

LAURENCE REDINGTON  
SPORTING EDITOR



# SPORTS



THE TRUTH ABOUT SPORT  
IS NEVER A KNOCK

## HEALANI BARGE WILL BE HERE ON WILHELMINA OF SEPTEMBER 3

Local Clubmen Much Relieved by Letter Received from Alf Rogers in Yesterday's Mail—All Four Clubs Have High Hopes of Winning Sen'or Race on Regatta Day

There was a broad smile much in evidence around the Healani Club yesterday afternoon. In fact, the grin was broad enough to reach right around the boat house, with enough lap-over to tie the ends in a bow knot. "There's a reason," and a mighty good one, too, for the general atmosphere of contentment and prosperity, for letters from the Coast received yesterday brought the cheering news that the new Healani racing barge was to be shipped on the Wilhelmina, due here September 3.

That Alf Rogers has finally completed the boat is good news to the Healani, who have been looking for it for the past month, and who were beginning to get somewhat worried at the prospect of having to go through the regatta with the old barge. The new boat is said to be the very latest in construction, with several improvements in weight and design over the present racing craft. The Healani will get it into the water as soon as possible after landing, and the senior crew will have the pleasure of trying it out for the first time.

No name has been selected for the new boat as yet, but it is probable that some Hawaiian name will be given to it, to follow the custom of the club.

Eight Crews Out.

Yesterday eight crews were on the water, and it is now necessary for

the oarsmen to double up, two crews taking turns at the same boat. There is no chance, however, that the Healani will put two senior crews in the regatta, although this was talked of a few weeks ago. The club will need to put its very best men in the boat, and when the choice is made there won't be many first-class oars left over.

Reports from the Coast intimate that the Alameda crew is rapidly rounding into form, and that the men have fallen naturally into six-oar barge rowing, and are making great progress. Rogers remodeled a four-oar barge into a six for the California clubmen, and although not used to six-oar work, the crew is now making fine progress.

Best Race Ever.

The Myrtles are right in their stride again, after something of a slump, and they confidently expect to walk off with the senior event. Owing to the entry of the Alameda champions, and the fact that Puuene will row senior, this event carries even more interest than is usually the case. It is a bigger race than ever, and with four fast crews fighting for honors, the contest should be one well worth seeing.

Puuene is touted as having the heaviest crew in the race, the figures given by Maui showing that the men in the boat average more than 180 pounds.

## "Boston is Breaking" Says Eddie Collins, of The Champ Athletics

By "EDDIE" COLLINS.

(Second Baseman of the Athletics.)

At last the Boston team has shown signs of breaking—very slight—but still an indication of slowing up. The team is not winning games with the same facility it displayed up to the last week or two, and other clubs with standing are coming from behind and beating the Red Sox after they have accumulated a lead. This means that the pitchers are not as strong as they were.

Let Stahl lose his pitchers and he will have a great fight on his hands. The evident strain of the drive for the wire, with all the possibilities of a world's series, is beginning to tell. The Athletics are much encouraged on the week. With greater frequency the names of two pitchers are appearing in the Boston box scores instead of just one.

How About Senators?

But there is a thorn in the side of the Athletics and Red Sox which pricks deeper with the passing of each week. There is the Washington club, its unexplained spurt of the early season has become a sustained flight, with extremely serious possibilities.

No less a baseball light than Frank Chance has selected the Washington team to win the American League pennant, and I admit that it is probably playing the steadiest ball in the league. Each week that Griffith maintains his place just behind the Red Sox and just ahead of us, he stands a better chance. His men are not under the nervous strain caused by worry over falling back from the dizzy heights of first place and have no fear in their hearts of the criticism which is bound to exude from every pore of the home papers should they once have a comfortable lead and then drop. A team in second place has not that to contend with.

Now that no great alterations have been made in the standing of the team as a result of the last Western trip it looks as if the championship were going to be decided in those few vital series in the last part of August and the beginning of September, when the three contending teams meet one another. Some one of the trio is bound to break then and go under for good. A great deal will depend upon what shape the clubs are in at that time. It is on these series that the Athletics are counting to get up on even terms and finally win the pennant.

