

THE MAGNATES

And the Piratical Reserve Clause Swiped Hard.

A CRYING INJUSTICE

And the Evil Resultant From This Man Ownership—An Organization of the Players Advocated as the Only Remedy to Save the Players—The Superior Type of the Present Professional Over His Predecessor.

(By Revere Rodgers.)

Several persons in the past week have halted me upon the public highways of this city and have asked my opinion on the Lajoie case, and whether I considered the "reserve clause" as being a credit or a discredit to baseball.

Now I have always been violently opposed to such a one-sided and wholly unjust measure as this damnable "reserve clause." It is unjust in its main purposes, which gives the magnates the right to hold a man against his wishes, and to the detriment of his interests. For a certain number of years a man simply becomes so much movable property—that is he can move, if his owner allows him to do so—the most interested party, the man himself—has no say, whatever, but must silently obey the dictates of the one whom he signed this obnoxious "clause" for.

In support of my argument against the "reserve clause" and other similar injustices which have for many years been practiced against the ball players, I maintain that a man's abilities are peculiarly that man's own individual property and such pecuniary emoluments accruing from said abilities, should most certainly belong to that man, and no person, I care not who, has the right to condemn a player for making as large a sum of money from his acquired abilities as he possibly can.

Suppose now, for instance, that a likely youngster from some one of the minor leagues should be signed by a magnate controlling a team in the major league and that this same major leaguer should in his first year rank as high as the best player in the major league; suppose that when the major league magnate signed the boy that he got his signature to a three-year contract carrying the usual "reserve clause" feature, do you think that it would be justice that this boy would be doing to himself and family to work for this man three years for a sum about one-third or perhaps one-fourth of the amount he would receive elsewhere? Would you stand for it? Well, I think not.

And this is just what the "reserve clause" is inserted into contracts for. Think of the enormity of the outrage, that a man can dictate to another man where he will have to play—if he wants to play at all—for the next three years. No player should sign a contract which carries with it a "reserve clause," for by so doing he virtually disposes of all the rights and privileges popularly supposed to be possessed by an American citizen.

This "reserve clause" has been the means of putting more good men out of the business than any other measure ever perpetrated against the ball player, and it has only been but a few years back when a magnate, through any trivial excuse, could "bench" a man without pay for as long a term as suited that autocratic personage. For misplays or a falling off in batting or fielding, a player could be fined any amount, or if hurt or made sick while in the performance of his duties, it was optional with the magnates as to whether the player's name was continued on the club's pay roll, and the most interested party and the sufferer, through these many indignities—the player—had no redress at all. Why? Because he had signed—been compelled to put his signature to this damnable "reserve clause," which placed him at the mercy of the magnate to do with him—and in many cases to "do" him—for a given number of years.

I have in mind now a once famous infielder, who told me in a voice choking with emotion of the outrageous indignities which had been heaped on his head by a magnate whom he had been induced to sign a "reserve clause" contract with. This player led the National League in his position when he first signed with this magnate, and he somehow incurred the enmity of his owner—for this is what the magnate always pressed upon his players' minds—and this player I speak of was "benched" for the entire season, and he was daily told that he was a "dead one" that he was "no good," etc. He begged the magnate to grant him his release, as a good half dozen clubs would have been glad to have received him, but the only reply he received to his entreaties were further insults and indignities until the poor fellow's spirit and ambition was so badly broken that he was never able afterwards to play the game, and before this happened he was the leading infielder in the business.

This player told me of insults and indignities offered him which, in my opinion, justified him in taking the law in his own hands, as this magnate, through the power bestowed upon him by virtue of the "reserve clause," gave him the right to ruin this man financially and, to a greater or less degree, physically.

But even with the still existing "reserve clause," the conditions under which ball players work now, are far, far better than they were a decade ago; and do you know the reason? Why, because the days of the Low Browns and the Slow Thinkers are gone. The Sand Lot boy of the old days has been replaced in these days by smart, intelligent youngsters, many of whom have been educated in college, or have graduated from excellent public schools, and these young fellows in many cases have as much mental abilities as the magnates themselves. A great many of these latter day ball players are law students, and they are perfectly at home in signing contracts, etc., so that each year, in view of the smart men who continually break into the game, the conditions surrounding the players become more improved.

