BALL PLAYERS ENTITLED TO ALL THE MONEY THEY CAN GET

Umpire Evans Makes This Assertion and Backs It Up With Two Good Illustrations.

By Umpire Billy Evans.

The average fan thinks playing ball is just like drawing a pension, it's so easy.

From a shady spot in the grandstand it does seem as if the men on the field had a rather easy time of it. On the contrary, it is far from being the cinch it looks.

Most people think the diamond heroes are overpaid. It's all but impossible to make them understand why some nimble athlete should get $6,000 or $7,000 for putting himself on exhibition for a couple hours every afternoon during the summer months.

While it is hard to beat the hours that the major and minor league players are compelled to put in to complete a day's work, still every ball player is entitled to just as much as he can get for his services. There are many reasons for such an assertion, the most important being the great uncertainty connected with the playing of the game.

There is no getting away from the fact that the base ball business is just about the most precarious livelihood a man can engage in. Today he may be a star, sound in mind and body, able to command a fancy salary for his services. Tomorrow he may find himself a cripple, unable to place any value whatever on his ability. The history of base ball contains any number of cases to substantiate so strong a statement.

UMPIRE BILLY EVANS.

Not over four years ago George Stone of the St. Louis Browns was the sensation of the American League. He was a demon at the bat, fast on his feet, consequently a speedy base runner and a very fair fielder. It would be well nigh impossible to state his real value in the base ball market. It is safe to say, however, that the St. Louis club would have turned down $10,000 cash for his services.

For two years Stone shone to advantage, and was a big drawing card. In fact, he showed so well one year that the following season he held out for $5,000, and it is understood he received that amount of salary. Stone was severely criticised from many quarters for the stand he took because of having a big year. They said he was swelled with himself. When one considers what has happened since, it seems Stone made a wise move in holding out until the St. Louis management met his terms.

When right, Stone's speed was one of his best assets, for he combined good sliding with his work on the paths. The fielders knew he was fast, and always hurried the throw on him. On a close play at first he always slid into the bag, thus getting the best of the decision on many a close play.

Two years ago he suffered a severe injury to his ankle, several small bones being broken. He was out of the game several months, and when he returned he was a far different player. The ankle bothered him considerably; he was compelled to favor it. Instead of the daring Stone, he became the careful Stone. It greatly affected his speed, and he no longer took many chances on sliding. In almost a twinkling he dropped from stardom to the mediocre class, for the diminishing of his speed also shrunk his batting average.

Three years ago Stone was a star, one of the attractions of the American League. He was worth every cent he could get, and showed his good business judgment when he forced the St. Louis club to pay him his price. Because of the misfortunes of the game, Stone is no longer in a position to make demands of the St. Louis club; he must take what is offered him, and be satisfied. Thus it behooves a man to get all the money he can for his services when he is an attraction in the eyes of the fans, for the base ball public is mighty fickle. When he fails to deliver the goods it will quickly forget all about him.

When the season of 1910 opened the Cleveland club placed more dependence in the great Addie Joss than in any other twirler on the pay roll. Joss was one man expected to have a big year. Always a careful liver, a pitcher who used his brain, as well as his brawn, there was every reason to believe that he would have a great year. He was in perfect condition when he reported.

Early in the spring Joss went along nicely; it looked as if he would again be the same old stumbling block that he had always been to opposing teams in the past." He had his old-time speed, his quick-breaking curve ball, and a change of pace that was decidedly puzzling.

Some time in June he was working a game in Boston. The score was close, and in his anxiety to win Joss was putting all his stuff on the ball. A Boston player, rather weak on a curve ball, was at the bat, two men were on the bases and two out. Joss realized it meant everything to retire the batter. Using everything at his command he finally got the batter two and three. Then he sneaked over the unexpected, a fast curve, catching the batter flatfooted for the third strike and retiring the side.