The Athletics should be in the best shape of the three when the important games come around. This last week has shown a big improvement in the team. Oldring is back in the game

with enthusiasm. We expect "Danny" Murphy back before these Boston and Washington games. Our pitchers are going better than at any other time this season. Bender, Plank and Coombs are the same three men who won the pennant and the world's championship last year. It is the first time this season the three stars have all been fit at once. They are the equals of any three pitchers in the country when they are right, and with the Athletics to hit behind them we may clean up in a short series when a great deal hangs on it. That is the habit of the club.

The spirits of the team have greatly improved in the last week. Fans may count us out, but a stranger would not have to travel long with us to see that we feel we are very much in the race and with bright prospects. I look for the result of the impending series with the Western clubs, when they begin their invasion of the East this week, to be about the stand-off among the three contending clubs, as almost every inter-sectional fight this season has been.

Cut-Throat Series.

We are hoping, of course, for the best and realize the possibility in some club cleaning up in Boston or Washington in an unexpected flash. Such a blow at such a point in the race would probably be fatal to them. I suppose that my critics ask why such a contingency is not possible with the Athletics. It is possible, but not so likely, because we have been off form all summer, and we are now fortified with regular pitchers and regular hitters who have been out of the game so long that there is little danger of them going stale, an ailment that the boss of a leading team has to watch for and guard against carefully at this stage in the race. It is evidence of such a fault that Boston is now showing.

Suppose the three teams worry through until August 29, rated in standing about as they are now. The Athletics go to Boston for a series then. If they should clean up on us it would be time to figure out what the gate receipts would be from our proposed post-season series with the Phils. But if we make up the Red Sox and then get away with Washington, leaving the Red Sox and Senators to fight it out in a cut-throat series, our prospects would be of the best. One severe setback for Boston and we will be on the heels of the Red Sox. The last swing through the West would then find them caving, and we would win the pennant, provided Washington can be tripped, too.

## NO CHANCE FOR CLUB-ARMY GAME

University Club Ball Players Would Like to Accommodate Officers, but Team Has Disbanded—Series Next Year

There is now no chance of the University Club ball-players and the officers' team from Schofield Barracks coming together for a return game this season. The officers have sent along a request for another chance at the clubmen, but the latter have regrettably declined to be drawn into another diamond argument, for the present at any rate.

"I think every member of the team that won Saturday would personally like to hook up again with the officers," said Captain A. L. Castle of the University aggregation yesterday afternoon. "However, it's out of the question. Nowell has already left, and Lowrey, Hoogs, Watson and Withington will all be leaving within a few days. There is no chance of finding substitutes for these positions capable of making anything like the team we had in the field last Saturday, and we need fully as good a team to make a good game of it. The officers play real ball, and it would be no satisfaction to them to walk through the joke aggregation that we would have to send against them, when the players I mentioned leave."

"I hope," continued Castle, "that this game between the club and the army can be made a regular annual event. Next year we would like to have a series of it, the first game in town, the second at Schofield, and the third at Athletic Park, which is neutral ground for us, who practise at Alexander Field. I'm sorry we can't give the officers another crack at us, but there's positively nothing doing."

## SOCKALEXIS, THE BALL PLAYER, IS HAPPY

This is a story about Louis Sockalexis from his own home town, Old Town, Maine, written because thousands of baseball fans are asking the question, "Whatever became of Sockalexis?" or "Is this Andrew Sockalexis, the Marathon runner, any relation to Sockalexis, the old Cleveland ball player?" Then that line of thought is quite likely to break into—"Talk about your Ty Cobbs, an' Wagners and Benders—guess you never saw Sockalexis when he was in his prime," or "Yes, Big Chiefs Meyers and Bender are some injuns, but you'd oughter see Louis Sockalexis. Why, in a game on the Poio grounds once, I saw him—" and Sockalexis stories will be fan feed for some years to come.