There was a time, and not many years ago, when a professional ball player was considered rather a shady sort of character; polite society read in the papers of the bibulous tendencies of these knights of the diamond and of the weird and uncouth lexicon which "cub" reporters put into the mouths of the ball playing gentry, making it appear that these gentlemen were low browed of the commonest kind, and it was just such a class of reporters who, in their endeavor to appear funny that gave the

reading public the idea that ball players were the toughest of the tough, when as a matter of fact there were lots of educated, well bred and thorough gentlemen playing the game even in the old days.

Such men as John Ward, Billy Sunday, Arthur Irwin, John Morrow, Jim O'Rourke, Ted Larkin, and many others would have been in their professional days compared favorably with any other group of men earning their living in some one of the learned professions.

I grant you that there were some weird ones among the players of long ago, but not near so many as the reporters in those days would have had you believe. At any rate, I am glad to say that the false impressions which for years were fostered by ignorant reporters and believed by an entirely too confiding public, have nowadays been proven to have been nothing more than a tissue of lies, for a professional ball player, today, stands just as high in the estimation of the people at large as a doctor, lawyer, or any other professional man, and why should not this be?

Is \$3,000 made by law any better than the same amount made by playing ball? And how many young lawyers after ten years' hard work can command a practice which in one year will net them \$3,000? Yet a youngster just from college can make this much money in six months' time if he can play good baseball. Is it any wonder then that college men are breaking into the game by the scores every year in preference to embarking in some one of the other professions and waiting years for practice enough to enable them to live. The prejudice which has heretofore been held against the professional ball player has rapidly vanished into the thin air. I am glad to state, and now fond mothers and haughty papas only pray that their offspring at college will be able to "make" the baseball team, and afterwards by their good work attract the attention of some league magnate, who will give the boy a position and a chance at drawing a fancy salary, for I can tell you that it is a mighty pleasant thing to be possessed of abilities which will enable a young man to draw several thousand dollars for a summer's play, and which gives him the entire fall season to embark in some other line of work, and a great many ball players to-day have other businesses which they attend to when not playing ball.

As I said in the foregoing portion of the above paragraph, I am heartily glad that the honest, hard working and gentlemanly ball player has at last been recognized according to his true worth, and today the players of the great American game stand shoulder to shoulder beside the members of any other profession, as far as intellect, refinement, education and breeding go, and also in the estimation of the general public.

Coming around to the interests of the players themselves, where they should be strongest they are weakest, and this lies in their woeful lack of organization. For some reason or other professional ball players have never been able to establish an organization that would hold together for long enough to affect favorable results for themselves. We, who know the ins and outs of the game, are perfectly well acquainted with the inside history of the rise and fall of that deplorable brotherhood affair where internal bickerings, petty jealousies and childish behavior ruined the prospects and bank accounts of several square and honest men, as well as putting on the black list as fine a group of ball tossers as ever trod the diamond.

Speaking of the present, it has only been a few years ago when Charley Zimmer, a clever, honest player, was elected to a high position by his fellows, when Zimmer tried to do his duty well and honestly; then this same petty jealousy, which has begun to come to the surface, and Charley was accused of using his high office for his own self-laudation, a foolish senseless charge, but nevertheless sufficient to split up the organization. But I sound the warning right now that if there doesn't soon get together a body of men and effect an organization, which will pass laws and stand by them to the interest of players, then you may expect every man of you to get through the trouble which Lajoie is experiencing at the present time; for let me give you a warning right now, and that is, in the near future there will only be one big league, and that will be a twelve-club league, and that will be the conditions of former days—providing that you will still stand idly by and allow it—will come back again to your detriment just as certain as there is a day and a night.

