Sporting News, Automobiles.

New York Tribune

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BOSTON SEVEN WINS SLASHING BATTLE ON ICE

Extra Period Necessary Before Irish-Americans Bow to Defeat.

INJURY TO M'CARTHY HALTS THE CONFLICT

Hopkins Scores Winning Tally After Three Minutes' Play—Hicks a Star.

By FRED HAWTHORNE.

Fighting with desperation to hold its place in the league race, the hockey seven of the Boston Athletic Association defeated the team of the Irish-American Athletic Club last night at the St. Nicholas Rink by a score of 7 goals to 6, after an extra period of play had been called.

Never have two teams fought harder on the ice than the opposing sevens last night. The Irish-American lads were battling for the honor of New York, for the St. Nicholas Skating Club team, which is now tied for the lead with the Boston men, and for their own reputation.

The Boston team went into the game knowing that if it were defeated it would lose all chance of landing the hockey pennant for the year. These incentives were sufficient to keep every man on the alert from beginning to end, and resulted in what must be regarded as the most sensational hockey game of the year.

The game was lightning fast, with both teams showing concerted team work at all times, although the Boston men were slightly superior in this respect. But in fighting spirit the Irish boys had the edge, and this almost gained a victory for them, after they looked hopelessly beaten.

Johnny McGrath, the stocky captain of the Winged Fist team, was the first to score, jamming his way through the strong defence of the visitors and landing the puck in the cage unaided. It was clever playing, and the spectators went wild with delight.

Before Boston had recovered from the shock Harmon added another goal by taking a pass from Indian Cree and lifting the rubber into the cage from the side.

The ease with which the Irish team made their goals seemed to infuriate Captain Huntington and his men, and they started a whirlwind attack, which swept the local team off its feet and resulted in four goals for the Bostons before the period ended.

Hopkins began the assault, scoring from a fierce scrimmage near the side of the rink, and with the Boston steam roller working with deadly effect Smart tied the score ten seconds later. The B. A. A. men had tasted blood by that time, and swept on, Hicks, the speedy rover, scoring once on a rebound and a second time dribbling the puck in back of the Irish goal and then shooting it in from the side of the cage.

The Irish-American club looked hopelessly beaten, but McGrath rallied his men at the beginning of the second period, and told them they could still win. Hardly had he finished encouraging his team before Hopkins shot a goal from close to the cage at the end of thirty-one seconds.

Then McCarthy, who played a brilliant game all evening, got into the going and scored by his unaided efforts. When Dion made another tally and McCarthy repeated, tieing the score, the applause was deafening.

Hicks and his mates fought all the harder, seeing their chances growing slim and the crash of stick against stick and body against body resounded throughout the building. It was playing of the fastest kind, and Hicks finally scored on a beautiful pass from Clifford.

Cree electrified the spectators just before the end of the period by grabbing the puck and dodging through the entire Boston team in "Hobey" Baker style, ending by dumping the disk into the cage and again tieing the score.

Each team having scored six goals, an extra period was called and the battle began with added desperation. Both Kelly, for the Irish team, and Chadwick, for Boston, stopped many terrific shots by remarkable agility in throwing themselves in front of their goals, but Hopkins, after taking a long pass from the deadly Hicks, shot the winning goal in just 2 minutes and 23 seconds.

Shortly before this McCarthy, the Irish-American cover point, had to leave the ice for ten minutes while a surgeon took several stitches in his cheek to repair a severe gash received in a scrimmage.

