enormous monetary income. But such a state of affairs does not obviate the fact that baseball was a game long

before it was a business, and the only hold it now retains on the public is as a sport. The public cares nothing for the mere size of the game as such. They care nothing for the expenditures of the magnates. But they do care everything about the game as a game, and it is right that their wishes should be considered by the man who depends solely upon their patronage for his fortune.

Probably the most striking example of the magnate who has counted upon his own popularity and prospered in consequence, is that of Charles Comiskey. The owner of the White Sox is the most popular magnate the big leagues have ever known. He began with only the savings of his baseball playing days to his credit, entered the profession of magnate in a small and unobtrusive way, fought his way into Chicago, successfully withstood the opposition of the then all important National League, established a firmly rooted club, was Ban Johnson's chief support in the victorious war for American League independence, built a colossal grandstand and has grown rich in money and the affections of his fellow townsmen. He is an inspiring example of what popularity is worth to the magnate. Other owners have started with millions. It was Somer's fortune that built up the Cleveland Club. It was Yawkee's great wealth which established the Tigers on a firm footing, Frank Farrell is a millionaire, and Ben Shibe was a wealthy man when he championed the cause of the Athletics. But there is today no stronger, more prosperous club in the whole baseball world than the White Sox and this success was built, not on the money but on the popularity of the owner. Comiskey's experience is a clinching argument that it pays the magnate to cultivate the good will of the people.

Barney Dreyfus has been one of the three great magnates in the National League. Pittsburgh has successfully disputed with New York and Chicago in the past decade, for the supremacy in the National League. In the old days such a situation would have been impossible. The big cities would inevitably have developed the winning clubs simply on length of purse. Even now there is all the tendency for winning clubs to go to

FROM THE VIEW-POINT OF JIMMY CALLAHAN

The club alone will bring out the crowd so long as it wins. Murphy is right, or anyone else is right, in saying that it doesn't make much difference about the owner so long as the club is in the running. But the point is, the club can't always win. No team in the world is at the top forever, and the moment anything happens to the club, and such things are always liable to happen in baseball, then the owner becomes the main thing and the club of secondary importance. In the case of the White Sox, when we had bad luck and were losing, the fans still continued to come out and support us simply because Comiskey was so popular with them. They knew he was doing all he could to give them a winning team, and they would not desert him when he was having trouble. They stood by him royally and showed plainly enough how much the popularity of the magnate amounts to. It counts when things go wrong and those are the very times when you need support the most.

the biggest, richest cities, for in the long run these cities can afford to pay most for a winning club.

Pittsburgh, so far as size is concerned, should yield to several other cities on the circuit but it does not. Part of the reason for this continued prosperity has been due to Fred Clarke, part to Hans Wagner and a number of other stars on the line-up, but by no means a small part to the progressive views of Owner Dreyfus. "There is nothing," said Dreyfus, "more valuable to a ball club than the popularity of the owner. It is of the first importance to study the needs and wishes of your public, and so far as possible, follow those needs and wishes. It is no more than the magnate ought to do in any case and it pays, if he is short sighted enough to look at it merely from the business end. There is a great deal of sentiment in baseball and that is the only way to run the game. The public pay the prices, and it is no more than fair that they should be consulted. Of course it is impossible to listen to all the suggestions that are made by the fans, and it would be foolish to make any attempt to. You would not be running a ball team very long if you tried to do that. But in the main you can follow the wishes of the bulk of your patrons and that is what every magnate who has sense, tries to do."

John T. Brush, in his day, was one of the most enlightened of magnates. Although an invalid the latter portion of his life, he spared no pains to consult the wishes of his patrons, and to profit by them. When he designed the great park

which is justly named for him the Brush Stadium, he spent what would have seemed to many a needless fortune in mere exterior decoration. This was unnecessary, but it formed a permanent improvement in the most magnificent park in the world, a park in which the citizens of greater New York might well take a pardonable pride. And it was not money ill spent. Brush was right. It pays to treat properly the people who foot the bills. It pays to give them a park which is suited and suitable for the great game they support. Brush knew it and did so. And the great fortune he built up in the baseball business, and the popularity he enjoyed to the day of his death, were his reward.

At Cleveland, Vice-President Barnard, active head of the Forest City Club, has gone a long step beyond every other magnate, in a systematic effort to win the support of the patrons of the club. No pains are spared to determine what is most needed. Card indexes, all the elaborate paraphernalia of modern business, is called into operation. The situation is as carefully studied, and gone over with as much infinite pains for detail as the most exact of scientific investigations. It is in this way that the Cleveland club is trying to master the details of its patrons' wishes, and to conform to those wishes with scrupulous exactitude, once they are determined. It is by such painstaking devotion to the public will that Cleveland is growing strong. For like Comiskey and Dreyfus and Brush and a number of other equally enlightened magnates in the past,

the owners are finding that such an attitude on their part pays and pays well.