Then a man will not be allowed to work for whom he pleases, but he will work for whoever he is assigned to; for if I am not altogether wrong, the players will be "pooled" as they were once before, when the difference between the two warring factions are settled and a twelve-club major league will have become a reality, as it is bound to be, and soon too. Then if the players do not heed this warning now and organize, the conditions of ball players will be worse than ever, as many a magnate has grievances against a player now whose future he will forever ruin if given the opportunity. Any player who doubts my assertion about the magnates paying off old scores has only to remember what was done to many good fellows when the brotherhood scheme fell through.

So I say to all of you that now is the time to organize, for as surely as the sun sets in the evening so surely will there be but one league in the near future and that a twelve-club league. The lovers of the game the world over would rather have a twelve-club league than to have the state of affairs continue which at present prevails, for in one big league you would be sure to get the best players together, and be satisfied that you were witnessing the highest and most finished exponents of the game at play. As it is now it is hard to tell just what city possesses the fastest team in the country. With the exception of Pittsburgh all the National League clubs have lost a great many of their best men, and those that remain are forced to work with a lot of minor leaguers. In the American League also many, many new faces are to be observed, so that it puzzles one to think just what would be the result if an American League club would go up against the Pittsburgh National League club, when both teams will be in good condition. I should certainly like to be present at the exhibition. Then again one twelve-club major league would forever do away with this legal war between the two leagues which is slowly, but surely, killing the game and disgusting everyone.

He.—And did you see Monte Carlo while you were at Nice?
She.—No; papa called on him, I believe, but from his disappointed appearance when he returned to the hotel, I think Mr. Carlo must have been out.

Read the SUNDAY GLOBE.

THE OLD NORSEMAN

Who Has Spent 50,000 Hours of His Life at the

BOTTOM OF THE SEA

His Weird Adventures on the Treacherous Floor of the Deep—His Friendship For the Fishes, the Bigger of Which Eat Out of His Hand—Sharks Have Never Troubled Him—Likes the Life, Etc.

I walk the bed of the sea as easily and fearlessly as I walk the streets on land," said Alfred Phalberg, who has spent more than 50,000 hours of his life at the bottom of the ocean. "I use no searchlight but the eyes God has given me, and opticians tell me they are remarkably strong. When you first strike the bottom of the sea," he explained, "it's like entering a dark cavern; all's densely black. Gradually shapes are defined, and soon everything grows distinct, if not familiar. I prefer to dive at night. It's better for the eyes. Sudden passage from the dark of the deep to the light of day is injurious to the sight. The moment a diver raises his helmet a bandage is put over his eyes for some moments, otherwise he would soon become blind."

A bright, clean-skinned, clear-eyed, sparsely built man of 54 is this diver of unrivaled record. At seven years of age he put out to sea from his Norseman home. While yet a boy he was a sailor on a schooner wrecked in Long Island Sound. The schooner was bringing stone to build the Brooklyn Bridge. That was in 1872. "I had in the pocket of my coat that went to the bottom with the schooner," said Phalberg, "an order on the paymaster for \$160—all the money that I had earned in the new world, and which I had planned to take back with me to my mother in Sweden."

"Bring up the order, Captain," I cried to the Master Diver as he was about to leap into the sound in search of the sunken steamer. "You'll find it in the inside pocket of my coat hanging back of the door in the aft."

The old diver chuckled at the memory of his boyish ignorance, for well he knows now the pranks the sea plays with the insides of sunken ships. Doubtless his old coat served the waves for a golf ball, and so a shark cashed his order on the paymaster!

Phalberg made his first professional dive at Race Rock Lighthouse when the bed rock was being laid. "I stayed down an hour and a half," he said. "It seemed a century. I was scared to death. It felt like being smothered between two feather beds. I wanted to come up at once, but pride kept me down. I knew that my companions would laugh at me and call me a coward. No Norseman could stand that. The second day I stayed down a little longer, and at the end of a week I could hold my own with the best of them."