The line-up follows:

Boston A. A. (6).	Position.	Irish-Am. A. C. (6).
Chadwick	G.	Kelly
Robbins	P.	Dion
Huntington	C. P.	McCarthy
Clifford	C.	Klemmer
Hicks	R.	Cree
Smart	R. W.	McGrath
Hopkins	L. W.	Harmon

Goals (first period)—McGrath, alone, 1:59; Harmon, pass from Cree, 5:54; Hopkins, scrimmage, 6:32; Smart, alone, 6:46; Hicks, on rebound, 10:10; Hicks, alone, 16:46. Goals (second period)—Hopkins, alone, 0:31; McCarthy, alone, 2:20; Dion, alone, 4:29; McCarthy, scrimmage, 5:16; Hicks, pass from Clifford, 7:45; Cree, alone, 19:23. Goal (extra period)—Hopkins, pass from Hicks, 2:23. Penalties—Clifford, 1 minute, tripping; Clifford, 3 minutes, tripping; Harmon, 2 minutes, slashing. Referee—Ernie Garon, Hockey Club. Assistant referee—J. Hallin, Crescent A. C. Goal umpires—W. T. Hull and L. Smart, Crescent A. C. Timekeepers—W. J. Crosier, Wanderers, and C. V. Gilmore, Crescent A. C.

DARTMOUTH SEVEN LOSES

St. Nicks Come from Behind and Win Easily.

Boston, Feb. 27.—The St. Nicholas hockey team made short work of the Dartmouth seven here to-night before a big crowd at the Arena. The final score was 4 to 1.

At the start Wanamaker scored for Dartmouth, making a pretty shot from the boards, and then for fifteen minutes the Hanover defence stopped Baker and his mates. Just before the intermission Baker and Ellis combined prettily for the tieing goal.

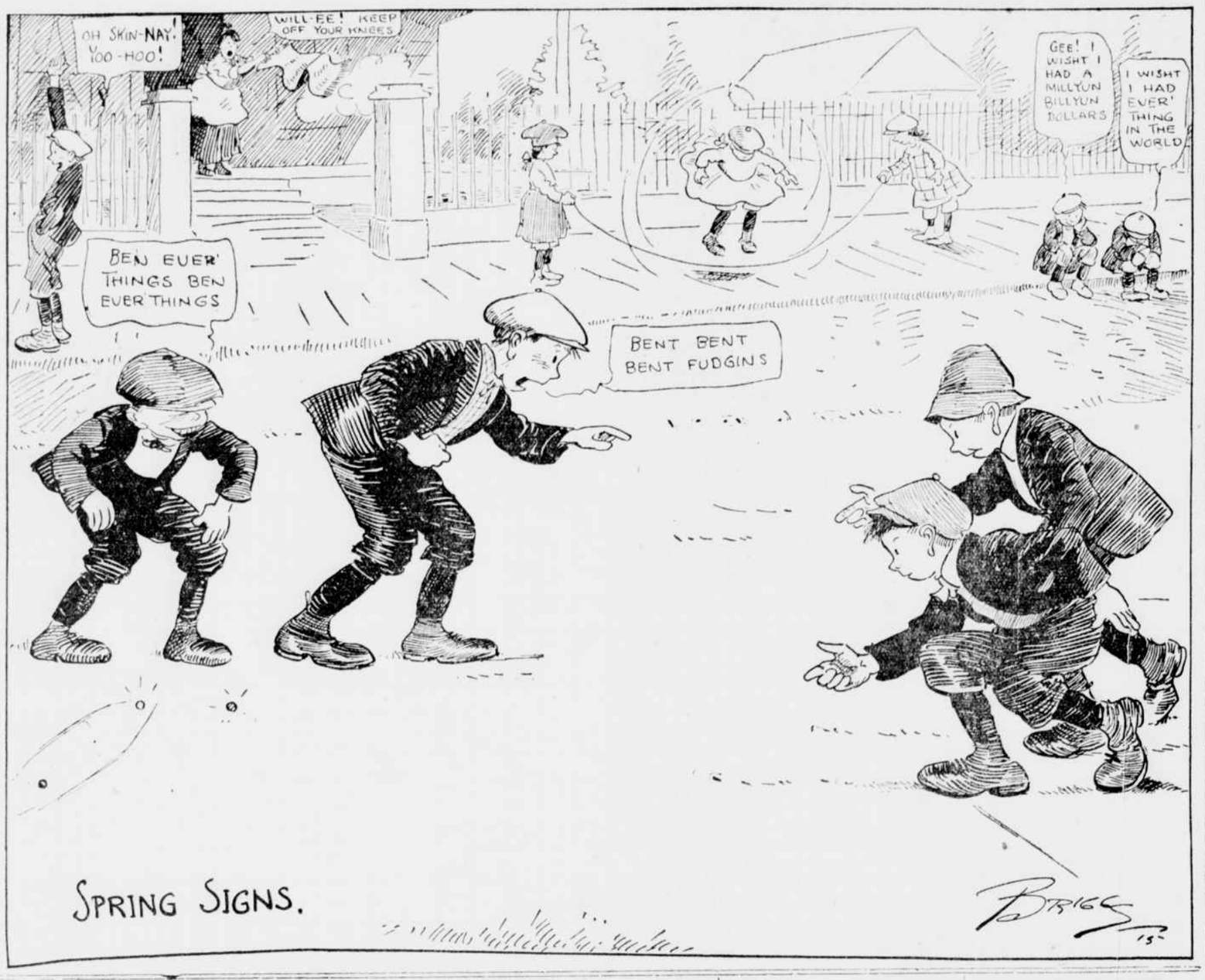
In the second half the visitors showed the better team play and also were speedier. Fox got in one nifty shot from a face-off in front of the Hanover netting for one goal, Cox scoring the other two.