It was a costly effort, however, for as he delivered the ball his right arm dropped helplessly to his side. It pained him dreadfully, and Joss knew in an instant that something serious had happened. He went to the bench, made known his trouble and then retired from the game to the clubhouse to have the arm treated. All summer the arm was cared for by the best of specialists. Late in the fall Addie gave it a six-inning trial, and got along nicely, although the arm appeared weak. Not until next year will it be known whether the great effort Joss made to strike out the batter and save the game cost him his livelihood as a big league pitcher.

In the spring of 1910 Joss was one of the Cleveland club's best assets, valued in the neighborhood of $10,000 and able to command a fancy salary for his services. If his arm is gone he is practically worthless to the Cleveland owners as a pitching asset and his breadwinner is of no further use to him. That one strike may cost the Cleveland club and Joss thousands of dollars.

These are but two striking instances of how quickly and how easily a star player may put himself out of the running by taking some desperate chance. Scores of just such incidents happen every year in the major and minor leagues.

It is the ambitious, aggressive player who is valuable, and it is always such players who are most liable to injury. The career of the ball player is short at the very best; he must get the money while his services are in demand, consequently he is not to be blamed for bickering each year over a contract that will get him the best inducements. He has not the slightest idea whether next year will find him in a position to do the dictating, so he must make hay while the sun shines.

It does seem as if the player gets his money easily, but when all other things are taken into consideration he earns every cent he gets. It is a well known fact that few ball players die rich, and benefits for some unfortunates are very frequent occurrences.

McALEER MUST SELECT HIS OUTFIELD FROM THIS SQUAD.

RED SOX TO LET OUT A STRONG TRIO

Special Dispatch to The Star.

BOSTON, Mass., November 26.—Pitcher Wood, Catcher Carrigan and Clyde Engel are among Red Sox likely to go by trade or sale as a result of slicing of salaries by John I. Taylor.

Pitcher McTighe, a New England League crack, has been awarded to the Boston Nationals.

GAME MAKES FIGHTERS TRY TO "COME BACK"

Jimmy Dunn Says It Isn't Money Pugilists Are After at All Times.

CALL OF THE WILD PROVES TOO MUCH

Corbett Still Carries Gloves With Him—Sharkey Still Has Hopes of Regaining Title.

Every other day we hear of some old star in the fighting game trying to come back, says Jimmy Dunn. The latest is Kid Herman of Chicago, who was one of the best lightweights in the world a few years ago. He is now trying to induce some fight promoter to put him on. There was Terry McGovern, who tried to come back several times and would not quit the game until they would not put him on any more.

Then comes Young Corbett, who pitifully tries to put himself in shape every once in a while, but some preliminary fighter beats him and we hear nothing from Corbett for a few months. But he then breaks into print in some other part of the country, fighting some local boy. He just can't quit the game, and will be boxing as long as he can make a dollar or enough to keep him in training.

Stanley Ketchel, middleweight champion, lost his health and beat it for a Missouri ranch to get back in shape.

Even Jeff Couldn't Quit.

Even old Jeff could not quit. He retired champion, but the call of the ring was too much for him; he had to come back, and it would not surprise me to hear of Jeffries fighting some one a few years later. Look at Fitzsimmons; although he is fifty years old, he still tries to beat some one.

There seems to be something about the fighting game that holds the fighters. Some people will say it is the money, but I really think it is the game they like, of course, they have got to make some money to keep going.

Being a pugilist myself, I know just how they feel. You can't quit. If I was not managing Johnny Kilbane and the rest of my boys I sure would be fighting, but I get all the boxing I want.

Dunn May Try Again Himself.

But I often long for a real fight in the ring, but I have come through about two hundred battles and have never been hurt or carry any "tin ears," as they call them. I have been a little more lucky than the average pugilist with bringing out other fighters, and as long as I can get in the gym every day and get a chance to do some boxing and make money as a manager I will be satisfied to keep out of the ring. But if my boys would have any bad luck I suppose I would be with the rest of the bunch, trying to come back.