Two hours is the average time that a diver can stay under water without coming to the surface. Frequently Phalberg has worked seven hours under twenty-five feet of water, without being hauled up. He knows only one diver who has outdone him—his master, the Captain, who has been down seven hours and a half.

To raise wrecked vessels, repair them while under water, recover drowned bodies and lost treasures, and blast rocks that threaten destruction to water craft or obstruct the building of bridges are the work of the diver. "I am ready," said Phalberg, "to go down at any hour, day or night, in storm or calm."

Once the iron helmet, which weighs forty pounds, is fastened tightly down over the shoulders of his rubber suit; his waist encircled with the lead belt of sixty pounds weight, his feet encased in solid iron shoes of twenty pounds each, the lifeline adjusted to the pipes in the back of the helmet, and he takes his leap into the sea, his every heart beat is in the hands of the man at the lifeline.

"For eighteen years," said Phalberg, "my lifeline was handled by the same man. He was quite an old fellow and had been all his life a pearl diver. He knew the sea by heart, and was always alive to his awful responsibility. Since his death," said the veteran diver with a careless smile, "I let anyone handle my lifeline who happens to be about."

Equally indifferent is Phalberg to his diving suit, picking out one at random from the varied assortment that hang, like grim specters, in the dressing room of the master divers' wrecking wharf. Curious is the fact that it is through the sense of touch rather than sight that divers identify objects at the bottom of the sea. Before diving in search of a lost vessel the diver learns the class to which she belongs. The expert is familiar with every detail in the construction of all kinds of water craft. He carries in his mind's eye to the bottom the picture of the sunken vessel, and when he reaches her he measures every part to tell upon which side she lies and whether she struck fore or aft and the extent of her damages. Every fact he records in his memory. He has no other tablet. When he signals to be hauled up he has as detailed an accurate account to submit to the authorities as if hours had been spent figuring it out on paper.

"I have never got over the childish habit," laughed Phalberg, "of putting my finger, when I hurt it, into my mouth. Often in blasting rocks I strike my finger, and to ease the pain I at once raise it to my mouth only to be reminded that it's well hid behind the iron-barred glass window at the front of my helmet, through which the eyes alone look out. The heavy gloves we are obliged to wear from October to April are very cumbersome and make work slow and awkward. It's always cold at the bottom of the sea in winter. Before I put on my diving suit I dress in heavy flannels, as if I were about to strike for the north pole. We never know at the bottom when there is a storm on top. The deep remains unruffled. "No, sharks have ever troubled me," smiled Phalberg. "Excepting the lobster, I have found the inhabitants of the deep peaceful, law-abiding citizens. I have talked with divers all over the world and I never met but one who had trouble with a shark; that man was forced to hide two hours in the cabin of a sunken ship to escape one. Often in breaking rocks I have killed small fish, which the larger would eat out of my hand. The fish know me and I know them," said the old diver, "and upon the whole we are pretty good friends."

THE WASHINGTON GLOBE PUBLISHING CO.

(Incorporated February 17, 1902.)

The Washington Globe Publishing Company, M. B. Moroney, President; Charles T. Hunter, Secretary, and William J. Elliott, Treasurer, was incorporated February 17, 1902, under the laws of the District of Columbia, with a capital stock of \$25,000, divided into 2,500 shares of \$10 each par value.

The good will, title, book accounts, and property of the Sunday Globe were sold to the Washington Globe Publishing Company and are now the absolute and unincumbered property of the said company.

The Washington Globe Publishing Company will conduct the publication of the Sunday Globe as heretofore on Saturdays and Sundays of each week under the editorial management of William J. Elliott with this important or significant difference, viz:

ANY STOCKHOLDER OF RECORD WILL BE AT LIBERTY AND IS INVITED TO OFFER SUGGESTIONS ALONG THE LINES OF INCREASED USEFULNESS FOR THE SUNDAY GLOBE BOTH IN THE SUBJECT MATTER OF ITS NEWS AND EDITORIAL COLUMNS, AS IN THE EXTENSION OF ITS BUSINESS AND THE SAME WILL BE GIVEN CONSIDERATE ATTENTION BY THE TRUSTEES.

