

SWAT MILLIGAN ADMITS ERROR

NEWS OF ALL BRANCHES OF SPORT

EDITED BY ROBERT EDGREN

YES, THAT WAS MARVELLOUS FIELDING

By VIC

WURRA, WURRA! RANDOM SHOTS AT BIG GAME AND SMALL



SWAT MILLIGAN REMEMBERS WHERE HE SLIPPED IN NOT PULLING THE "HAWK TRICK"

Peerless Hitter Writes From Home How Zeke Bender Reminded Him of Biggest Thing in Baseball Only Recently.

BY SWAT MILLIGAN, The Peerless Hitter of the Poison Oaks.

BOBBLETOWN, Mo., Nov. 1.—It's kinder quiet back here in old Bobbletown after being in New York 'tendin' the opory for a week, but I'm gittin' used to it again and it's givin' me time to think.

As I set here on my front porch a lot of things comes to my mind and I jes' can't git the notion out of my head that many schemes was overlaid in that world's series.

When I goes back to New York I'm goin' loaded with a scheme that will make up baseball in your part of the country, and it all come about through a visit I had the other day from old Zeke Bender, the famous trick pitcher of the Nettle Rashes.

"Swat," he says to me as he set himself down on the steps of my house, "when you was in the East did you give a thought to the old hawk gag that we worked at Catfish Shoals that time?"

That started me to thinkin'. I knowed in a minute where I had slipped. Followin' that talk with old Zeke I went out and bought three of them hawkies—some folks call 'em falcons—and I've got 'em trainin' for the biggest thing ever pulled in baseball.

"But you want to be mighty keeful," says Zeke, "cause it was a slip that caused them Catfish Shoals fellows to almost beat me and if it hadn't been for an accident I would have been disgraced."

"It's exactly as you say," I answered, "and I guess we'll follow your dope."

TRAINED HAWK WAS ON THE JOB. In case you people in New York don't know about that famous game I reckon I'd better tell you about how Zeke Bender come near losin' that game.

There was thousands of dollars bet on the championship game between the Nettle Rashes and the Catfish Shoals and with Zeke Bender pitchin' it looked like a cinch for the Nettes.

Of course you've all heard of Biff Ashwood, the mighty hitter of the Catfish Shoals. He was a feller, like me, who never went to bat unless the bases was choked up with runners and there was a chance to win.

They used a secret service bureau and found out that Bender was goin' to use his famous elevator curve. This curve would lift itself about two inches when it got to the plate and the batter would hit the ball high in the air because his bat would touch it under the bottom.

When the big game come off Biff Ashwood and his gang brought on their famous trained hawk, which was to be turned loose over the park when Biff come to bat. The idea was that when Biff hit one high in the air the hawk was to swoop down on the ball, grab it in his claws and sail off. In cham days the rule was in vogue that a batter could keep on scorin' till the ball was recovered. You see, if the hawk flew far enough with the ball there was a good chance for Biff Ashwood to pile up a mess of runs—something like 800.

COLUMBIA RUNNERS TRAINING FOR TIGERS

Cross Country Race Is Scheduled for Princeton Week From To-Day.

After four weeks of field training the Columbia University cross country squad is rounding into excellent shape for the hill and dale meet against the Tiger team at Princeton next Saturday afternoon.

The athletic management has offered an individual silver trophy cup to be competed for during the next four weeks for the purpose of arousing interest in outdoor track and jogging.

The Crescent Athletic Club soccer team lines up against the Columbia eleven on South Field this afternoon, beginning at 3 o'clock.

Fall Interclass Games at Fordham. The annual interclass games of the Fordham University take place to-day.

The feature of the meet will be the interclass relay, and the way men who look good in the quarter are Frank Sullivan, a substitute last year, and Wiley, a youngster who in practice ran the quarter in 51 seconds.

With the prospects of having not only a good, well-balanced track squad but also a cross-country team, interest in athletics has received new impetus at Fordham.

The first fall for cross-country men was issued yesterday. While there is as yet no regular schedule, it is probable that there will be a series of handicap runs for the hill and dale men, with prizes for the best averages.

try-out race in order to see how the material shapes up will be held next Wednesday. Five men being entered from each class. Billy Quereh, who handled the Maroon distance men last year, will likely have charge of the squad.

CHINESE BASEBALL TEAM COMING HERE NEXT YEAR. HAWAII, Nov. 2.—The faculty and also the board of directors of the Chinese University of Hawaii have given permission to the baseball team of the institution to tour the United States in 1913.

The decision was reached prior to a banquet given to the Chinese team in Nottley's Hotel by the Mayor, City Council and citizens of the city.

A cable message was immediately sent to Nat. C. Strong in New York and he will arrange the schedule. It is expected that the Chinese team will play Yale, Harvard and Princeton next year. A popular subscription will be taken up here to defray the expenses of the trip.