The summary follows:

St. Nicholas (4).	Positions	Dartmouth (1).
Carnochan	G.	Dunmore
Bernuth	P.	Gale
Gross	C. P.	Murchie
Cox	L. W.	Holmes
Ellis	C.	Tuck
Baker	R.	Wanamaker
Fox	R. W.	Tyler

Goals made by Cox (2), Ellis, Fox, Wanamaker. Substitutes: St. Nicholas—Kilner for Fox, Fox for Kilner. Referees—H. Foster, jr., of Boston Athletic Association, and G. W. Tingley, of Boston Hockey Club. Goal umpires—Carlton and Carnochan. Timers—Murphy and Wood. Time of periods, 20 minutes.

THE DAYS OF REAL SPORT ∴ ∴ ∴ ∴ ∴ By BRIGGS



THE SPORTLIGHT

by Grantland Rice

A Dream of Far-Off Lands.

In Far-Off Lands to-day where lost paths run,
A Little Boy looks up into God's sky
Through apple blossoms, swaying in the sun,
That drift as spring's first south winds whisper by;
And as he looks, upon his face there comes
The light that only Fame's great Dream can yield
To him who hears far off the roll of drums,
The silver bugle calling to the Field.

In Far-Off Lands I see him take the path
With outstretched hands that reach forth for his Dream,
Unmindful of the Night, the Tempest's wrath,
But on by hill and hollow, vale and stream,
Through all the bitterness and stress of years
That may not turn him back nor dim his faith;
Unknowing, as he looks through tender years,
He follows but the phantom of a wraith.

I watch him leave the happy fields he knew,
The waving grasses and the wide, kind sky;
The harvest song that winds and echoes through
Lost summer days of sunlight drifting by;
The paths of Faith and Honesty and Truth
To follow through the mire of Hate and Greed
And tangled ways that lead so far from Youth
That sent him forth to where his dream might lead.

From Far-Off Lands that hold their place apart
I see him take the gray trail of the years,
Struggling and stumbling, weary, sick at heart,
Groping in blindness through the night of fears;
With outstretched hands that reach forth for his dream
That lures and leads and beckons, yet still keeps
Dim in the darkness, as a light that streams
Beyond dim vales where endless darkness creeps.

Nearer and nearer, from the throng apart,
I see him struggling blindly in the fray,
With mighty pity surging through my heart
That one should be so far from off the way;
So far from that dim dream youth left behind,
With none to show the proper road to fare,
Until, with sudden start, I wake to find
Him whom I pitied sitting in my chair.

Frank Baker has revised the old verse to read—"Standing with reluctant feet, where the bat and plowshare meet."

