

Sparks from the Diamond

One by one the holdouts are rounding into form. They all want the money and no one blames them for that, but when the fresh spring weather brings the baseball season in its train, even the cash he drew last season looks good to the big league star. In boxing, they never come back, so the sport writers say. In baseball, it is just the other way around. They always come back. And it is good to see them once more—the heavy sluggers and the speedy pitchers. Here's to them, and better luck next time.

⚔

Jim Thorpe, so the papers say, will not make good this year. That is no news to anybody. None of the wise ones expected that he would make good so soon. His scant baseball experience was hardly enough to give him more than a speaking acquaintance with the game, and it takes time to arrive in the big leagues.

⚔

Comiskey still dreams of a world-wide tour to convert the heathen cricket players of Australia and the orient to the gospel of baseball. This sturdy fighter was a foremost figure in the conquest of America by big league armies. He has seen a similar conquest of Cuba, Japan, and various other alien countries, and there is small wonder, now that he has about exhausted nearby territory, that he is dreaming of other worlds to conquer. Baseball has come; it has come to stay, and the whole world will know it before many years have rolled by. The zeal of the old Roman has accomplished wonders in the development of modern baseball. There is no reason why his efforts to make the one great game world-wide in its scope should not be crowned with equal success.

Charlie Ebbetts, having moved heaven and earth (that is to say, having moved the sympathetic hearts of his fellow magnates), will regale the public with a brand new official opening of "The Greatest Baseball Park in the World." Some one ought to give Ebbetts a quarter (he couldn't be expected to spend that much money on his own initiative) for a bleacher seat at the Polo Grounds. The public knows something about the finest ball park even if Ebbetts doesn't. And they also know when they are being bilked. If Ebbetts wants a justification for the greatly Improved Prices in his Greatest Park on Earth, let him give the long-suffering public something to warrant those prices. People in Brooklyn are not fools and they have had all the talk they need, at least from Ebbetts. Strange as it may seem, they are beginning to pine for a little baseball. They are not paying good dollar bills to look at steel columns and concrete walls, or even to hear Ebbetts' lurid oratory. They are paying to see baseball, and good baseball at that.

Young Evers, brother of the fiery Cub General, did not make his place among the regulars. But for the matter of that, Big Brother John sat upon the bench some weary time himself in his younger days, and when he did get started, gained considerable reputation as a ball player. Yes, indeed.

⚔

Charley Murphy is going to win the pennant this season, but, then, that is a habit with Murphy. He won the pennant last year also, if you remember. He won it in April and he won it as late as August, so what's the difference who wins it in October? The man who can win eleven months out of the twelve is the one who counts. He would be too selfish not to let the other fellow have a show one month in the year.

⚔

Marquard has consented to play baseball once more. Of course he could continue to draw down a large salary on the stage, irrespective of his baseball reputation. But nineteen consecutive victories will not hurt his stage salary any next season; no, not beyond remedy, at least.

⚔

The proposed legislation against baseball players writing for the press is interesting, at least. A player is still allowed to choose the color of tie he prefers, and, so far as we know, he can wear rainbow-tinted sox, if he so desires. With so much liberty, so many things he may do, why worry about the things that are forbidden.

⚔

Griffith is quite enthusiastic over the pennant. It has been long since the great flag has fluttered in Griff's fingers and the Old Fox is getting hungry.

⚔

There are no tail-enders in either league for the season of 1913. No fewer than twelve clubs are going to win the pennant, and the others are going to end well up in the first division.

⚔

Frank Chance hasn't decided yet whether or not he will play first base. Don't worry, Frank, circumstances will decide the question for you soon enough. It is age and not will that tells the story.

⚔

There are no fewer than four highest-priced managers in baseball. There are several others whose salaries are exceeded by none. No wonder the price of bleacher seats is going up.

⚔

Stallings has not yet claimed a pennant for Boston; neither has Stovall for St. Louis. But both these determined chiefs have buckled grimly down to the task before them, which is some task, by the way. And they will accomplish all the more for their silence now.