



THE NEW CINCINNATI GRAND STAND.

Sketch Shows the Famous Fireproof "Palace of the Fans," Which is One of the Finest Base Ball Structures in the Country. Seats Have Been Placed Underneath the Stand for the Accommodation of the Rooters.

SPIRIT OF SPORT.

UMPIRE CHASING TO BE OBSOLETE IN LEAGUE.

Discipline Will Be Enforced—An Official Utterance by Chairman John T. Brush of the Executive Committee—Cincinnati Club Affairs.

By Rev. M. J. ...
Cincinnati, May 12. Editor Sporting Life: The Red Fan Chorists have been singing "Home, Sweet Home" for Mr. ...



Ren Mulford, Jr.

There's Hard Luck hit the right hole the other day. Just what sort of promise the future holds for the Cincinnatians is problematical. Hope is growing gray-headed here in Perkopolis, and there are wrinkles in the old girls' faces. Sighed up man for man, the Redbirds of 1902 seem to be just as strong as their immediate predecessors, but they are not in the good graces of that queen of fairs, Dame Fortune. Individual excellence never won a ball game against concert of effort. The Reds have been making good individual records with the stick, but lack of team play, a succession of heart-breaking jobs which side-tracked the luck of the game, and a carnival of errors at critical periods—this has been the complaint that has enabled Chicago, Pittsburg, St. Louis and Boston to successively trim the Red team and make it look like a mediocre bunch instead of one of the highest salaried aggregations in the National League. There has been no shift in the batting order. "King Bid" has been plugging away with the same old front that has been losing so consistently and even the faithful who never weaken are commencing to lose heart, because they feel sure that all the best that is in the team is not coming out in this continuous losing performance. When will it end? Fate only knows. The curtain cannot be rung down on such a show any too soon to suit Cincinnati folk.

JOHN T.'S VIEWS.
Discipline on the field is no dream. The National League will prove to fandom that Ban Johnson is not the only man in the Kingdom of Sport who can enforce the rules. The

that is on the field. He can't make any base hits or drive home any runs from the bench. A lot of tommyrot was written about the blunders made in taking the power to the players away from the umpires, and now those who like to throw the harpoon are lambasting the executive committee because the League clubs have demanded that these players play ball. The National League is a unit on the proposition that order on the field will be preserved. It is absurd to think that the spectacle of a lot of angry players swarming about an umpire adds life to the game. The umpire will be master of the field. If an umpire is bad we will soon find out from the criticisms around the circuit that he is not a good man. One or two mistakes do not make an official a bad umpire any more than an occasional error makes a player lose his value. If, for instance, Cincinnati alone declared Tom Brown an incompetent umpire and the other seven cities found him all right, the natural judgment would be that Cincinnati was wrong.

I think this is the first exploitation of the hopes of the Executive Committee in the earnest campaign for the spirit of true sportsmanship which was driven from the field years ago. Andrew Freedman is one of the most earnest advocates of the reform, and I am glad that after the banishment of Jack Doyle the New Yorker actually congratulated Empire O'Day and told him that in kicking his players not only violated League law but a club regulation.

THE FIRST HOWL OF 1902.
Thus far Cincinnati despite its multiplied reverses, has had but one occasion to rail upon the unkindness of the umpire. They have seen no official umpire, 1,000 per cent, ball, but it remained for Tom Brown to bring down the wrath of the rooters by a symposium of woful decisions. One hundred per cent. of the people who saw several of them are willing to make affidavits that Brown was wrong, and how a man outside the billed asylum could stumble into the hornets' nest that the old outfielder stepped up is a mystery. He actually stopped one Red rally on Victor Willis by as bad a decision as I ever saw turned out and it aroused Rooters' howl to almost insane frenzy. It is pretty hard to figure how a man is out when he is touched with the ball while his heels are planted on the base. That is what happened to George Magoon and his remarks on the subject drew a bench warrant. Tom Brown's eyes need rest. That is the most charitable verdict to give on his umpiring in Cincinnati.

THE PALACE OF FANS.
Unfortunately the Red Club has not been playing an article of ball in keeping with the Palace of the Fans which will be dedicated next Friday, for our boys have been turning out "10-20-30" specimens of the national game. Dedication Day will be a festive one. Andrew Freedman and a party of New Yorkers are coming West and James A. Hart hopes to get here. Handsomely engraved invitations have been sent to representative folk in the three cities and next week metal souvenirs will reach a large number of base ball people. Judge Howard Ferris and Mayor Julius Fleischmann are to speak, and there will be an open air concert by Weber's

signed, and across the face of the document is the autograph of John T. Brush with the quotation, "accepted by the Cincinnati Club."