Bresnahan Was Canned Because Too Expensive. ST. LOUIS, Nov. 2.—The latest reason assigned for the dismissal of Roger Bresnahan as manager of the Cardinals is that he cost the club too much money.

The decision was reached prior to a banquet given to the Chinese team in Nottley's Hotel by the Mayor, City Council and citizens of the city.

Auspicious Opening of Ice-Skating Season. The inclement weather did not deter several thousand people from attending the opening of the St. Nicholas Ice Rink, an event which usually is the forerunner of the indoor sporting season.

The skating surface was in fine condition, due to the new refrigerating process just installed, which precludes all chance of the ice being soft or brittle under the most disadvantageous conditions.

AWAY GOES MR. HAWK WITH THE BALL AND THE UMPIRE AND OUTFIELD TEARING AFTER HIM

THERE WAS THE OLD HAWK WAITING FOR IT WITH HIS HOOKS

WHILE THIS SCENE IS BEING ENACTED - BIFF ASHWOOD IS LOPING AROUND THE BASES AMASSING RUNS -

YER OUT!

POOR OLD BIFF!!

McFarland Announces His Retirement From the Ring

Stockyards Champion Has Cleaned Up \$200,000 and Is Sick of the Game.

BY JOHN POLLOCK. WHILE Macky McFarland, the wonderful lightweight boxer, has often counseled to friends privately that he was getting tired of the fighting game and would like to get away from it forever, it looks now as if he will soon quit the ring for good.

He has just made the announcement at his home in Chicago that after his six-round bout with Young Jack O'Brien in Philadelphia he will retire from the sport. Macky says that his reason for quitting the game is that he has made enough money out of the sport and that he does not wish to take on the strain of becoming a serious strain on him.

"There are only three fights I would like to clinch before I retire," McFarland said. "I'd like to take on Ad Wolcott, the champion; Jack Britton, a Chicago boy who's pugilistic star is in the ascendant, and I would like to get into a ring with Battling Nelson just to give him a whipping."

"I have made about \$200,000 in the last five years and that is why I am ready to quit. My best purse was with Matt Wells, the Englishman. I drew down \$100,000 for that fight. My battle with Jimmy Britt in San Francisco brought me \$5,000. I have a number of smaller fights right along and clean up nearly \$100,000 a year.

"I never bet on myself, but have made a little betting on others."

At a conference between the manager of Ad Wolcott and McFarland it was decided that there will be no decision rendered by referee Jim Connelley, the referee at New Orleans, on Monday night, unless in case of a draw, the fight will be a ten-round bout at the Fairmont A. C. hotel, Philadelphia, on Tuesday night.

The National Sporting Club of London is trying to arrange a "best-of-five" fight between Eddie McGeary, the American middleweight, and Jim McFarland, the American lightweight, at the club's headquarters in London.

Jeff Smith of Bapone, N. J., the middleweight who went to Paris with three other American boys, the "Kid" Thomas of Philadelphia, won his first round in the world title fight at New Orleans, in a ten-round bout at the Fairmont A. C. hotel, Philadelphia, on Tuesday night.

George Karwood of St. Louis, who is one of the best fighters in the world, was notified by Jim Connelley, the referee at New Orleans, that he will make a strenuous effort to match him against Johnny Kilbane for the featherweight championship in a ten-round bout at the Fairmont A. C. hotel, Philadelphia, on Tuesday night.

"One Round" Hogan, the California light weight, signed up to-day by Dan McKeever, the promoter of the indoor sporting season, to meet some good lightweight in the club house on Monday at the next session of the club on Tuesday night.

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WURRA WURRA: I would like you to settle an argument. I say digging for clams is fishing. My friend, Moos, says it's farming. Which is it? SHAMUS O. SLATTERY.

WURRA WURRA: It is neither fishing nor farming. It is mining. Next!

WURRA WURRA: A argues that Cy Seymour pitched for the New York Giants. B says he never did. Did he? Cy did play with the Giants as a pitcher and later as an outfielder. As a pitcher he was as good as a March hare and might have been accused of pitching against the Giants at times.

WELCOMES TO OUR CITY, MR. HOFFMANN. Glad to hear from you, old pal. Hope you enjoyed your trip and well, here's our best contributor.

WURRA WURRA: How do do, Mr. Mc W. P. Laughlin, ain't you glad because I send you a letter again, so am I, I was for a trip back to the old country with my Misses was came back last week, you bet I missed the Wurs. Wurra. I haven't seen you since. I have seen you in Denmark last about the size of 20 stamp. Nu York certainly has changed since I left, almost every street corner is different. I have seen you in Denmark last about the size of 20 stamp. Nu York certainly has changed since I left, almost every street corner is different. I have seen you in Denmark last about the size of 20 stamp. Nu York certainly has changed since I left, almost every street corner is different.