As for Connie Mack losing his grip, they said the same thing when Harry Davis and Danny Murphy started slipping and both Lave and Monte Cross began to recede. When this old infield cracked and blew the only people Connie could find to take their places were McInnis, Collins, Barry and Baker.

We still insist that at any public dance hall the dancers should be numbered. How, otherwise, can one tell which heavy-hoofed bloke it was that ground the gore out of his mangled instep?

The Johnson Status.

A traveller from Buenos Ayres way writes as follows concerning the meanderings of Jack Johnson—

"He never trained or took a particle of exercise through the twenty-odd days on shipboard. He had chunks of fat on his stomach, expressed his confidence in winning, kept regular hours and behaved decently enough. On his arrival at Barbados he had at least half of the 160,000 negroes following him. Incidentally, the Argentines were not so enthused—only fairly so—and one night in a café he was roundly hissed."

While in Buenos Ayres Johnson met and knocked out Murray, supposed to be the champion of South America. At which point Mr. Murray had the following to say, according to the Buenos Ayres Herald: "In my opinion Johnson for the next ten years will be unbeaten. He is a marvel in defence and uppercuts. Those little jolts from him are the same as full power from another."

Same Old Stuff.

A perusal of Buenos Ayres papers shows Johnson still around with the same old stuff. While there he became engaged in a public brawl, attempted to beat up an actor known as Señor Ducassi and was promptly arrested and hauled into court.

Yes, Johnson's a fine type for a champion. It's only a matter of time before they will have to step up and build a jail around him where he lands.

The fact that an Irishman, Mike Flangan, joined the Giants' camp at Marlin was considered an important news item—and because he was an Irishman. Or, as Cicero used to say—"O tempora—O mores." Twenty years ago the important news item was to the effect that the player wasn't an Irishman.

Not Out—but Up.

One writer says the Irish have been crowded out by other nationalities. Not out—but up. What nationality is out in front, leading the others? McGraw, McGillicuddy, Donovan, Carrigan, Moran? Huggins, Bresnahan—figure it out for yourself.

Stray Shots.

No entry arrives who doesn't first get up and start.

The one who always looks before he leaps will rarely get in trouble, or anywhere else.

For the impetus is a big part of the jump that clears the gap.

No Part of a Chance.

Sir—

With all these raggedy, foolish airs now in vogue can't somebody start a plea or a call for old-fashioned music?

F. L. J.

What's the use—when even Shakespeare failed? Or, if you don't recall his plea—lifting it from Twelfth Night—

"Give me some music—
That old and antique song we heard last night;
Methought it did relieve my passion much,
More than light airs and recollected terms
Of these most brisk and giddy-paced times."

You may notice the times were "giddy-paced" even some three hundred years ago.

The Ill Wind, Etc.

There will be more ball players out of work by the 1st of May this season of 1915 than baseball has ever known. The National League alone by that date will have attached the can to over 160 athletes who may in part get jobs elsewhere, but who in so doing will crowd out others.

Not overlooking any sympathy for those forced out, especially the veterans, where the blow will fall hardest, this state of affairs should summon the attention of those now in the game. There was a general tendency all last season to loaf, break training and in other ways disregard discipline and produce an inferior standard of play. If those left in the game take the proper warning from so many turned-adrift, there will be a return to the old hustle and spirit which lifted baseball so high. Otherwise, there will be a further lessening of interest and another epidemic of jobless players.

The Eternal Triangle.

It has not been officially decided yet which two of the Eternal Fistic Triangle will meet next. It may be Shugrue vs. White or Shugrue vs. Welsh or White vs. Shugrue.

To vary the insipid monotony just a trifle Mr. Welsh will take on Willie Ritchie over the ten round route, but this will be only in the nature of a recess or intermission.

There are a number of ways of noting the rapid march of old Doc Time. Larry Doyle has marked one of them by observing that among McGraw's 1915 purchases is "a prominent young second baseman."

Many a ball player has considered himself to be still in the prime until he observed that among the recruits drafted about four of them happened to be guardians of his particular portion of the field. That jolt has got en many a veteran his first tumble.