It is the aim of the Washington Globe Publishing Company to make the Sunday Globe a fearless exponent of public opinion and the popular organ of the masses and at the same time preserve that conservatism of expression which gives weight to the printed utterance of a truthful press.

The Washington Globe Publishing Company have decided through its trustees to offer TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS in shares of TEN DOLLARS EACH of its Treasury Stock for sale to the public and to devote the proceeds from such sales to THE ENLARGEMENT and IMPROVEMENT of the SUNDAY GLOBE.

On these shares of \$10 each a dividend of one per cent per month will be paid, as stated in the PROSPECTUS.

The Washington Globe Publishing Company solicits the active co-operation of its friends in the Departments and the general public in the sale and purchase of these shares. There is no Department clerk so poor but that he can purchase, at least, one share and the course of the Sunday Globe, since its first issue, surely indicates that it will be to the interests of the Department clerk as well as to the oppressed and defenseless masses to ensure the prosperity of an organ which does not deny them a hearing and which champions the RIGHT, be the right ever so POOR, WEAK, and FRIENDLESS.

We are now prepared to issue the certificates of stock par value

\$10 EACH

to the limit prescribed by the trustees, and we hope the friends of the Sunday Globe will send in their orders through the mail or call in person at the office, 1223 Pennsylvania Avenue, and secure this Treasury Stock upon which one per cent per month will be paid all stockholders of record on the first Tuesday of every month.

M. B. MORONEY,
President.
CHARLES T. HUNTER,
Secretary.

Prospectus Washington Globe Publishing Company

OF THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

CAPITAL STOCK \$25,000.

Divided Into 2,500 Shares of the Par Value of \$10 Per Share. All Shares Full Paid and Non-assessable.

The marvelous growth of the SUNDAY GLOBE since its introduction to the advertising and reading public of the City of Washington, has enabled this company to place a limited number of shares of its capital stock on the market and to guarantee the payment of a Dividend of 1 Per Cent. Per Month payable at the office of the company on the 1st Tuesday of each and every month.

This is an absolutely safe investment and guarantees to the holders an interest of 12 per cent per annum, which, with the continual increase in the value of the stock, makes it one of the best dividend paying enterprises in the District of Columbia.

The sales of the SUNDAY GLOBE has increased continually from the time of the first issue. It has been, and is now, selling through the news dealers and upon the streets, more than a sufficient number of copies each week to warrant the management in guaranteeing the payment of 1 Per Cent. Per Month Dividend as well as to enable them to pay all the expenses incurred in placing the paper upon the market.

In making this statement we have not added or considered any of the receipts coming in from its continual increasing advertising business.

Compare this statement of facts with the stock of other corporations in the City of Washington and you will find few, if any, exceed a Dividend of 1 per cent per month.

The greater majority of them, that pay any dividend, range from 3 to 6 per cent a year, and as such, are considered safe investments.

All stock purchased in the month previous will participate in the profits on dividend day, and checks for the payment of the guaranteed dividends, will be mailed to the stockholders of record, as heretofore stated, on the first Tuesday of each and every month.

Persons desiring further information, can call at the office of the company, or if required, our representative will take pleasure in calling and imparting the desired information.

Send in your orders for the number of shares you desire and make all checks payable to the Washington Globe Publishing Co., 1223 Penn. Ave. N. W., Washington, D. C.

By-Laws of the Washington Globe Publishing Company.