HERE IS ANOTHER MAN whose mind apparently is sore perplexed and who is in a quandary as to what to do. I am entirely perplexed (as Mick McQuade used to say) over a simple little sum I received recently from the "Quid Dart." And I tressure on your time and patience to solve it. Here it is in its nakedness just as I received it:

"How many jumps would a frog have to take to jump the length of a pole ten feet long, the first jump being five feet and each succeeding jump half the distance of the previous one?" P. JORDAN.

I got as far as eight jumps, and I worked on your question with enthusiasm. I got as far as eight jumps, but then my frog had jumped one-sixteenth of an inch too much. So I began again. I was still at it until 3 o'clock this blessed mornin', when I fell asleep. Glory be! There were frogs jumpin' round my bed all night, so I'll have to leave your question open until I get rid of a bunch of election figures that have been just handed to me by my boss. He expects me to make something out of them. I can. I can take any pre-election forecast and elect any man I like. He likes—well, not my man. Like all the boys from home, I never agrees with the boss.

THERE IS A LEAVEN OF COMFORT in this election day and night hurry. There is the calmness and comfort that precede it, with the joys incident to a hundred and one things that make for the amusement of humanity. The halls that have been filled with the voting citizen for the last six weeks will not echo on the night before election the raucous ranting of the campaign speaker. Instead, those big auditoriums will be filled with men and women tipping the right fantastic and joying themselves until it is time to cast the vote on Tuesday morning. There will be something doing in all the big and little places on election eve. The Corkmen's Mutual Aid Society, with two big bands, will have two big halls in the Harlem River Casino. The Dominican Lyceum, old-time and popular organization, will hold forth in Lexington Avenue Opera House. There will be receptions in the Palm Garden, Messnercher Hall, Tammany Hall and all the other halls by equally enjoyable associations.

"KID" WILLIAMS DEFEATS HUGHES, ENGLISH BANTAM. PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Nov. 2.—"Kid" Williams of Baltimore gave a wonderful exhibition of cleverness, punching and fighting at the Olympic A. A., and was entitled to the award over Johnny Hughes, the bantamweight of England, in the six-round contest. The bout was a thriller, and although Williams had a side head after the second round,

Hughes never stopped boring into land his knockout punch. Williams proved too clever for Hughes and landed about four blows to his one. It was announced that neither boy entered the ring in the third round. Williams' right hand glove split open. The bout was delayed about three minutes to secure another glove. Tommy Stone of New York drew with Teddy Brady.

Sunday World Wants Work Monday Wonders.

IT'S GLAD I AM that the great four-year disturbance of this glorious country is about to see its end next Tuesday. And it's little it worries me at all, at all! For I have in me the rare element of horse sense that was impressed in my youthful mind by the greatest but most retiring of philosophers, Martin Hynes, whose batting average as a schoolmaster was back in spher, Martin Hynes, whose batting average as a schoolmaster was back in spher, Martin Hynes, whose batting average as a schoolmaster was back in spher.

Ab, friends, it's too bad that these disruptions come so often in a country that really doesn't need, and hasn't needed since the war, a change of any kind, sort or color. We follow here in the cities think the whole world centres on us, forgetting that there are eight millions of farmers and more than three millions of miners digging out of good old Mother Earth the wealth that makes us all happy.

So-o. I should not worry! On the day after election the farmer will be farming and the miner will be mining and I will be early on the job to hear how badly my "pick" was beaten and the banks will be open and the street cleaner sweeping, and Mayor Gaynor will be writing letters and Mr. Whitman will be getting new shoes, and Becker will be pulling wires for a new trial and every palatial estate in town will be serving the old highballs, and the hotels will be turning people away and George Cohen will be singing and dancing and—

What's the use? We're in no serious danger yet and the high cost of living is going to be higher—even in Flatbush. But we'll be living.

Big Tom McAvoy, leader of the Twenty-third Assembly District, sent out a notice the other day to every wigwag in his bailiwick to be ready to line up in the big parade planned for to-day in honor of Wilson. At the time the circular was sent out it had been agreed that high silk topers, suede gloves, canes, spats and old-time shiners were to figure in the making of all Tammany district organizations.

Paddy Horan of the Stationary Engineers got one of the circulars. Where he took his pen in hand and wrote these few lines to Mr. McAvoy: Dear Leader: I'm a loyal follower of yours and want to vote for Wilson. But if I have to wear a plug hat Wilson will miss my vote. Yours for the Derby Hat. PATRICK J. HORAN.

Whereupon Mr. McAvoy got busy and new general in a darning night made a prescription derby hat, dark business eye derby suits and any kind of footwear except tennis shoes.

IT WAS A LUCKY THING that Gov. Wilson called off the parade. There are many of the boys still running around in their summer togs and low-cut rackets. And if the high hat order ever prevailed I'm wondering where the boys would stand in a parade now that so many lively stables have been broken out of business by the auto. Maybe this fact might have influenced the rear from Paddy Horan.

HERE'S ONE FOR YOUR WHISKERS, Bo; and a new one, too: If the Turks can't lick the Bulgarians, why not let the harem scare 'em?

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