Russia's idea seems to be to fortify her boundaries with a long rampart of dead moujiks.

Why not put before golfers the proposition of enlarging the Cup at the nineteenth hole?

BRAVES OFF FOR MACON

Advance Guard of Champions on Way to Training Camp.

Boston, Feb. 27.—The Southern trip of the world's champion Boston Braves for preliminary training began to-night, when a small party left for Macon, Ga. Secretary Herman Nickerson was accompanied by one player, George Tyler; the team's scout, Fred Mitchell, and some newspapermen. Several players were expected to join the party in New York.

Fred Tyler, a catcher, who had his trunk packed for the journey to Macon, was notified at the last moment that his services had been sold to the Rochester Club of the International League.

GIANTS AS FIREMEN SAVE THEIR HOTEL

Form Bucket Brigade When May Bell Inn Burns—They Save a Case of Beer, Too.

[By Telegraph to The Tribune.]

Marlin, Tex., Feb. 27.—The Giants had a work-out to-night which was not on the schedule. Shortly before 9 o'clock the May Bell Inn, which is only a few hundred feet from the Arlington, took fire, a breeze carried the sparks directly over the home of the Giants and the players formed a bucket brigade.

McGraw's men were ready for service several minutes before the town fire department, and did valiant work in saving property and in keeping the blaze away from their own hotel. Fred Cook injured his left hand in tearing down a burning awning. Fortunately he pitches from the right side. Hickory Johnson and Mike Flanagan saved a case of beer.

When the fire was at its height, Marshall raced to his room, and forgetting all his other belongings, rushed out carrying his favorite bat and a pair of spiked shoes. At a late hour the players, aided by the Fire Department, had the blaze under control.

PARRISH WINS ON COURT

Defeats Balfe in Pinehurst Lawn Tennis Final.

[By Telegraph to The Tribune.]

Pinehurst, N. C., Feb. 27.—The final round in the annual February lawn tennis tournament reached a climax to-day, when J. C. Parrish, jr., of New York, defeated R. A. Balfe, of Brooklyn, in a hotly contested match.

Balfe failed to get going in the first two sets, which he lost by 6—2, 6—3, but he braced for 3—6, 1—6, tallies in the next two sets, only to lose the trophy by 6—0.

It looks as if the twelve divisions scheduled for the annual spring golf tournament which starts on Monday would be insufficient, and provision is being made for special flights.

Two, and possibly three, courses will be used to handle the monster field speedily.

CUBANS FORM CLUB TO HOLD BIG BOUT

Havana, Feb. 27.—The National Sporting Club of Cuba, which has just been organized, hopes to conduct the bout between Jack Johnson and Jess Willard in Havana, the battle to be held in the Havana Stadium, the Politeama Theater, or in a new stadium to be erected under a concession held by the club.

Nothing definite as to the prospects will be known, however, until the arrival of Jack Curley, promoter of the proposed Johnson-Willard bout in Juarez, Mexico. Curley, who is now on his way to Havana from Juarez, is expected to arrive here on Monday.

The National Sporting Club of Cuba held its inaugural boxing meeting last night, and Johnson appeared in an exhibition bout.

UNION FIVE NOW BEATS PRINCETON

Continues Winning Streak by Taking Tigers Into Camp in Fast Game.

[By Telegraph to The Tribune.]

Schenectady, N. Y., Feb. 27.—The Union College basketball team defeated Princeton here to-night by a score of 23 to 16.

The game was the fastest ever played in the Union gymnasium, and the home team clearly demonstrated its supremacy over the Tigers.

The Beaver boys were easily the stars of the contest. Dave Beaver, playing at guard, threw three field baskets over Jackson, one of the best of the college forwards. Jake Beaver made the best shot of the game in the first half from the centre of the court.

Captain Houghton of Union scored one field goal and nine from the foul line. The guarding of the Union team was of the sensational order.

The victory over Princeton places Union on an equal footing with the leading colleges of the country in basketball.