Much has been written about the Sockalexis of today that is not fact. He is not "dying in poverty," neither is he a "ghost of his former self." He is not running a ferry. He is just a fat, smoky, lazy Indian, who lives with the tribe on the Indian Island reservation of the Penobscots, which is practically a part of the city of Old Town, being but a few rods from the mainland. He doesn't work much because he doesn't have to. He could not die in poverty, because poverty is unknown to the tribe. While there are times when the people are not living in luxury, the tribe is, in a way, the wards of the State of Maine and has a tribal income enough to provide for the necessities. As for being a ghost, he weighs close to 200 pounds.

When the great book of baseball is written there will be a short, but graphic chapter on "Sockalexis; the Man Who Might Have Been." In all baseball history there has been no more lamentable chapter than the rise and fall of the "Abanaki Adonis," as some writer called him. Discovered by the late lamented "Doc" Powers while playing in Maine, he was taken to Holy Cross, where his development was rapid. He was soon the college sensation of the year. Big league scouts camped on his trail, and Patsy Tebeau, of Cleveland, landed him.

They say that the downfall of Sockalexis dated from his first payday. The lights of the big cities dazzled him. He was coaxed, threatened, cajoled, all to no effect. He simply would not listen to managerial advice or recognize any discipline. He was given every chance, but there was the aboriginal Indian thirst for firewater, which was unquenchable. One night, in getting out of a second-story window to avoid a guard on the floor below, he broke his ankle.

Andrew Sockalexis, the plucky Marathon runner, is his cousin. Andrew never tasted liquor and never used tobacco. He has more of the Indian traits of stoical silence, dogged de-

## FULLER IS ANOTHER GREAT JOCKEY TO GO BROKE

Friendless and penniless, Grover Cleveland Fuller, who succeeded to Tod Sloan's place as leading jockey of the country, appeared before Judge Crain in New York the other day on a charge of stealing a watch and chain valued at \$75. In his day Fuller's winnings ran close to \$800,000. Now he is "broke" and could not borrow enough money to hire a lawyer. The court appointed counsel and Fuller pleaded not guilty. "Booze got me; it has been my worst enemy," exclaimed the former jockey. "Some years ago I made nearly a quarter of a million dollars, but it all went over the bar. My friends got lots of it, too, and now they won't help me."

Fuller is lame as the result of a fall from a horse in the Excelsior handicap at Jamaica seven years ago.

## SIGNAL DISPUTE HAS PRACTICAL REASON

Ball-Players Justified in Going on Umpire's Hand-Signal, Not His Call

Umpire Ralph's decision last Saturday in the Star-P. A. C. game, over which there is a protest by the Portuguese team, involves a nice point in baseball ruling which will set a precedent here no matter how it is decided. The point is in whether the umpire's ruling is to be determined by his signals or the "call." In last Sunday's game, Umpire Ralph gave the "safe" signal as the runner slid in from third base. Ralph's hands being extended palms down. The generally accepted signal that a baserunner has made his base safely. Subsequently Ralph declared that he had called the man out, but in the confusion his voice was not heard at all.

As a matter of baseball law, the weight of authority is with the decision by voice, but, as a matter of practical working, it is all the other way. That is the reason why umpires have adopted the signal system, and it is so generally used that almost any set of directors in a league would uphold players for taking this decision as final.

Here is an instance of the practical workings of umpire's decision:

Suppose a man was on first base, with two men out, when a runner on third started for home. The first-baserunner, seeing the man going in from third, would naturally slide for second. If he saw the umpire signal "safe" as the runner slid in, his play would be to continue from second toward third, hoping to make that base safely and thus be in a position to score. If the umpire signaled "out," the slide would be retired and he would have to hope, going on to third. Clearly, the umpire could not call loudly enough to convey the decision adequately to a man dashing for first and trying to get around to third. He would have to depend on his catcher and his own eyesight.

Taking the team in the field:

Suppose a slow runner was on third base and a fast man at bat, with two out. If a short, slow grounder were knocked to third, the fastest play would be to cut down the baserunner between third and home, as the first batter might make first base safely. Now, suppose, as the runner slides home, the umpire signals "safe," but calls the man out. Naturally, the catcher whips the ball to second to catch the other baserunner there.