So much for magnates who consult their patrons' wishes; who do not feel that the public is like a gigantic sponge to be squeezed for all it may conveniently hold. For while the majority of the magnates do regard the public in a higher light than a mere legitimate prey, there are names high up in the list of big league directors who certainly act as though that were their guiding opinion.

Murphy is perhaps the most conspicuous type of the magnate who is indifferent to public opinion. There is no man who cares less than he for what the bleachers may think. He has shown his hand on too many occasions to need reference here. Perhaps his greatest blunder was when he summarily rid himself of Frank Chance, one of the foremost managers the game has ever known, the man who had been identified with his greatest success. Chance was extremely popular in Chicago, and it required the most high-handed treatment for Murphy to dismiss his formidable lieutenant in the face of the storm of frenzied disapproval which greeted his very undiplomatic act.

Never has public opinion created a greater disturbance, never has magnate been subjected to a more drastic hauling over the coals. Legions of Chicago fans forsook the Cub standard, and vowed they would never visit the park again as long as Murphy continued in control. He was panned alive by the united press of the Windy City, while the papers all over the country joined in the general denunciation. And through it all the sleek-haired general of the Chicago Nationals maintained the same studied sweetness of expression. If he felt the sting of the barbed sarcasm which came his way, he did not show it. He pursued the even tenor of his course, much as though nothing untoward had happened.

All magnates occasionally do things which bring at least a temporary unpopularity. Such incidents are an inevitable feature of the game. Nor is it easy to say off hand which magnates are guilty of persistent disregard for the interests of the public and which are not. The case is on a par with the recent investigation in press and magazines of the records of certain public men. The

highest names in contemporary politics have not been held sacred from this severe scrutiny. And the result has been that a man has been condemned both upon his official acts and upon the company he keeps. If he has always sided with big money interests, he has been branded as the servant of big money interests. If his whole career has been devoted to the promotion of the general welfare, he has been regarded as the servant of the people who elected him. The same rule may logically be applied in the present case. Who are the men in organized baseball who are always on the off side, in all matters of general policy? Ebbetts, Murphy and until lately, Murphy's tried assistant, Horace Fogel. The latter gentleman played an unfortunate part in the spectacular melodrama which has so regaled all true lovers of the national sport. He was at best merely the paid tool of Murphy and the moneyed interests which have always been back of the Chicago magnate. In all Fogel's acts might be discerned the thinly veiled hand of Murphy. Smiling, bland, inscrutable, but energetic in a deep and underhanded way.

It was the influence of these three worthies which always created so disturbing an element in league politics. It was they and their scaly politics which made the elections of officers in the National League an unmitigated disgrace. Garry Hermann, Barney Dreyfus and John T. Brush did not always agree on matters of league policy, but they differed as friends differ—honestly. They did not continually backbite and scheme to get despotic power into their own hands, that they might ride the league to the ruin that such conduct would inevitably involve. They did not conspire to make the integrity of the National League a standing joke. They would generally unite whenever Ebbetts and Murphy and his man Friday were gathered together, plotting one of their little plots, for there they all too clearly recognized the source of future trouble. Ebbetts and Murphy and of course Fogel, Murphy's attendant shadow, were in evidence at every league election. These progressive patriots did not want a president for an executive, they wanted an office boy, a spineless individual who might wear the royal purple so long as

