

injustices of the reserve clause, declaring it made slaves of the athletes and threatening to go into court and fight it to the last ditch.

Then, early in January, he was received in Cincinnati by the National Commission. As a result of that meeting Fultz announced that the players had been given great concessions by the magnates. What they were are not easily apparent. About the only benefit was to the men who spent ten years in the major leagues, and those birds are mighty few.

The reserve clause was not altered. It is still the same law. Then it was enslaving, from the Fultz standpoint. Now it must be respected, or he will drop players from his fraternity.

After that Cincinnati meeting there was a banquet, as usual, at which Ban Johnson roasted Fultz to a turn. At that time the players' president seemed to have grounds for his complaint, and his present attitude, therefore, is hard to understand.

Joe Tinker, after hearing of Fultz's action, called him a quitter, and said he had "passed up a chance to be a man." Joe explained that the Fraternity was organized to benefit the players. Now, he said, it was seeking to punish the men who had jumped to the Feds, though such athletes had been greatly benefited.

Whether the members of the Fraternity will stand for this agreement made by Fultz is problematical. There are rumors around New York that the board of directors would have some very pertinent questions to ask, and would demand that Fultz explain his sudden switch.

Ed Walsh reached San Francisco yesterday, and moved on to Paso Robles today. He will rest up until Monday, when he will start limbering up the famous propeller of the spitter.

Jack Redmond forced the seconds of Jack Nelson to toss a towel into the ring in the fourth round of their bout at Dubuque last night. Redmond had Nelson in bad condition when the mill was stopped.

Charley White and Patsy Drouillard, the Canadian lightweight, have been matched for a ten-round fight in Milwaukee the night of Feb. 23.

Art Hofman, former star outfielder of the Cubs, has been signed by the St. Louis Cards.

Long Tom Hughes has gone back to the minors at last; not very far back, for the coast league is a pretty big show, even compared to the American and National.

Tom Hughes is a marvelous man, and when some of that old California sunshine oozes into that ancient and honorable right arm the coast fans will see some speed pitching.

They tell us that Walter Johnson is fast, that there never has been another pitcher as speedy. Maybe not, but Tom Hughes has had days when the ball seemed to be moving just as rapidly as when Walter hurled it.

When Hughes broke into fast company he was a tall, rangy youngster, fresh from the Chicago lots, with scarcely any experience. The day he joined the Chicago team at Philadelphia he was in terrible physical condition, suffering from an injury that would have sent most men to a hospital. He suffered all night, and begged those who roomed around him not to let the manager find out. That afternoon he was sent to pitch against Philadelphia—the hardest hitting team, beyond doubt, ever collected; eight .300 or better hitters in the field every day, sometimes nine, led by Delehanty, Douglas, McFarland, the two Crosses! And the green, raw boy, fit for the hospital, beat them on his nerve and could scarcely stand when the game ended.

Three days later he was throwing against Baltimore; the McGraw, Jennings, Keeler outfit. McGraw went after him from the start. It was his game to break a young pitcher if possible. Inning after inning he heaped abuse, railery, everything upon Hughes and the loag fellow kept quiet and pitched, better and better. Late in the game McGraw gave up.