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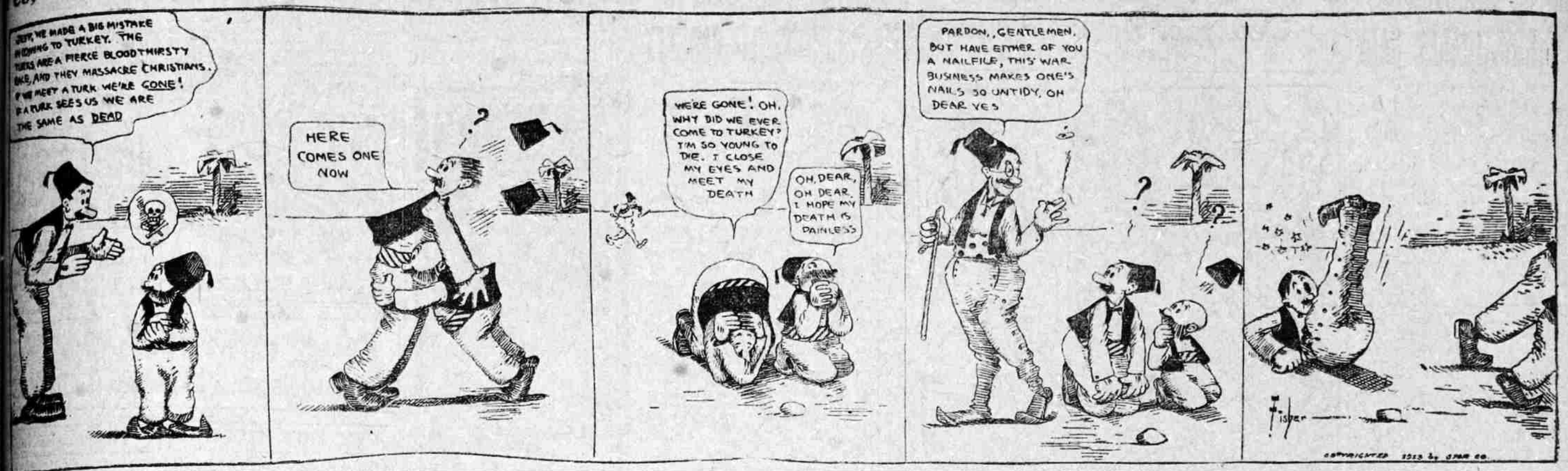
Yes, Indeed! The Turks Are Some Fierce People

By "Bud" Fisher



WALTER JOHNSON IS IN LUCK
REAL CLUB BEHIND HIM NOW

Training Preparations of the Major League Clubs Well Under Way.

BY W. J. MACBEETH.

NEW YORK, Feb. 1.—The open season of baseball is fast approaching. Two weeks hence John J. McGraw will have inaugurated the active campaign by leading his charges to the celebrated watering place of Marlin Springs, Tex. Another, at short periods, the other major league clubs will hike to the sunshine to get in the first work for the big campaign of 1913.

All the clubs have selected their winter training camps. It but remains for them to rendezvous to start the season humming with the glad cry of prospective pennants in no less than sixteen major league ball parks. Every fan is entitled to a pennant each spring for his benefit.

It will be much the same this year, I suppose, as in the many years that have gone by. Training, training, class is bound to tell. When the fields get straightened out for the back stretch run about the habitual trailers are very likely to be trailing again or thereabouts. Of course, there is no telling what may happen to baseball—a little circumstance that makes the great game what it is. One or two of those now selected for the down-and-outers is likely to spring such a surprise as "Old Foxy" Clark Griffith did in the American league a few years ago. These, however, will be exceptions.

Look for that, on the whole, the first flight teams will pretty nearly maintain as good as they now enjoy. In the National league Pittsburg may lose New York's champion Giants, and Chicago has a mighty good chance of finishing as well as she did last, if not better. Give Evers another year or two and he will make things interesting for both Smoke Murphy and the Big Town.

In the American league the fight should be between Philadelphia, Boston and Washington all the time. The Athletics are likely to nip Boston's championship if Connie Mack's old pitchers are to be depended upon, for the wise Connie has lined up two wonderful outfielders, already boasted by far the best held in organized baseball. Washington will be dangerous, too, even so as a year ago, for now the wonderful Walter Johnson has a team of team behind him for the first time in his life. Griffith's men should be much more dangerous than they were a year ago. Their wonderful run of 1912 has given them all sorts of confidence.