they pulled the strings. Tom Lynch, whatever he may have lacked of the diplomatic qualities which go to make up the leader of a big business, was of unflinching courage. So long as he was elected to dispense justice and supervise the paid agents of the league, the official umpires, he determined to do so in fact as well as in name. Lynch's inflexible honesty and his steadfast disposition to rule justly as he saw it, roused the pious wrath of Ebbetts and Murphy (Murphy of course meaning also Fogel). Ebbetts and Murphy fretted and fumed and made life as miserable as possible for Lynch, while Fogel in a zealous desire to aid and abet his superior officer did likewise. His only error was one of over zeal. Anxious as all loyal employees should be, to earn his money, he acted strenuously; but his criticisms of Lynch were a trifle too drastic, and the reluctant league was forced by popular opinion and the frenzied demands of their outraged president to investigate the wild and absurd charges Fogel had set in motion. Murphy and Ebbetts did not immediately lay down arms. Late into the fall Ebbetts was sniveling around the country relieving himself of his usual drivell on the election of president of the National League. His whole attitude was so contemptible in the face of the known facts, that even he had scarce the face to pursue his labors. For once the prominent magnates of the National League banded together in formidable front, and their influence combined was so overwhelming that the discreet Murphy, ever willing to note the direction of the wind and trim his sails in consequence, scudded safely into port, and took his stand with the friends of law and order, dragging with him the still reluctant Ebbetts. It was a sublime and inspiring sight to see these staunch patriots unite to uphold the integrity of the national game, and what did they do in the zeal of their righteous mission? Why they kicked out Man Friday, poor Fogel, who was as helpless as any office boy; Fogel, who owned just stock enough in the Philadelphia club to give him the vote as director required by law; Fogel, whose only offense had been a too great exercise of zeal in the interest of his employer; Fogel, the Goat of the National League.

It was a reminder of the celebrated suit against the sugar trust wherein the millionaire directors perpetrated the frauds and the day laborer employees went to jail. Murphy and Ebbetts did all the howling, Fogel merely joined in the chorus, and Fogel got the hook. Exit Fogel, while Ebbetts and Murphy join hands in pious contemplation of their own virtue in ridding baseball of an objectionable element. Such hypocrisy is not a thing to weep over, kind friends; it is such lurid, dyed in the wool bunk that the only wonder is any person should be found feeble minded enough to fall for such stuff.

Fogel is now kicking his heels together and threatening dire things against the cabal which deserted him and wrought his big league ruin. In a way no one can blame him for so doing. But he would show better judgment if he dropped the subject entirely. His assertion, if he has been quoted correctly, that organized baseball is crooked, is untrue. As a whole, organized baseball is the fairest sport known, conducted in the most upright, the most impartial way. There is an objectionable element in the game and Fogel certainly knows that side of the question, since he was personally mixed up in that element. But he is mistaken to suppose that all baseball is crooked simply because one little angle of the game is crooked. Fogel was unfortunate in a way, but baseball is not the loser by his exit. He did nothing of moment while in office, save to further the undesirable schemes of his employers and associates. He was hired and fired with scant ceremony, but he has little kick coming. Fogel is a dead issue and had best realize it. The tumult and the shouting are all over now. The funeral has swept by with suitable and impressive ceremonies. The corpse should lie quiet, as all good corpses do, in the obscurity of outer league darkness. He should not rise against the undertakers and try to prove they made a mistake. It is too late in the day for such a revival.

So much for the Fogel case. It is a dead issue, but there is a very live issue now before the public. Events have transpired in the recent past which present a critical situation in baseball circles. In the face of sure opposition cer-

 CHARLES MURPHY'S OPINION ON THE SITUATION

I started my business career in a drug store, working for a dollar and a half a week. I get more than that now, I admit, but that was the princely salary I pulled down in the beginning. Success is an odd thing. There are a number of people who think I have made a success. In some ways I suppose I have. They come to me once in a while and ask me for my secret of how I did it. It sounds very odd to me, for it seems only yesterday that I was getting my start. I am quite ready to admit that luck plays an important part in it all. They say, you know, that the man who has done anything at all out of the ordinary, always likes to give the impression that he won on ability alone; whereas if he is unfortunate and fails, he is only too ready to blame it onto the luck of the game. Now, in my own case, I am ready to admit that I consider my start a rather lucky occurrence. It doesn't make any difference how much ability a man may have, he has to have the chance as well, and that doesn't come every day. To be sure, he must have ability as well as opportunity or he won't be able to make the most of that opportunity when it comes. But that doesn't lessen the importance of the opportunity by any means. My opportunity came to me after a long wait and I believe I was ordinarily active in the way I improved it. At least, I intended to be. And it has been just this fact which has accounted for the large number of knocks I have received in the papers. Some of those who knew me when I was a newspaper reporter down in Cincinnati, and predicted that I would never make good as a magnate, have never ceased to throw bricks at me. I suppose I have been