Despite the fact that I am boxing every day with my boys, the lust for the ring gets into my veins so strong at times that it is all I can do to keep out.

And, to tell the truth, it is only the fact that my mother wants me to quit that keeps me from fighting. The little mention recently in the papers that I might fight Bat Nelson worried her for a week. But at that I expect some time to join the big list of others and make my re-entry into the ring.

Corbett Carries Gloves With Him.

Jim Corbett is another example of the fighter who can't give up the game completely. He went out and worked with Jim Jeffries, giving up valuable theatrical engagements to do it. And why? Simply because he couldn't stay away, and there was more truth than poetry in his declaration some time ago that if Jeff did not fight Johnson he would. And I firmly believe that he would have done it, too.

Corbett still has that desire to mix it in the ring and carries a pair of boxing gloves with him all the time. And whenever he gets a chance in any city he is always in a gymnasium, explaining to curious fans this punch and that and how he won some of his famous battles.

Tom Sharkey, who is quite wealthy, is still trying to get a fight with Jack Johnson, and is reported to be working out daily in New York. It is not the money he is after, for he has all the money he needs, but simply the call of the ring that he cannot resist.

Battling Nelson, called the "Fighting Millionaire," is still training and fighting and hopes to win back his championship from Ad Wolgast. It is just the game and the glory that keeps him in the fight game, as he owns half of Hegewisch, Ill., and has enough to keep himself royally for the rest of his days.

Kid McCoy, who owns three or four autos, is a diamond broker and married to one of the wealthiest widows in New York, still is in the game, or trying to keep in it. He fought over a year ago and is now managing Willie Lewis.

"Philadelphia Jack" O'Brien, one of the richest pugilists in the world today, owns and manages a boxing club in Philadelphia, and is still fighting.

Religiously inclined people say that it is the evil in a man that makes him fight; others say it is only for money, but, believe me, it's the game itself which has such a fascination for those who get in it that they cannot quit.

LEGALIZE BOXING.

New Yorkers Trying to Get Bill Through Legislature.

NEW YORK, November 26.—When the next legislature convenes at Albany a bill will be introduced legalizing public boxing exhibitions of a limited number of rounds before incorporated athletic clubs. Several well known boxing enthusiasts are behind this measure and have received assurance that it will meet with some approval. It is understood that the bill will include a provision for a state boxing commission to be composed of three members, to be appointed by the governor, and whose duties will include the issuing of licenses to clubs of recognized stability. The framers of the bill believe that clubs should pay high fees for licenses, say, $1,000 per club annually, with a percentage of net receipts to be collected as a state tax, the entire money thus realized to be turned over to the state's charitable institutions.

New Orleans Auto Meet.

NEW ORLEANS, La., November 26.—A race meet for automobiles will be held at New Orleans when the third annual Mardi Gras speed carnival is given. This meet will be run in conjunction with a dealers' show at the fair grounds course February 25, 26 and 27. The show will open one day in advance. The dates for the Mardi Gras meet were selected some time ago, but the list of events for the racing part of the program has not been made public. Within the next two weeks this list will be announced, however, and the work of securing entries will begin.

NATURAL BATTERS ARE AMONG THE RARITIES IN BASE BALL

Less Than a Dozen Such Develop in Any One Season's Campaign—Varied Methods of Stars.

Jess Burkett led the New England League in batting the past season with .333, and that "The Crab" did so after being an active player for twenty-two years illustrates what a natural hitter can do even when he is going back instead of coming.

"Once a batter, always a batter," is an old saying in base ball, and it is trite and truthful, but one has to be a natural hitter to be able to live up to the saying.

Burkett was the leading batsman of the National League for three years when he was a member of the Cleveland and St. Louis clubs, and that he has not forgotten the knack of meeting the ball on the nose is because he is a natural hitter. None but that kind ever won the batting honors of any season.