There may just possibly be a team or two to crop out in the league. But whether or no, it promises to be a dull campaign except for the clubs destined to the cellar floor. It should be a baseball season from every viewpoint, for there are no less than three managers—or at least new managers in their present situations are concerned. And of the seven no less than five are connected with second division outfits.

Of these five, two in particular will attract the closest scrutiny of fans. They are Frank Chance, who comes to the Highlanders, and George Stallings, who goes to Boston. Both have wonderful ability in the past and their careers are linked in a way by one of the former associations of "The Chief." Both take hold of clubs, but clubs possessed of pennants. They will furnish interesting study for comparison.

Among the Yankees among the marks of the American league Frank Chance is being asked to do that which he has never before attempted—the complete rejuvenation of a hopelessly old outfit. Frank Chance did it with his wonderful Cubs of 1910 to 1912, it must be admitted. His career is as brilliant as any of history. But he found that team ready made for him. One must give him all the credit in the world as a "peerless leader," but as a reconstructionist so far he is untried. What Chance is asked to do Stallings has already done, not once but several times. He did it in Detroit years ago and he did it in New York within the past five years.

No one will try to argue that Stallings is as great a baseball leader as Frank Chance. The records would not substantiate it, but if Stallings's ability as a builder is possessed by Chance then the Hilltoppers are due for much better things in the near future. It is one thing to lead men, another to dig up the proper men to be led.

Chance is going about his work in a very sensible way. He knows absolutely nothing about the situation he will be called upon to face except what he has learned second hand. But he is not worrying. He intends to find out matters for himself. Consequently he has delayed coming to New York until it is almost time to leave for Bermuda with his charges. He wishes to be here for the schedule meeting of the American league, of course, for he will then get acquainted with his new surroundings and may perhaps absorb some useful knowledge that will lead to a trade or two. But Chance will make no radical changes until he, personally, has weighed his material.

No one realizes more than "Husk" that he has a job on his hands. The Peerless Leader understands New York, which demands quick action as a rule. But he is building for the future and not for the approaching season.

Chance will go carefully, and it is a dead certainty he will not make any precipitate mistakes. He showed his keen wisdom when he accepted all the arrangements that had been made for the training of the team before he had been engaged.

And just a word in closing on the Yankees' training trip.

It is likely to make a whole lot of other big league teams sorry that they did not secure the island grounds after the benefits shown by Jersey City a year ago.

Farrell's team will condition in an ideal climate, a temperature that is never excessively hot and is never chilly. The thermometer flirts from 65 to 75, never varies from those extremes except on very rare occasions. March is free from rains and there is comparatively no wind.

While sequestered, there is enough novelties to be seen about the island to keep any one interested for far longer than a month. New York will be at Hamilton during the rush season for tourists and there is little danger of the stay becoming lonesome or monotonous.

Besides, the team will be better sheltered and better fed than is possible anywhere in Dixie land. Farrell has rented a hotel for the exclusive use of his ball players. He is sending down his own corps of chefs and helpers and will also ship his provisions three times weekly from this port.

WALTER JOHNSON.

LAST BIG RABBIT HUNT NEXT FRIDAY

Special to The Tribune.

OGDEN, Feb. 1.—By accepting the invitation which has been extended by a number of Hooper sportsmen, the Ogden rabbit hunters will be able on next Friday to participate in what will probably be the last big rabbit hunt of the season to the territory at the north of the lake.

The Hooper hunters have arranged for a special train to Monument, and any of the local sportsmen are at liberty to participate.

While the hunt will be staged on the same ground covered by the Ogden party a few weeks ago, there is said to be no danger of a shortage of rabbits, as the spot is evidently a favored one for the long-eared lopers. Hunters who have visited the territory since the big shoot state that the supply is undiminished.

Return Trophies to King and Czar
Jim Thorpe's Prizes on Way Back

Athlete Blossoms Out as Full-fledged Professional Ball Player.

By International News Service.

