
CINCINNATI VS. SPRUDELS—FUTURE OF A. B. C.'S, OF INDIANAPOLIS — JACK JOHNSON HAD HIS BROTHER ARRESTED.

(By Billy Lewis.)

The Sprudels, the crack baseball team of French Lick, Ind., had occasion to be considerably elated last week when they met the Cincinnati team of the National League. Of course, the Sprudels were worsted, which, in this case, is not of importance. The fact that they, the Sprudels, a team of colored players, were recognized by the big leaguers is important. The same old thing of race prejudice has kept fine players of the colored race out of the big leagues, and it is still keeping them out. Perhaps the fault can not be laid at the door of any one man, or any set of men. I am quite sure that the condition cannot be charged up with certainty to anyone; but the condition is no less hard on that account. It is hard when we all know that Indians, Japanese, or any other of the dark races can have representation on our greater clubs. In view of this fact it is something to have the Cincinnati team go to French Lick, especially to engage the Sprudels.

The Sprudels is such a splendid team that I must say something of it, especially of the manager, Captain Taylor. The men are orderly and under fine control; they love the captain; yet he is such a disciplinarian that one can see it sticking out. But he is kindly, gentle, nevertheless insistent. There's that calm, earnest appeal which to disrespect would beget disrespect of one's self. He's all for the glory of the game; it is plain to see—"and through all his train the soft infection ran." I heard him say to one of his pitchers, in a tone that was paternal: "Never mind the batting, save your arm." The pitcher was on deck for the batter's stand. The manager would not have him exert himself. He spoke in undertone, as if to save the feelings of his men; yet he told them what he wanted. "For the life of me I could not say no." Taylor is just such a man; a born leader.

pany—the American Giants, the St. Louis
The Sprudels travel in pretty fast com-
Giants are its rightful class. The A. B.
C.'s of Indianapolis, perhaps, should be
mentioned also.

The A. B. C.'s of Indianapolis have come up within the past few years. They now rank among the major colored teams which have been mentioned above. The personnel of the team, the individuals, could be spoken of, showing their good points and weak points. But this at some other time, next year, perhaps, when the team will play in its new park. But I might say in passing, that there are a few of the A. B. C.'s, the very best players, who know their ability and know what the patrons think of them; yet, when they make a bad play they get the pouts. Instead of turning and "flying" after the ball they walk in a spirit of disgust. They are good players all right.

gust. They are good players all right, but not too good to let one pass now and then; one of those hot grounders; and none too good to go after it post haste. The team is good as a whole; it can beat any of them once, outside of the professionals. It has won a splendid name and deserves it by the hard work, barring the point I mentioned. The pitcher called Benny is ideal. He works on the theory that it is a disgrace to miss a chance; and he is rarely disgraced. None better than he is, prankish, yet true as a bullet in his throwing. He delights in taking bee lines hot from the bat. Nothing is lost that belongs to his territory. But I said I would not attempt a description. There are other good ones; all are good. Of course, some are better. This Benny is best in my judgment.

The genial Tom Bowser, the manager and proprietor of the A. B. C.'s, promises a brand new park for next season. As said before in these columns, the lease for the present grounds has expired. It became necessary to look about for a new home for the future. The continued increasing attendance justified the move for quarters. The season about to close from all accounts has been most successful.

Mr. Bowser is a white man. Of course, most of us feel that he could have been a colored man just as well. But the colored men had the opportunity; they did not have the nerve to take a chance, consequently it is as it is, and I must say, in all candor, that it is none the worse. He has proven a fine man for the place; fits in well. The players like him, also the patrons. Apparently he will do big things next year.

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A. B. C.'S WIN.

Defeat All-Pros in Fast Contest at Northwestern Park.

The A. B. C.'s came near blanking the All-Pros Sunday at Northwestern park, beating them 6 to 4. Bartlett kept the visitors struggling from the start, and in the ninth they bunched their hits for four runs. Herron and Allen caught line drives that were good for two sacks and meant scores. The score:

A. B. C.'s.....	0	0	1	2	0	0	0	1	2	—6
All-Pros	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	4	—4

Runs—Allen 2, Herron, Turner, Lyons 2, Stewart, Templeton, Pierce, Goebler. Base hits made—Off Bartlett, 7; off Whitridge, 9. Struck out—By Bartlett, 6; by Whitridge, 4. Two-base hits—Turner, Bartlett, Raines, Goebler. Three-base hit—Lyons. Stolen bases—Griffin, Herron, Board, Lyons, Wall, Pierce. Time—1:55. Umpires—Gardner and Oliver. Attendance—550.

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