Fred Snodgrass of the Giants caused a big sensation for a time during the past season by leading all competitors in either the National or American League, for the auto, but Snodgrass, not being a natural hitter, could not stand the pace and his fall was as sudden as his rise had been surprising. Snodgrass had a good eye for awhile and was timing the ball fine, but he did not have a free swing nor a quick wrist snap, and as for beating out bunts he was lost as compared with Ty Cobb. Snodgrass had a lucky streak, that was all, and it is doubtful if he ever reaches the high percentage again that he had at the time he was leading the country with the stick for two months or so during the championship season of 1910.

The real natural hitters are not so very many now, and in no season for many years back, if any, have there been over a dozen batters of the caliber of Lajoie and Wagner, players who have led their leagues in hitting year after year. Anson is one of the old-timers who was always a batter and a perfectly natural one, inasmuch as he was equally good and sure at either a high or low ball.

Anson Used Heavy Stick.

There is a great difference, too, in the way the best batters stand at the plate and in the manner they swing at the ball. Anson seldom took a long swipe, the weight of his bat being enough to prevent that anyhow, for Cap's bludgeons were pretty near as heavy as telegraph poles and as long and big as the rules would permit. Anson relied on meeting the ball rather than swinging at it, but the horsehide would shoot off his club like a shot mostly on a line and usually for as long drives as many of the long, free-swing boys. But Anson's forte was not running, and most of the home runs he made had to be wallops over the fences.

Anson stood close up to the plate, too, and would not be driven away. He had so much confidence in his batting ability that all pitchers looked alike to him, and he did not strike out often. So good was his eyes and so difficult it was for a pitcher to fool him that when he did fan it was considered a rare pitching feat and plentiful applause greeted the fortunate twirler, while if on the road Babe was jeered and guyed unmercifully.

Wagner's style at bat is entirely different from Anson's. Honus does not hug the plate. On the contrary, he stands as far away from the rubber as the limit of the batter's box will allow, and he takes a ferociously vicious swipe at the ball, and when the big, husky Dutchman leans up against the bulb fairly and squarely it is liable to go a mile, more or less. Wagner is not particular, either, as to what he hits at. High or low, in or out, he will take the old swing, and consequently he strikes out much oftener than did Anson. But how pitchers do dread the times Honus comes to bat! He is one of the freest hitters that ever swung a bat.

Lajoie Is Graceful.

Lajoie is one of the most graceful batters and fielders who ever played base ball. Every move he makes is a picture, and he is such a natural player that his every act is performed with a minimum of effort. He makes no false moves, and consequently the most difficult of plays appear to be ridiculously easy to him. Where another player would be breaking his back to reach a puzzling grounder or fly, Lajoie handles the ball with consummate ease and grace. Wagner, with his awkward movements, may obtain equal results as Lajoie, but his ungainliness makes him appear cumbersome as compared with the perfect smoothness with which Lajoie performs his work.

At bat, too, the difference between the two players is very marked. Lajoie does not make the crazy swings that feature Wagner's attempts at bat. Larry will frequently lunge at the ball with a long swinging swipe, but that is only when he feels sure that he has just the ball he wants for a long drive. But most of the time Lajoie snaps at the ball with a quick movement that often sends the leather just as hard and as far as with a long swing.

Lajoie is not always looking for a ball "in the groove," either. A ball that cuts the plate does not always appeal to him. Many of the longest and most timely drives he has made have been on balls that were away wide of the plate.

I know of one instance when some Yankee pitcher was trying to pass Lajoie under orders, but what the twirler intended for the fourth ball the Frenchman reached out and soaked it over the rightfield fence for a home run that won the game. This happened in Cleveland several years ago.

Anson, Wagner and Lajoie are all right-handed batters. Ty Cobb, Billy Keeler and Jesse Burkett, players who have led their leagues in batting, are a trio of left-handed batsmen, and they, too, are natural hitters. These players were all very fast men in getting down to first, and their high records were gained partly by beating out bunts.

