

# American Giants Begin Local Season Sunday

BY MR. FAN

The lid of the local semi-pro season will be really and officially pried off Sunday afternoon when the Champion American Giants appear at the south side grounds, 39th and Wentworth, against Jake Stahl's City leaguers. Seats will be on sale at the park Saturday afternoon at 2 o'clock. All the necessary "doings" that go with the opening will be there. The New Orleans Jass band will entertain the crowd with the blues.



Mr. Fan

The battery of honor will be Louis B. Anderson, alderman-elect of the Second ward, who will pitch the first ball, and Hon. Robert S. Abbott, owner and editor of the *World's Greatest Weekly*, will catch, making some battery. (Not responsible for any errors made by this battery.) Then the fireworks will start. The fans here who have been reading from time to time in this paper articles of the greatness of Tyree and Dixon will get a chance to see them work. Dixon is considered to be a REAL find, and Tyree holds a reputation he won down in Tennessee while with the Tennessee Rats. That was before he blossomed out with the All-Nations.

## Good Trip

The Giants have really enjoyed themselves, besides having the luxuries of the season at Palm Beach, and winning the championship, they have been royally entertained in every town they have played. At Marshall, Texas, the Giants trimmed the Wiley university nine 6 to 3, Tyree and Dixon working, but on the next day Wiley got credit for the victory as the Giants, although two runs ahead in the eighth when the game was called, the score technically reverted back to the seventh inning. Wiley, of course to the delight of the rah-rah boys, won 6-5. Johnson and Petway worked against Smith and Butler. The Giants were treated like kings at the university, stopping in their new dormitory with all modern conveniences. In New Orleans the captain of the Red Sox, Mr. Butcher Hill, took them all over town in automobiles, and then entertained the entire club with dinner after which they danced. The best affair, the climax of them all, was left to Mr. Joe Geddes, the undertaker, who took the club to and from the ball park in his autos. He also entertained the club and twenty of New Orleans' business men at a creole dinner. It was some affair. The fans there are crazy over the Chicago boys, calling them "their boys." On Monday night the

Iroquois club, the oldest and most exclusive in the south, entertained the team. The whole trip has been one grand affair. Sunday the club in a body attended the St. James A. M. E. church, New Orleans, and the week before (Easter) they attended the services at the Antioch church in Shreveport.

Saturday night at the Elite No. 2, the American Giants will be banquetted by loving fans who want to show their appreciation for what Andrew Rube Foster has done, not only for the Race in this city, but for the city itself. Lawyer Moseley and Alderman-elect Anderson will be the principal speakers. Then all eyes will turn toward 39th street the next day, and providing the weather isn't too raw, the Giants will show one of the best teams in their history. Lloyd is playing the best game in five years; Hill is still knocking 'em out, while Dixon can't be beat; Petway is as good as ever. Nothing needs to be said of Grant—we know him too well. Francis and the rest are going great. Duncan is playing the game of his life. They have a ball club, and BELIEVE ME it is some more club.