NEW YORK, Feb. 1.—Jim Thorpe, the wonderful Sac and Fox Indian athlete, acclaimed by all the world as the greatest all-around athlete of modern times, who has been summarily expelled from the Amateur Athletic union and whose remarkable records will be stricken from all athletic histories, all because he played baseball for money, is now a full-fledged professional.

Thorpe has confessed to being guilty of professionalism. He has admitted that he played ball two seasons with the Rocky Mountain team of the Northwestern Carolina league. He defends himself by pleading he was only an Indian boy, half educated to the ways of white folks.

This unexpected blotch on Thorpe's career will necessitate the forwarding to the nations of the world an expression of humble apology on the part of America for entering Thorpe in the Olympic games last summer at Stockholm.

Above are shown the two prizes awarded to Thorpe for his victories in the panthelon and decathlon all-around athletic competitions. The bust was the prize donated by the king of Sweden and the Viking ship was presented by the czar of Russia. These coveted trophies have been surrendered by Thorpe to Secretary Sullivan of the A. A. U., who has shipped them back to the royal donors.

The bottom photograph is one of Thorpe's latest.

James E. Sullivan, secretary of the Amateur Athletic union, yesterday received from the Carlisle Indian school the two handsome challenge trophies won by James Thorpe at the 1912 Olympic games in Stockholm.

Thorpe also returned to the A. A. U. the emblem of his all-around championship won at Celtic park last September. The trophy and championship now reverts to John Bredemus of Princeton.

The Olympic trophies are being returned to the Swedish Olympic authorities. Through Davis, Turner & Co. they were shipped on the steamship New York of the American line. They are consigned to Christian Hellstrom, secretary of the Swedish Olympic committee.

Dispatches from Carlisle state that the newspapers and citizens of Pennsylvania have started a penny fund in the interest of the professionalized Thorpe. It is proposed to raise sufficient capital at a penny a head to purchase an American trophy for the Indian to replace the gifts of the European sovereigns.

When he signed a contract with the Giants late this (Saturday) afternoon, Jim Thorpe said he wanted to pitch, but McGraw expects to use him in the outfield. Even if Thorpe merely sits on the bench it is estimated his presence will attract more than enough patronage to pay his salary.

Thorpe this afternoon reconsidered his promise to tell Secretary James Sullivan of the A. A. U. the names of other amateur athletes who played baseball for money. Thorpe said that as he was now a full-fledged professional he did not care to mix up in amateur matters any more. Scores of amateur athletes will breathe easier when they learn Thorpe's determination not to turn informer.

Defeat Army Officers.

Yesterday afternoon the Salt Lake Rifle association team met the team composed of the officers of Company H of Fort Douglas in the National Guard armory and defeated them by a score of 471 to 443.

World's greatest athlete and prizes he had to relinquish.

Brown's Blue Law Likely To Kill Boxing on Coast

California Legislature, So Eager for "Reforms," It May Pass Even This Puritanical Measure.

By W. W. Naughton.

SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 1.—Is boxing to be placed under the ban in California?

Senator Brown of Los Angeles says it is, but senators err in their prognostications at times.

Brown is anxious to stamp out professional pugilism in this state, and in pursuance of his purpose he has framed a bill which is to be passed upon by the legislature at present in session.

In the new measure, everything bearing upon boxing contests is made a felony. Nothing in the shape of side issues has been overlooked. If a complement of "fans" want to discuss the possibilities of a scrap that is to take place in some other state, they will have to go out into the sand dunes and talk in whispers.

It is such a prohibitory, air-tight, water-tight affair that there is a promise of it being self-strangled. Senators and assemblymen who ordinarily have little use for the sport of gloves are likely to conclude that the Brown law is too much of a blue law and refuse to accord it their support.

At that the fellows who derive a sustenance from boxing are uneasy. It is felt that soberness and severity comprise the earmarks of the 1913 legislature in California and that any measure of reform is liable to be "passed to print."

If the sport is made taboo, it will be some time before San Francisco adapts itself contentedly to new conditions. This is one place in which the popularity of boxing never wanes. It is nigh onto thirty years since fighting was converted into an indoor sport in this city, yet the thing continues to flourish like a green bay tree.

It is only fair to say that the game has been shorn of many of its objectionable features. The public has "become educated to it," as the saying is, and the chances of faking successfully have been minimized to such an extent that crookedness has been practically abandoned.