They are not the slugging hitters of the Dan Brouthers, Roger Connor, Sam Thompson and Sam Crawford style, who were also port-side batsmen, but the science of hitting the ball "where they ain't," as so aptly expressed by Willie Keeler, was exemplified by the first three.

John McGraw was a natural hitter of the type of Keeler and Burkett. No third baseman before or since McGraw's day has equaled the latter's batting record for a series of years.

The real, natural batters of any one season can be counted on one's finger.

BALL PLAYER'S LIFE NOT A SHORT ONE

Only Six of Sharsig's Champion Athletics Have Died in Twenty-Seven Years.

PHILADELPHIA, November 25.—That the old-time base ball player's life was a merry one is generally believed, but it was not a short one as is proven by the history of the men who helped the Athletics to win the American Association championship in 1883. Death has cut into the ranks of these veterans only six times during the twenty-seven years that have passed since "Billy" Sharsig and his pennant winners returned from the west after one of the most sensational races in the history of the national game.

Those who have passed away are O'Brien, Rowan, Matthews, Moynahan, Birchall and Crowley.

Strangely enough both "Bobby" Matthews and Byrne, who formed the famous battery in 1883, until "Jumping Jack" Jones came along and took some of the laurels from "Bobby," died in a hospital after having been given assistance by charitable friends.

O'Brien's case was by far the sadder of the two. His right name was Byrne, and almost through an accident his plight became known in time to prolong his life and to give him much-needed medical attention. To the present day generation of fans, O'Brien was but a fleeting memory, but to the old-timer he was as famous as a Thomas, a Doolin or a Kilng, and his great work behind the bat is still recalled with pleasure.

After leaving the diamond O'Brien dropped out of the public eye and he engaged in the business of a teamster for the Dr. Jayne estate.

Later he became the steward for the Amity Gun Club, which has a clubhouse on the old Deering farm in the Neck, where the famous murders occurred many years ago. O'Brien was ill and in distress and his condition became known to James McNally, a prominent member of the Elks, of which organization the famous old player also belonged. Mr. McNally had O'Brien taken to the Mount Sinai Hospital April 23 last. He was suffering from a complication of diseases, including dropsy, Bright's disease and cirrhosis of the liver. The physicians soon saw that the old player did not have even a fighting chance for life, but the final months of his life were made as comfortable as possible through the kindness of the Elks. At times, though, O'Brien suffered terrible agony.

O'Brien never lost his love for the national game. During the past summer and early fall no fan in the city was more keenly interested in the work of Connie Mack's Athletics than he was. The newspapers were supplied him and he eagerly read every word that was printed about the White Eelephants. Frequently he expressed the wish that he could go to the city hall and talk over old times with his former teammate, Lon Knight.

During his last illness O'Brien was reconciled to his wife, from whom he had been separated for years.

When one pauses to consider the pathetic end of the former star, almost alone and forgotten by the masses who lionized him less than thirty years ago, what a lesson his death should be to the men whose homecoming from Chicago only a few weeks ago was awaited by thousands of fans, who stormed Broad street station just to get a peep at one of the new champions.

Base ball goes on, but the men who made the game are forgotten in the desire to do homage to the new kings of the diamond.

Chief Bender is a crack shot and has been putting in most of his time since the world's series at the traps of the different gun clubs in Philadelphia.

TOURING AMERICAN BOXERS HAVE FUN WITH FIJI BOXERS

Inspired by Jack Johnson, Colored Islanders Saw Glory Ahead, But Were Quickly Disillusioned.

(Copyrighted by T. S. Andrews.)

Special Correspondence of The Star.

SYDNEY, Australia, October 3, 1910.

If Oscar Hammerstein or some of the big vaudeville promoters in America could have witnessed the exhibitions of boxing between the Americans and Fijians at Suva, Fiji Islands, September 27, they would never have bothered about the Johnson-Jeffries moving pictures. It was a sight never to be forgotten, and the people who did see it will have stories to tell their friends for years to come. It was really so funny that words fail to describe the ludicrous side of it.