tain magnates have arbitrarily raised the admission to their parks, some with reason and some without. Brooklyn club, needing as much as any may need a shield from which to hide its baseball record, takes refuge behind the towering front of its new baseball park. Ebbetts announces he will materially raise the cost of admission to this park, and assigns as his reasons the cost of baseball, particularly players' salaries, which he claims have greatly increased in the past few years. This statement is true. The player does draw a larger salary than formerly, first because he is entitled to it, and secondly because there are magnates in baseball who do not pride themselves on their ability to grind their players down to the ultimate possible nickel. It is true that ball players receive higher salaries than used to be the custom, but just why Ebbetts should mouth on that subject is not so clear. If he thinks he can crawl slimily into the circle of progressive, liberal handed magnates, and take his place all unnoticed he is distinctly mistaken. The city of Brooklyn has been too long accustomed to Mr. Ebbetts and his methods to be much impressed by what he says. Ball players get better salaries, indeed, but Ebbetts should worry. There are just two men on the Brooklyn club who get even fair baseball salaries, consider-

ing the service they render, and we could name them if we wished. And so far as that is concerned, neither of these players receives within a couple of thousand dollars what he is worth, or what a more progressive magnate would pay him. The remainder of the club get salaries so ridiculous that they have no incentive whatever for taking any interest in their play. I have interviewed Brooklyn players before the game who were so thoroughly disgusted with their club's management and its niggardly policy that they *openly admitted they had no interest* whatever in the coming contest, didn't care whether they won or lost. And it is on the strength of such management that Ebbetts has the colossal nerve to seize the Brooklyn public by the throat and demand from them tip top major league prices for seeing minor league ball. The Brooklyn club are excellent fellows and in the main good players. They are not all stars, but they have the ability to play a better game than they usually do play. But the present system in vogue at Brooklyn is a formidable handicap to any team.

It is true that Ebbetts is not alone in his attitude toward the admission price of baseball. Several other clubs, in the past few years, have raised their prices as well, and the Athletics are doing it this season. Connie Mack, however,

knocked more than any other man in baseball, but I am getting used to it. You can get used to anything. I lay this criticism merely to jealousy. These writers either did not have the opportunity that came my way, or didn't have the push to improve the opportunity that did come to them and they are jealous of the success I have had. That's all it amounts to. I never pay any attention to it, for I know the reason for it. There is one newspaper man who used to be in New York, though he has been transferred to another city now. I remember he used to knock me outrageously in his column and kept it up for two years. When I was on a visit to New York I met him in the lobby of the hotel, spoke pleasantly to him. "How's the Times?" I asked him. That wasn't the paper he worked for, as I knew well enough, but I wished to give him the impression that I didn't even know the paper he worked for and so, of course, was ignorant of his having knocked me so much. He appeared a bit astonished at my greeting and as I walked away I overheard him remark to a companion: "What do you think of that? There I have been knocking him for two years in the ——— and he comes along and asks me 'how's the Times?' " jealousy, pure jealousy, that's all, and I am too busy to pay any attention to it. The club is the whole story, the owner doesn't count. All this talk in the papers is the mere raving of the bugs and those who are envious. I am trying to give Chicago a good ball club and they will come to see it all right, if it wins. It is up to us to see that it wins, that's all. That is the main thing, the whole story, nothing else matters.

faces a peculiar situation in Philadelphia. The fans of that city have been accustomed to winning teams so long and were so firmly convinced last year that their club would win that they did not give it by any means the support it deserved. It is always harder to retain the support of the crowd with a losing club than it is where the club is merely bad and has been bad for years. Attendance fell off, notably at Philadelphia, and for some inscrutable reason the Athletics have never been as good a road team as they should have been considering their abilities. In some quarters the Athletics have been listed as a poorly paid club. This is not the case, for the simple reason that there are so many stars. It is hard to get at the accurate salary of some of Connie's ball players, for he has an elaborate system of bonuses which considerably increases the apparent compensation. But in any case there are so many high salary men on the club that, as a whole, the team is a very costly one to maintain. And the Athletics made just fourteen thousand dollars last season in profit, over and above current expenses. This is Connie's justification for a long deferred raise in prices. But Connie has still further justification for his act, in that he has done what Ebbetts seems never to have honestly even tried to do; that is he has given his public a consistent win-

ner. He is entitled to charge bed rock prices if any one is, for he has given Philadelphia a brand of baseball which the city would go a long way to duplicate. Furthermore, Philadelphia is in no wise to be compared with Brooklyn as a money producer. Were the Brooklyn club a winner they could easily become second only to the Giants as a source of profit. Brooklyn is the third city in the country in size, the second in wealth, and Ebbetts has the entire field to himself. The two Manhattan clubs cannot begin to exhaust the resources at their disposal. They do not more than touch the enormous population which they aim to serve. Brooklyn is Ebbetts' peculiar property and a more valuable prospect it would be impossible to find. Let us see how Ebbetts has improved his little gold mine, how he compares in his methods and his results with other magnates, far less favorably situated.