The line-up follows:

UNION (23).	Fdg.	Flg.	Pts.	PRINCETON (16).	Fdg.	Flg.	Pts.
J. Beaver, rf	0	0	0	Perree, rf	0	0	0
Morley, lf	0	0	0	Jackson, lf	2	0	4
Woods, c	1	0	2	Ohane, lf	1	0	2
Houghton, lg	1	9	11	McTigue, c	0	2	2
D. Beaver, rg	3	0	6	Trenkman, lg	0	0	0
				Haas, rg	0	3	3
				Rahill, rg	0	0	0
				Paulson, rg	1	5	7
Totals	7	9	23	Totals	4	8	16

Score at half time—Union, 14; Princeton, 8. Fouls committed—By Princeton, 15; Union, 14. Referee—Reel, Springfield. Umpire—Tom Thorpe, Columbia. Time of halves, 20 minutes.

Would-Be Giants Get in Real Game

All Baseball the Fans Want

Baseball fans can now turn from injunctions, rumors and general winter league dope to getting acquainted with the recruits of the local teams and reading of the old favorites.

News and gossip of the training camps will be fully covered by staff men in The Tribune.

Heywood Broun is now at Marlin Springs, Tex., at the camp of the Giants.

Frank O'Neill left last Friday with the Brooklyn Superbas for the spring training quarters at Daytona, Fla.

Grantland Rice will leave for Savannah with the Yankees to-day, and before returning will visit the camp of the Boston Braves for a few days.

Baseball is looking up, and you'll find the news of it in The Tribune.

FEDERALS DEFER SCHEDULE MAKING

League Adjourns to Meet Again When Court Acts on Newark Franchise.

Buffalo, Feb. 27.—The Federal Baseball League adjourned its two days' session here late to-day and will meet in Pittsburgh on March 13. By that time it was expected that the court obstacle preventing the transfer of the Kansas City franchise to Newark would be removed and the season's playing schedule could be adopted.

Two sessions of the board of directors were held to-day. The Kansas City-Newark dispute occupied most of the time of the opening session, and the legal side of the proposition was discussed, with the result that the officials left the meeting positive in their conviction that the transfer was within the law and that the court would allow it to stand.

President Gilmore made positive the statement that Newark would have a Federal League team this year, and characterized the legal controversy as "ill advised and unjust."

E. E. Gates, the league's attorney, following suggestions received from players and club owners, presented a new contract which will be submitted to the owners by the usual thirty-day mail vote method. Mr. Gates stated that the contract was an equitable one and he considered it "court proof," binding alike on player and club.

William Brennan, chief of umpires, announced the following umpires for the season: James Johnstone, Newark; Fred Westervelt, Richmond; William Finneran, Erie; Harry Howell, Brooklyn; Lewis Fyfe, Chicago, Barry McCormick, Chicago; W. P. Shannon, Minneapolis. The ninth umpire will be either Hank O'Day or Jack Egan. The umpires will meet for spring training at West Baden, Ind., on March 31.

President Ward of the Brooklyn club to-day released Mordecai Brown to the league, and he will be added to the pitching staff of either the Buffalo or the Chicago club.

ONATIVIA WINS A TITLE AT SQUASH

Defeats Hack in Finals for New Jersey Championship at Short Hills.

J. V. Onativia, jr., of the Harvard Club, won the New Jersey state squash title in defeating H. W. Hack in the final match of the tournament on the courts of the Short Hills Club yesterday. The score was 16—18, 18—17, 15—9, 16—13.

Onativia played a steady game throughout. In the opening set to Onativia jumped to a lead of 8 to 2, but Hack rallied and soon passed him. Hack led by 6—love in the next game, but Onativia then began his march to victory. The third game was easy for the Harvard man. The last game was the best of the match, but although Hack rallied and made the score 13—all, he was beaten out in the fight for the next three aces.

Dick Kinsella as Slow as Judge Landis in Role of Umpire.

MARSHALL PROVES A NOISY CATCHER

Chief Meyers and Spouse Reach Camp—Town Girl Wins a Box of Candy.