When the Zealandia steamed into Fiji harbor about 5:30 o'clock Monday afternoon the American boxers, Billy Papke, Ray Bronson, Cyclone Johnny Thompson and Jimmy Clabby, had no idea that they were to show there that night, as no word had been received by wireless that a show had been arranged for. However, upon landing and walking to the main street, they were confronted with a big, seven-foot Fijian, with a large bell and an advertising board swung over his shoulders, announcing the names of all the American boxers who would star that night at town hall. That was the signal for a shout of joy, for the boys were sorely in need of some form of recreation. Mr. Parker, the local promoter, appeared on the scene and stated that 8 o'clock would be the time.

After a hurried dinner the boys made for town hall, where they were met by Joe Cliff, a former boxing champion of New Zealand, and he informed them that they were expected to meet native Fijians in three-round exhibitions, the same as Tommy Burns had done once before. Clabby and Bronson readily agreed, and Papke and Thompson fell in line, but wanted the yellow-haired ones.

The native Fijians turned out in force, and with the whites of the island and the passengers on the steamer, including practically all of the ladies, the place was packed.

Clabby was the first gladiator, and he was introduced by Walter Kelly, the Virginia judge, as the world's champion welter, and his opponent as Emori, the champion twelve-stone boxer of the Solomon Islands. They appeared on the stage and W. F. Corbett of Australia refereed. Clabby made a few feints and tilled the big black into knots. Then Jimmy proceeded to poke his left into his face a dozen times before the black knew where he was at. Jimmy let him go the first round. Then came the second, and the Milwaukee lad threw so many hot shots into the black that he jumped the ropes and went through the window head first, carrying sash and all. The last seen of Emori he was headed down Main street running as if the old nick was after him. When the other warriors saw Emori beating it, they, too, jumped the back benches and made for the hills, not to be seen again that night.

No Fijian could be located for Bronson, so while scouts were out looking for new ones Ray boxed three rounds with a local white boy named Hammond. The poor boy was willing, but knew little of the game, and Ray was merciful to him. When they had finished Joe Cliff had captured another black giant. He faced Bronson and looked like a rooster, jumping with both feet in the air every time he moved. Ray played with him and had to laugh so much himself that he nearly rolled into the footlights. It was a scream and in the third round the black, Emost by name, hurdled to the side of the stage and was lost to view.

The promoters became wise with the first flight of the black fighters and when they brought in the second bunch they put them in a separate room so they could not see their opponents. It was a lucky thought, as otherwise they would not have held them.

A giant black, Moria, and one of the best policemen on the force, was the choice for Papke to face, but he would not go on until William Desmond, the American star in stock work, took up a collection and gave him £3 in advance. Then the fun started. Papke went after his man like a real champion and Moria could not escape to the ropes to jump over, so fast did the blows come. Finally he made a dive for the side of the stage and hurdled the chairs.

Judge Kelly and Mr. Desmond followed close on his heels and would not let him take the gloves off. They explained in pantomime that Papke did not understand and that he was a bigger man than the Illinois Thunderbolt and he was induced to return. The burly policeman started to mix the second round, but as he came in Billy let go a short arm jolt to the jaw and Moria looked silly. When he found his chair he laughed long and loud and said he had been to the happy hunting grounds.

The toughest Fijian of the lot had been overcome in the rush and it remained for Johnny Thompson to tame him. This fellow was bigger than Tom Sharkey and strong as a bull. He would make a great wrestler if given lessons. Well had evidently made up his mind to show up Johnny, for he rushed in like a young and angry bovine. As he did so Johnny uppercut him on the body and he doubled up like a jackknife, but came back for more. He got the strangle hold on Johnny and held him as though in a vise, and it took all Referee Corbett's strength to loosen his hold. Then Emossi, who by the way was a dock artist, let go with his left hoof and kicked Johnny on the thigh. This nettled the pride of Sycamore, Ill., and he cut loose for keeps. There was a general mixing, and when it ended Emossi looked at the referee and said: "Me got enough." Mr. Corbett told Emossi he was a good fighter, but he only replied: "Me no fighter. White man he big fighter."