Pittsburgh has but one ball team as Brooklyn has, and the Pirates have been for years one of the greatest clubs in the world. This year they are the one best bet in the circuit, for the pennant of the National League. And Pittsburgh has scarce a third the population of Brooklyn and only a fraction of the wealth. Detroit is still smaller, still less wealthy than Pittsburgh, and yet Detroit has had three pennants in the past seven years and now though it has sunk to

sixth place, what has happened? Why, Navin pays his manager a salary greater than Ebbetts pays to his manager and his two highest priced players combined. Navin has one player, Cobb, who draws nearly as high a salary and he has other players on his club who receive an annual income greater than Ebbetts pays to a single man on his staff, manager or player. And yet Detroit is in a bad way financially because it has been so unfortunate, and because it has sunk so far from its once high position. And Detroit would be hardly a suburb to the gigantic and rapidly increasing population of Brooklyn.

Ebbetts contends that he cannot afford to pay the salaries of other clubs because his club is a loser. Here is a sample of what other losing club owners do which we submit for his consideration. And so far as losing club is concerned, Ebbetts, considering his own share in that near tail-end position, is the last man who should complain.

It is true that a ball club cannot be built up in a day. It is a long and tedious process and a pennant winner cannot be guaranteed by any effort whatsoever. But a man with Ebbetts' resources, had he wished to build up a pennant winner enough to work for that as an object, would have had a club at Brooklyn fighting for a berth in the first division long ago. Of course Ebbetts would not refuse a pennant winner if it were handed to him on a silver platter, but the fact remains that he seems to have made no consistent effort worthy of the name to achieve such an object.

Ebbetts' shortsighted, narrow policy has been the bed rock of all the difficulty in Brooklyn for a decade. Instead of reaping the rich harvest which lay at his very door, he has been content to go on from year to year, with a losing club making the much smaller profits which a losing club brought him. His salaries were notoriously inadequate. Such players as he could secure for little or nothing were added from time to time. Such management as he could secure for a minor league salary, he was content to purchase. And with this magnificent display of civic pride he now asks the public to increase their offerings for the much shop worn and damaged article of baseball he magnanimously

consents to give them. His claims on the players' salary question are pure bluff and bluster. His new grandstand appears to be a gigantic real estate deal—a patent combination of interest with the Brighton Beach Railroad, perfectly legitimate business to be sure, but hardly a proper basis for increasing prices. Had Ebbetts been satisfied with obtaining money from the Brooklyn public for the poor baseball he gave them at the lower price, nothing need perhaps have been said on the subject. But to increase the charges to the extent of many thousands of dollars a year, to thus bar out multitudes of good fans without making an appreciable iota of advance in the standards of the game, and without any reason in fact in spite of the fictitious reasons he has assigned for his action, is too high handed a proceeding to go unchallenged and unrebuked.

Murphy is a very unpopular man. He deserves his unpopularity from the way he has utterly ignored the public's wishes. But Murphy, with all his faults, is about the brainiest, shrewdest, most capable magnate in the National League today. Furthermore, he has given the Chicago public a high grade of baseball. The last time I saw Murphy he said, "Whether I have done it or whether Chance has done it or whether we only took and built up the material that others left us, the fact remains that the club has given Chicago winning baseball and Chicago ought to remember it."

This much is true. Murphy has maintained a high grade of baseball. And in addition, he has actually paid some of his players real money for their services. The Cubs are a high priced team. To that extent Murphy is head and shoulders above Ebbetts, who has done nothing but build a grandstand with other people's money, maintain a losing ball club, and now feels so firmly entrenched in his position that he can levy a heavier contribution on the long suffering public.

For the benefit of the few misguided ones among our readers who write us occasionally with the claim that we are fostering the American League at the expense of the National, we have merely this to say: The National League, outside the very few members who have habitually disgraced its councils, is in

(Continued on page 118)



Shall Certain Magnates Defy the Public?

(Continued from page 32)

every way the equal, in some ways the superior of its great rival. We are as deeply concerned as we can possibly be in its welfare, and shall never fail to do all that we can do, to further its interests. But we shall never countenance Ebbettsism in any form and so long as this gentleman is in control of baseball affairs at Brooklyn and so long as he elects to pursue his present methods he can always depend upon the opposition of the BASEBALL MAGAZINE.

If any of our readers can indicate to us magnates in the American League who have taken the stand which Ebbetts has taken, who maintain the policies which he maintains, we shall be only too glad to attack them and their methods with no less vigor. For we are determined, whatever the result, to maintain always an attitude of fearless devotion to baseball and its ultimate best interests.