By HEYWOOD BROUN.

[By Telegraph to The Tribune.]

Marlin, Tex., Feb. 27.—The week-end championship of Marlin goes to the Flatfeet. Dick Kinsella turned his young Giants loose to-day.

"Get in and play a regular game," he said, and they did. There were only six innings in this, the first game of the season, but that short span included a home run, a marvellous one-hand catch, some remarkable umpiring and a driving finish. The home run, the catch and the umpiring were all in favor of the Leathernecks, but the finish belonged to the Flatfeet.

Into the fateful sixth inning they came one run behind, and victory seemed remote, for these Flatfeet were pitchers, for the most part, who had been called upon to do the work of regular players. Moreover, Rube Schauer, the only veteran now in Marlin, was working for the Leathernecks, and Dick Kinsella, umpire, appeared to be no neutral.

When Hickory Johnson reached first on an error by Brainard, the Flatfeet began to assail Schauer noisily, and he quickly passed Stroud and Glass. Kinsella went a mile in the air to call a strike on Cook, but the batter took no more chances and drove the next ball to deep left field, scoring Johnson and Stroud with the winnings runs. "My arm was sore," explained Schauer.

Kinsella divided the work among six pitchers, who went two innings each. Flanagan and Gipe are the furthest advanced, and each put plenty of speed into the balls served the batters. The other four took things easily. In addition to pitching with skill, Flanagan drove a home run far across the tennis court in deep left field, and a little later on pulled in a line drive from Foster Kinsella with one hand.

Marshall, who has been setting the pace in slugging, made two safe hits. The most impressive showing was made by Holke, who handled a number of difficult chances at first base and twice hit safely.

But it was the umpiring of Dick Kinsella which made the game diffident. He was as slow as Judge Landis in reaching a decision, and, like that eminent jurist, he displayed a desire to hear the opinion of all sides before making up his mind. He was not good on balls and strikes, and in his most flagrant piece of work Lenore, a local player, was his victim. It is feared that this may make a bad impression in Marlin.

The wonderful democratizing influence of baseball was illustrated as soon as Kinsella took his stand behind the pitcher and began to "call them wrong." Until to-day he was "Mr. Kinsella" to these recruits, who owe their discovery to his keen eyes, but this afternoon he was more familiarly addressed as "You robber!"

If Marshall gets to the Polo Grounds, Coogan's Bluff is going to re-echo a lot of chatter. He is a noisy catcher and is full of the quips of the minor leagues. While Marshall is catching no pitcher will ever forget that he has "got 'em swinging."

Marshall slept unduly long this morning, and when he came down for breakfast he found that the doors of the dining room were closed against him. One of the older players took him aside and said: "Kinsella will be mighty mad if he finds out about this. You know the club has to pay for these meals whether you eat them or not."

Marshall was somewhat distressed, and at last he decided to confess his fault. Going to the scout, he said: "Mr. Kinsella, I came down to breakfast so late that I couldn't get in the dining room and I didn't get anything to eat. But this is the first time I have missed a meal this trip, and you may be sure it won't happen again."

Chief Meyers and Mrs. Meyers arrived shortly after the game to-day. When the chief was informed that there were two hard hitting catchers here, he allowed that now there were three.

With Meyers and Homer Glass already on deck, and Jim Thorpe still to come, the New York Giants possess more Indians than any attraction in this country, with the single exception of Pawnee Bill's Wild West show.

Form play is best in baseball, just as in every sport. The prettiest girl in Marlin won five pounds of candy today by betting on the Flatfeet. Pressed to tell the reason of her choice, she explained that Harry Smith had the "loveliest shoulders" she had ever seen.

When Bob Cook pitched for Princeton, back in 1905, he had to quit the box before the Yale series because he strained his arm in one of the early games. Cook is a wise player now. In the game to-day he merely lobbed the ball over. Like all veterans, he has grown speed stingy.