One of the big men of the town, in commenting on the show, said: "These natives had heard of Johnson's victory and supposed they, too, were boxers, and the lessons they got from the American boys will do a world of good here. Why, it will tame them for a long time to come." It was really the best workout the American invaders had during the entire trip and every one was anxious to have more blacks to practice on.

The first sight of real Australian soil by the American boxers was when they struck Morton Island, just off Brisbane, in Queensland. A big reception had been planned for the visiting boxers in Brisbane by Mr. Wetzel, manager of the big club there, and other sporting men, including Mayor Hethrington, but in this instance the tide interferred with the plans. Word had been sent by wireless that the Zealandia would reach Pinkenba, the entrance port to Brisbane, at 3 o'clock, and the club members, with the mayor, were on hand with motor cars to take the party to the city, which is nine miles from Pinkenba. However, the boat became hung up by the tide just a few miles from the entrance, and it was 4:30 before the water rose enough to permit the steamer to proceed. It was 6 o'clock when the landing was effected and the reception committee had been obliged to return to the city, owing to the fact that a championship battle was on that evening between Billy Elliott and Joe Russell for the title of the state.

Instead of taking motor cars to the city, the boys were given a train ride, and reached the heart of the city about 8 o'clock, just in time to see the principals weigh in at the ringside of the Stadium, and in turn be introduced by Manager Wetzel as the invading Yankees under contract to Hugh D. McIntosh of Sydney. They were given a warm welcome, and Jimmy Clabby was obliged to make a speech after Billy Papke had said a few words. Walter Kelly was also there, and joined in the festivities with the rest of the Americans.

The fight was a crackerjack, and gave the Yankees a chance to get a line on the style of the Australians. Bronson and Thompson were especially interested, as the boys were of their class. After the battle the party retired to the Hotel Royal, where an impromptu reception was held, and true Australian hospitality prevailed. It gave them an idea of what was waiting for them at Sydney and Melbourne. It was also stated that Clabby would in all probability be matched with Bob Bryant at the welterweight limit for one of the first bouts on Australian soil. Lines were also out for a contest between Johnny Summers, the English lightweight, and either Ray Bronson or Cyclone Thompson.

The entrance to Brisbane is a rather perilous one, there being many reefs and shoals to avoid. It is sixty-six miles from the lighthouse into the harbor, owing to the many changes of the route to avoid the reefs.

TIGERS MAY ROW.

Princeton Expected to Enter Crews in Intercollegiate Contests.

PRINCETON, N. J., November 26.—It is expected that Princeton University will enter crews in intercollegiate contests next spring. Since Carnegie lake has been available there has been plenty of interest in rowing at Princeton. Class regattas have been a success, and during a college generation of rowing practice good oarsmen have been trained in Tigertown. The sport has been branching out as much as possible. A freshman crew raced a Philadelphia high school eight on Lake Carnegie last spring. The only things which prevented rowing becoming a varsity sport were a lack of men interested and the possibility of stunting other teams by enrolling crew candidates.

The success of this fall's interclass regatta and the quality of the junior crew have aroused considerable hopes that a Princeton varsity eight will race this coming spring. Dr. J. Duncan Spaeth, who has been teaching rowing at Princeton, has commented on the possibility of intercollegiate races. He is quoted as follows: "It is hoped that races can be arranged for the freshman and the varsity next spring with outside crews. It is understood that Yale, Cornell and Pennsylvania have each expressed their willingness to send crews. If the necessary permission to arrange such race can be secured the freshman and varsity crews will continue regular exercise on the rowing machines in the gymnasium during the winter, and the chances are that next spring will find Princeton doing very creditable work on the water."