These are just haphazard instances of the reasons why hand signals are the practical way of determining base decisions, and why ball-players are justified in going on signals instead of "calls." Endless confusion will arise unless the signal is taken as the umpire's decision.

However, baseball law does not lay down any hard-and-fast rule on this point, and, technically speaking, the umpire must be upheld in his own interpretation of what his decision meant.

## MARINES AFTER DIAMOND HEADS

Down at Camp Vero, the marines have organized a ball team, and the management is out with a challenge to play the Diamond Heads next Sunday. The deft, buried through the sporting columns of the Star-Bulletin, includes not only the names of the players, but a few snappy criticisms and comparisons of their style of play. Here it is:

August 28, 1912.  
Manager, Diamond Head Baseball Club.

Dear Sir:—On behalf of the newly-organized baseball team of Camp Vero, I challenge the Diamond Head baseball team to a game to be played Sunday morning, September 1, at Alhinson Park. The manager can be reached by phone to discuss arrangements, No. 1332.

Following is the line-up:  
Brewer, the corn cob twirler, p.; Miner, who once saw Johnny Klitz, c.; Thompson, Hal Chase's double, 1b.; Pierce, Johnny Evers the second, 2b.; Peterson, the 40-lb. batter, 3b.; Fitzmaurice, good as they make 'em, ss.; Dickey, a one-time Oriole star, if; LeCuyer, the smallest man that ever played ball, cf.; Ghires, also known as Rusty the slugger, rf.; Cox, the duplicate of Honus Wagner, utility.

Yours truly,  
CORPORAL BREWER,  
Manager.

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Barber Shop  
Three First-Class Artists at your service.  
BETHEL and KING,  
E. G. Sylvester and E. Schroll, Prop.

## DUBIOUS ABOUT OUR TRAINING METHODS

There is at least one Englishman who has not lost his head in the frantic desire to imitate American methods, and he treats the subject of scientific training in reasonable fashion in an article published during the Olympic games. This is Dr. Adolphe Abraham, who was the consulting medical officer to the British Olympic team. Dr. Abraham says in part: "It is of course obvious that nature must have the first word. The sprinter, the marathon runner, the jumper, the weight lifter all are endowed primarily with the essential features which adapt them for their particular sphere. So men would be conceded by anybody, be it scientific authority or a more or less instinctive objection to artificial aids, or would be coach with an obvious axe to grind. "But now we have to consider how far these natural excellencies can be developed. We have two schools of argument in this matter. On the one hand there is what might be called the natural selectionists, those who hold that, as nature will find the best way to achieve the best results, and had better be let alone. On the other hand, there is what I would call the school of trainers or coaches, who aim at artificial improvement, and who base their system either on the most elaborate scientific principles or who go to the other extreme and claim equally good results by pure empiricism.

"How far can an athlete be improved, or, to go further, be manufactured? I write from the standpoint of the scientific observer who, while admitting ignorance, protests his desire to learn the truth. I see in this city the wonderful results of Mike Murphy or to come conveniently near home, of Hertzberg, and it would appear to be midsummer madness to deny that their achievements are the direct consequence of these experts' skill. On the other hand, I see also in this city a marvelous runner, Hans Braun, who only discovered he could run by outstripping his opponents on the football field—an example of natural selection which would have delighted Darwin! Braun has never had an hour's coaching; nevertheless, he is a serious rival at all times to the best the world can produce.

"It is the occasional appearance, often from a most unexpected quarter, of what the trainers call a 'freak runner,' that induces me to conclude that the coach does a great deal less than he is popularly supposed to do. For what has he to rely upon—but into scientific language, I mean? What is it that makes one man an oarsman and another a runner, one a sprinter and another a stayer; what makes one man an athlete at all and another a duffer? It is something out of the reach of the measuring tape and weighing machine, of stethoscope, or

## COLDS CAUSE HEADACHE

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## HOW THEY STAND

PERCENTAGES AUGUST 21.