- The officers of the Company shall consist of a President, Secretary, and Treasurer. There shall be three trustees.
- The President shall be ex-officio President of the Board of Trustees, and the Secretary, ex-officio Secretary, thereof.
- The stockholders shall meet at least once a year—the annual meeting to be the first Tuesday in November. But they may meet as often as may be deemed necessary by the trustees, or whenever one fifth of the stockholders in interest shall desire or request, upon 10 days notice; in which case the President shall issue the call for such meeting.
- The seal adopted at the first meeting of stockholders shall remain the corporation seal of the Company. No assessment shall be called for or levied upon the stock issued, either by the stockholders or the trustees; and the stock certificates shall state, "non-assessable."
- A majority of the capital stock issued shall constitute a quorum for the transaction of business.
- The trustees are empowered to offer and sell any treasury stock unsold at whatever price they may deem proper; provided, the same shall not be offered or sold for less than 75 per cent of the par value.
- Dividends will be paid monthly upon the stock.
- The articles of incorporation as accepted at the first meeting of the stockholders shall remain the charter of this Company until duly amended.
- The trustees are empowered to do any and all acts that by law the stockholders may do, provided that the by-laws hereby adopted may not be rescinded by them.
- They may meet as often as they may wish, provided they shall not receive pay for more than twelve meetings annually.
- They may determine the salaries or compensation of the officers and any agent or agents or employees of the Company, and their own compensation.
- They may adopt such rules and regulations for their meetings as they may deem proper.
- They shall report at least annually, the condition and affairs of the company, to the annual meeting of stockholders, or oftener if requested to do so by the stockholders in regular or special meeting.
- Each trustee shall be a stockholder of the Company; and before entering upon duties as such shall sign the record book of the corporation after the following entry: "The undersigned hereby consents to act as a trustee of the Washington Globe Publishing Company until his successor is qualified."
- Any vacancy in the trustees may be filled by the remaining board, likewise any vacancy among the officers.
- The stock certificates of this Company, as adopted, shall be signed by the President and Secretary and the corporate seal affixed thereto; and the stockbook and corporate seal shall be kept at the office of publication.
- Any and all acts that may be done by the stockholders, at any regular or special meeting, not herein expressed, may be done by the trustees.
- A quorum of trustees for the transaction of business shall be two; provided, that no increase of the capital stock shall be made, except by a two-thirds vote of the existing members of the board of trustees.
- The trustees may adopt such rules and regulations for the conduct of the business of the Company, and prescribe such duties of the officers of the Company, as they may deem essential or necessary.

Adopted at second meeting of stockholders, held in Washington, February 18, 1902.

The Washington Globe Publishing Company.

Certificate of Incorporation of the Washington Globe Publishing Company.

The undersigned, William J. Elliott, M. B. Moroney, and Charles T. Hunter, all residents of the District of Columbia, being desirous of forming a corporation under Chapter eighteen (18) clause four (4) of the Revised Statutes of the United States, and acts amendatory thereof, relating to the District of Columbia, for the purpose of carrying on and conducting a job printing and publishing business in the District of Columbia or anywhere in the United States of America, do hereby certify:

- The corporation name and the company is the Washington Globe Publishing Company, and the object for which it is formed is for the carrying on of a general job printing and publishing business, with all the usual matters and things appertaining thereto.
- The term of the existence of said company shall be the term of twenty years.
- The amount of the capital stock of the said company is the sum of twenty-five thousand dollars (\$25,000), and the number of shares of which said stock shall consist shall be two thousand and five hundred (2,500) of ten dollars (\$10.00) each.
- The number of trustees who shall manage the concerns of said company for the first year, or until their successors are elected and qualified (provided the same may be increased, at the instance of themselves), is three, and the names are as follows: William J. Elliott, Wilbur W. Marmaduke, and Charles T. Hunter.
- The place in the District of Columbia in which the operations of the company are to be carried on is the City of Washington, and in what other place or places the trustees may determine.

WILLIAM J. ELLIOTT,
M. B. MORONEY,
CHARLES T. HUNTER.

District of Columbia, to wit:

I, F. Warren Johnson, a notary public in and for the District of Columbia, do hereby certify that William J. Elliott, Wilbur W. Marmaduke, and Charles T. Hunter, being personally well known to me to be the same persons who have signed the foregoing certificate of incorporation, appeared before me in the District of Columbia, and acknowledged the above certificate of incorporation to be their act and deed.

Given under my hand and official seal this 15th day of February, A. D., 1902.

F. WARREN JOHNSON,
Notary Public, D. C.