Princeton's Swimmers Busy.

PRINCETON, N. J., November 26.—Edwin Wallace, manager of Princeton's aquatic forces, has announced the following fixtures for the Tigers in the series of dual meets that will decide the intercollegiate swimming and water polo championships of 1910-11: January 14, Cornell at Princeton; February 11, Columbia at New York; February 18, Pennsylvania at Princeton; February 28, Yale at New Haven. The date with C. C. N. Y. has not been decided upon, owing to a strange misunderstanding.

Indianapolis Motor Races.

NEW YORK, November 26.—It is expected that a flood of foreign entries will be received for the 500-mile race to be held at the Indianapolis motor speedway May 27, 1911. The unusual interest displayed by the European manufacturers in the contest that will carry $25,000 has led the management of the Hoosier course to appoint a representative in Berlin. He is R. S. MacElwee, an American engineer.

INQUISITIVE FANS.

Sporting Editor Star:

A is on first base, B on second and C on third. B runs to third and C starts for home. B reaches third and is tagged with the ball while on the base. C has left the base and is on his way home. Is B out? R. J. P.

No B would be out if he and C were disputing possession of the base, but in this case C had given up his claim temporarily.

Sporting Editor Star:

What team in the American League has largest average attendance at home, and which draws the most on the road?

Last year the Red Sox averaged 10,618 per game at home, which was the largest. Detroit drew the best on the road, averaging 9,093 per game.

Sporting Editor Star:

What is the record for throwing 12-pound hammer?

205 feet 10¾ inches.

Sporting Editor Star:

Why did Washington and Detroit play series in Detroit when St. Louis, Chicago and Cleveland in east?

Series was postponed on account of Elks' convention, as it was thought games would draw larger crowds.

Sporting Editor Star:

How many games has old Cy Young won and lost this year?

Won seven and lost eight.

Sporting Editor Star:

If there are three men on bases, none out, the batter hits an infield fly and the second baseman muffs it, is the batter out or not?

He sure is.

Sporting Editor Star:

Please state in Sunday's sporting sheet the distance from the home plate to the bull sign in left field, National Park, and if this is the same distance in all ball parks. READER.

The distance is about 380 feet. The distance varies on all parks.

Sporting Editor Star:

Please publish a brief history of Cy Young and the age of Walter Johnson and oblige very much, JAMES DEMMON.

1—Cy Young's first professional engagement was with Cleveland in 1890. He has been a consistent winner for Cleveland, St. Louis and Boston.

2—Walter Johnson is twenty-two years old.

Skating Season On.

NEW YORK, November 26.—In a couple of weeks, or perhaps less, the skater will be in his glory, and already those who are keen on the sport have been sharpening up their blades with the expectation of an active racing season. If matters turn out as they did last year the flashing of the steel blades will be rare, and there will be no need of any great preparation, but maybe the A. A. U. will again take control and make the right kind of an effort to popularize the king of winter pastimes. No outdoor sport is more in need of a helping hand.

Amateur Fencers' League.

NEW YORK, November 26.—The annual schedule of the Amateur Fencers' League of America has been sent out by the secretary, W. Scott O'Connor, and this time it is longer than ever, covering a period of six months, from December till May. The list contains the entire fixtures for seven divisions, and these, with New York, are New England, Long Island, eastern Pennsylvania, Michigan, Maryland and Illinois. The final bouts in the national championship will be held in the gymnasium of the New York A. C. April 21 and 22 next, and in each division the three highest men with each weapon will be eligible for these bouts.

Speaking of the Northwestern League, President Cohn of the Spokane Club had many words of praise for Shortstop Cooney, the Cub youngster, whose real name is Cohn also. Mr. Cohn said "Cooney" would not hit more than 1.000, but that he would prove a valuable man for the Cubs in other ways.

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