If Fred Parent were to take the "Gene Wright, Luther Taylor route to-day I have an idea he could net his \$4000 per" for three years on the sort of contract that the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania said was not a one-sided document. The Patrick Henry Dougherty case is more flagrant. That young man pledged his honor or perhaps he doesn't know what that means, but it is written in his contract, to join the Cincinnati Club. Colonel Morse says: "If these men have broken agreements or contracts, they ought to be shooed up; if not, it is an act of injustice to bound them." In the best light that can be thrown on Parent and Walters they are shown ready to give Boston the dicky drink, as early as last August. The case of Dougherty is a flagrant disregard of an obligation made before Boston discovered his value.

INSIDE THE RED CAMP.
Leonard Jordan Swornstedt, who had his head chopped off early in the week has gone to Milwaukee to join one of the Van Brunt syndicates of Western League Clubs. When Len left town he didn't know the uniform he would wear.

W. R. Armour got on Swornstedt's trail after Luther Taylor and Clarence Eugene Wright jumped his claim, but he was too late.

Jack Dobbis, up to the last Boston game, had hit safely in every game this year save two. His average on that day was .328.

Tom Corcoran, hit in the groin by a pitched ball from Crow Hulsman's hand, was in the hospital several days last week and once more it was Captain George Magoon.

Denny Lyons and Johnny Heileman have made big hits at Beaumont and "Rosie."

Weber's team is now leading in that South Texas League.

Woe Wee Prout has gone West to join the St. Joe's. Tim Flood put the Washington, C. H. boy's nose out of joint.

All those clubs "look good" to Cincinnati, not even St. Louis was an easy mark for the Red Disappointments.

Ervie Beck has a new consignment of heavy bats, but he hasn't found as many hits in the new stock as were in the old sticks he used.

Charles Augustus Comiskey was kind to Cincinnati when he let Billy Hoy out. The mite isn't saying a word, but he is covered in Redland since the ridiculous deal was made that brought Still Bill Hill to Cincinnati and made Colonel Claude Ritchey and Hoy. Sentimentally the deal wasn't a bad one, for it made a man of Bill Hill, and he won a fair Cincinnati, who has been his helper-girl all along the route, nursing him faithfully through months of awful pain. Hill's heart is in the right place, and his old friends wish him well in his efforts to hold his own in the Western.

question of time when there will be just as good players in the market and those who go to base ball because they want to see a sport that is unswilled, that does not have attached to it the scandals of the turf and the strikers, will applaud the club owners who have the force of character to keep away from this wholly undesirable element.

THE GRAB FOR PLAYERS.
The American League's greatest blunder has been in the antagonistic campaign that it has waged to get players. It was foolish to force the issue. Eventually it will pay severely for the moves it has made in uprooting base ball economy. It is beginning to pay for them already in certain cities. It gains no point to say that the National League may be losing money here or there. Such is not, according to the words of the American League's president, the intent of that organization. He is on record as saying that he believes in two leagues because of his opinion that they are better for base ball than one. Therefore, it cannot be the purpose of the American League to crowd the National League out of business. Why inaugurate a policy then that makes it almost impossible for either League to run base ball successfully? And yet one cannot wonder that the American League is willing to alienate itself with contract breaking, as according to the words of James A. Hart, of Chicago, the American League is of itself a contract breaker. Furthermore, he holds the document that the American League signed to do certain things and then—forgot? No gave the National League what the chap on the stage calls the "mercury ha ha."

ANOTHER BLENDER.
For the life of me I can't see what the American League expects to gain in the fight that it is making on the player question. Nor do I think that the decision of the St. Louis court has done anything to help base ball a particle. It is not because the National League lost the fight. Possibly about fifty per cent. of base ball enthusiasts are fighting on the mere question of League supremacy. There is something, however, that is of far more importance than that, and it is the permanency of base ball.

What the Pennsylvania court accomplished did more for the good of the game than Ban Johnson has done in all his years of service; than Mr. Young has done in all his years of faithful work. If put in writing principles for which everybody who has had to do with the economic side of the game knew were absolutely necessary for its perpetuity and its clean conduct, it established a foundation on which capital could work. It only demonstrated that for which Ban Johnson argued and argued repeatedly when he was writing base ball and not trying to dictate any portion of its politics.

THE ST. LOUIS DECISION.
What do you get out of the decision rendered at St. Louis? Absolutely nothing but chaos. The judge merely asserts that which he believes not to be legal and according to the constitution, and yet offers nothing in the slightest way to suggest relief to a man whom he knows of himself must be injured by the loss of certain players.

The most stupid person who has to do

BROOKLYN BULLETIN.

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