The teams in to-day's game were made up as follows: Flatfeet—Smith, centre; Gipe, pitcher and third base; Johnson, first base; Stroud, second base; Glass, third base, pitcher and shortstop; Cook, shortstop and pitcher; Huenke, left field; Kinsella, centre field; Lenore, right field. Leathernecks—Marshall, centre; Flanagan, pitcher and centrefield; Holke, first base; Kirmayer, second base; Brainard, shortstop; Kores, third base; Erickson, left field and pitcher; Ritter, centre field; Schauer, right field and pitcher.

Score by innings:

									R.	H.	E.
Flatfeet	0	1	1	0	0	2	0	0	4	4	1
Leathernecks	0	1	1	0	1	0	0	0	3	5	2

Musings from Marlin, Camp of the Giants

By HEYWOOD BROUN.

Marlin Springs, Tex., Feb. 27.—Marlin has its share of saloons, and they are run on the principle that a house divided against itself may prove profitable. In the majority of bars the first half of the room is reserved for white patrons. Midway along the bar a partition runs across the room, and in this rear inclosure the negroes may drink. On Broadway the reveller at a certain stage of the evening becomes a little brother to all the world, but the democracy of inebriety does not extend so far in Texas. It is conceivable that a man of Marlin might not be able to walk a chalk line, but no Texan ever abandons the color line.

Cowboys contribute largely to the night life of Marlin. Not a few ride in to trade at the stores and see the picture shows. Films of life on the plains are the most popular with the men from the ranges. These dramas take the cowboys from reality and make them forget the dull drabness of their own existence as they watch a life which they have never seen.

The water of Marlin cures many ills, say thousands of grateful patients. Nobody needs to convince us of its curative virtues. We believed all we had heard about it as soon as we took one swallow. A just Providence would not put water of such a taste into the world if it were not good for something.

But some wise folk do not drink the water. They merely wash in it. For such a number of bathing establishments have been built. It was in one of these bathhouses that we began to doubt the assertion so often made in the South that the negro has no knowledge and wants none. Our rubber was a giant in ebony, and, having asked and ascertained our newspaper connection, he inquired with a great show of solicitude as to the health of "Massah Greeley." The news pained him. He felt sure that the waters of Marlin might have saved the great editor.

Brows are high or low according to no set standard. Every now and again the baseball writer flings "bone" or "ivory" at the men on the diamond, but here in Marlin a negro porter in the Arlington Hotel declared that he was overjoyed to see the players once again. "It's suhtinly an education to have them around," he said.

Any one who is at all familiar with college athletics must wonder at the training system of professional ball players. The college man who is striving for an "H" or a "Y," or whatever his letter may be, overlooks no detail of diet or hygiene in his effort to gain the last fraction of speed or of strength. The professional to whom that fraction of physical efficiency means not an "H" or a "Y," but a career and a fortune, trains only on the broadest kind of lines.

Of course, with a few exceptions the baseball player keeps regular hours and drinks rarely, if ever. On the other hand, the player who takes any scientific interest in his diet is almost unknown, and the man who will forego pipe, cigar or even cigarette is mighty rare.

What! You say Cobb drinks now and again and Wagner smokes? Well, neither Hans nor Ty needs that fraction of physical efficiency which the scrupulous man has over the fellow who is merely careful.

Uncle Mose, the hermit of Marlin, was found dead on a railroad track a few months ago. Old age had slowed him up to such an extent that he could no longer get out of the way of railroad trains.

Montclair Five Keeps Up Winning Streak

[By Telegraph to The Tribune.]

Montclair, N. J., Feb. 27. The Montclair Academy basketball team registered its twelfth consecutive victory yesterday by defeating the Bordentown Military Institute five. The score was 39 to 18.

Fred Toney Not to Jump.

Louisville, Feb. 27.—Fred Toney, a pitcher, secured by the Brooklyn National League Club last season by draft from Louisville, denies in a letter to-day to President O. H. Wathen of the Louisville club, the report that he intends to sign with the Federal League. It is likely Toney will pitch again this year for Louisville.