If the game goes under, the older of the fans will content themselves with living in the past. And what a pugilistic retrospect San Francisco boasts. No other city in the world has housed the ring celebrities that this city has during the past quarter of a century.

We have seen John L. Sullivan in action with his old rival, Paddy Ryan. We have watched Jim Burke and Jack Dempsey swatting each other with bigger gloves than are used now, and we saw Peter Jackson, Australian colored marvel, in his opening engagement on American soil.

Champions and near-champions from the four quarters of the globe have battled in front of San Francisco fight crowds. Among the little fellows we have had Frankie Murphy, the English boy; Australian Billy Murphy, Johnny Murphy, Tommy Warren and Jack Havelin.

Will we ever forget when doughty Abe Willis was imported specially from Australia to give George Dixon a fight for the championship, and how Dixon almost settled his visitor's aspirations with vicious left rips in the opening round?

Who can forget the Dempsey-Le Blanche fight, and the Jack McAuliffe-Jimmy Carroll bout? And doesn't the Jimmy Carroll-Sammy Blakelock affair linger in memory equally as vividly?

Blakelock was a British lightweight and Carroll an Irish Cockney, who, through long residence had become Americanized. When the date of the contest at the old California club drew near Carroll found he needed more time to train. He dislocated his knee one day while doing road work and Blakelock was mad clear through when a postponement was demanded. He was up to Carroll's tricks and knew that Jimmy would throw his knee out of joint whenever it suited him.

When they met at the club to select a new date, Carroll smiled.

"Wot are yer grinnin' at?" asked Blakelock heatedly.

"I was jest lawffin' ter think er the mug yer'll 'ave on yer goin' back to Lunnon when I get through with yer," said Jimmy.

"Boy," said Sammy, fairly trembling with passion, "I'll take yer outside roight now and give yer a go with the raw uns."

But Carroll merely shook himself and "lawffed" the harder.

Sure enough when Carroll got through with Blakelock the latter's mother would not have known him.

We also had to do with Ike Weir, the celebrated Belfast spider. Who will forget the night he boxed Billy Murphy from the antipodes? The Spider just tied the other foreigner into a knot. Once he feinted at Murphy and when the latter unwound his arms from his head the Spider was over by the far ropes tying his shoe laces.

These are merely reminiscences that come to mind as I write. Mingled with these recollections are others of Joe Goddard, Jim Corbett, George Dawson, Bob Fitzsimmons, Tom Tracy, Dan Creedon, Jake Kilrain, George Godfrey, Danny Needham, Brooklyn Jimmy Carroll, Young Mitchell, Tommy Ryan, Shadow Maher, Jim Hall and a host of others who have no further place in pugilism.

Assuredly when the moving pictures of memory start unfolding a wonderful procession of old-time ring heroes pass in review.

BRITISH WANT AN AMERICAN TRAINER

Special Cable to The Tribune.

LONDON, Feb. 1.—In view of the astonishing preparations that are being made for the Olympic games by both the peoples and the governments of Sweden, France, Germany and America, the English Amateur Athletic association has worked out a scheme for facilitating the training of English athletes for the games in 1916.

After pointing out that the Swedes have engaged an American trainer at a princely salary for expert instruction, and that the Germans are sending a specialist to America in order to study American training methods, the report of the English A. A. A. says:

"It is realized that we really haven't the least idea of the art of a great many of the Olympic events. For instance, among the American and Swedes there are dozens of men who not only beat our best pole jumpers, but by an outrageous margin.

"The athletic advisory committee considers our running spoiled by what is called the Oxford stride as opposed to the Stockholm stride. In hammer throwing our athletes improved by thirty feet after a little instruction from American athletes, and similar improvements can be achieved in other events."

College Rifle Matches.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 1.—Results of matches in the Western Intercollegiate Rifle Shooting league this week were:

California defeated Louisiana, 890 to 880.

Iowa defeated Kansas, 936 to 921.

Perdue defeated United States Veterinary Surgeons, 898 to 832.

Michigan Agricultural college defeated Wisconsin, 917 to 896.

Washington defeated Missouri, 877 to 0 (default.)

West Virginia defeated Minnesota, 897 to 916.

Oklahoma defeated Nebraska, 951 to 848.

Iowa and West Virginia are tied for first place with four wins.