National League.			
	W.	L.	Pct.
New York	77	31	.713
Chicago	73	38	.659
Pittsburg	66	43	.605
Philadelphia	53	57	.482
Cincinnati	53	60	.469
St. Louis	50	63	.442
Brooklyn	40	72	.357
Boston	31	79	.282

American League.

	W.	L.	Pct.
Boston	79	35	.693
Washington	71	44	.619
Philadelphia	67	46	.593
Chicago	57	58	.504
Detroit	55	62	.470
Cleveland	51	63	.447
New York	39	73	.348
St. Louis	37	77	.325

Coast League.

	W.	L.	Pct.
Vernon	78	54	.591
Los Angeles	74	53	.583
Oakland	73	58	.557
San Francisco	57	75	.432
Portland	51	67	.432
Sacramento	50	76	.397

Northwestern League.

	W.	L.	Pct.
Spokane	63	57	.544
Seattle	63	57	.544
Vancouver	58	58	.500
Portland	52	63	.449
Victoria	56	69	.448
Tacoma	51	74	.408

## CANNON BALL PITCHER IS NOT HARD TO CATCH

Is Walter Johnson a hard pitcher to catch? When one watches his terrific speed and dazzling curves he surmises that it is one tough job to receive the big Swede. Charley Street was the first catcher to receive the delivery of the "idaho phenom." Street had trouble in handling him in the first few games, but after that it seemed a very easy job for Street. He always insisted that Johnson was easier for him to catch than any other member of the Washington staff, but such a statement was never taken seriously. When Clark Griffith traded Street to the New York team last winter it was believed that he had made a boot. On past performances it did not seem as if Washington had a catcher who could hold Johnson. It was thought his effectiveness would be greatly decreased. On the contrary, Almsmith is catching Johnson better than Street ever did, and Walter admits he would prefer the youngster to the veteran.

microscope or any other scope, of the most delicate scientific instrument so far as I am aware; something in the innermost recesses of the nervous system. And I think your great trainer gets at it by his personality, so that I conceive him rather in the light of a skilled empiric with an exceptional capability of influencing men and stimulating them to do their best, rather than as a man who has thought out the neuro-muscular principles involved in any movement and able therefore to "show" the aspirant to athletic prowess the way to do things best. The coach need not be dissatisfied at my labeling him an empiric. A clever empiric is better any day than a muddle-headed scientist whose criteria are all wrong."

## PUT BOY IN CELLAR TO BE GNAWED BY RATS

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Aug. 9.—One of the most shocking cases of cruelty to children ever revealed in Philadelphia was brought to light today when James C. Smothers and his wife, Marie Smothers, were brought before Judge Ralston on the charge of aggravated assault and battery on 5-year-old Jacob Smothers, the stepson of the woman. The child was exhibited in court, and his appearance made the court attach shudder.

The youngster's neck showed long scars, only partly healed, where he had been gnawed by rats, as the inhuman parents had forced the boy into a dark cellar and left him there night after night. His left arm had been broken with a hammer by the father, and never set with surgical care and so allowed to heal that it will result in permanent deformity unless it is re-broken and reset.

The back of the little fellow is seared with the marks left by a red-hot poker, which was the favorite rod used by the father, and the face of the boy

was puffed and swollen with bruises from blows.

"This is the worst case I ever heard of," said the judge. "I only wish I might inflict the death penalty upon each of you."

Then he gave them the extreme penalty allowed under the indeterminate act—not less than six years nor more than nine years at hard labor in the eastern penitentiary. The boy will be placed in an institution by the society.

## STABLE FIRE DESTROYS WORLD'S HUSKIEST MULE

ST. JOSEPH, Mo., Aug. 13.—"Darky," the biggest mule in the world, was among the stock destroyed today when the livery stable of W. R. Warren at Trenton, Mo., a few miles from here, was burned. "Darky" was eight years old, weighed 2080 pounds, and was valued at \$1200. He had never been sick a day in his life and could draw as much as three ordinary animals of his kind.

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