

SPORTING DOPE

Charles Murphy returned from a trade trip yesterday without having added any wonders to the Cub pitching string.

Murphy immediately unloaded a roast on Hugh Jennings, who said Saturday that the Cubs were due to slip, with Chance and Finker gone. The other statement of the Cub president was a scream. He said Mordecai Brown could not be traded by Louisville unless the deal had his O. K. Murphy declared this was done to prevent Brownie being dealt with unfairly and sent among comparative strangers. This gab is from the same gent who canned Brownie when the latter had a three-year contract.

A dispatch from Syracuse says that Jim Archer will refuse to sign a next year's contract with the Cubs unless he is handed \$10,000 for the season. With facts to back him up, Jim declares he caught last year when he should have been in the hospital, and his hitting had much to do with Cub success.

Fred Westervelt, who umpired last year in the American League, will be in the American Association next year. This is good news to the White Sox.

Connie Mack, manager of the Philadelphia Athletics, is 50 years old today.

Fielder Jones, former manager of the White Sox, has been elected to a three-year term as president of the Northwestern League.

Eddie McGoorty was in Chicago yesterday, and ridiculed the

claim of Billy Papke to the middleweight championship. McGoorty admitted that he was the only real champion and Papke was a shine.

Two hundred entries have been received for the ninth annual track meet of the First Regiment A. A., Jan. 24 and 25. Most of the conference colleges will be represented.

Gary, Ind., may become the new mecca for Chicago boxing fans. Beginning with the first of the year the lid will be lifted, according to reliable reports, and the steel city will stage weekly bouts. The first card has been arranged for New Year's night. The boxers who will mix on this occasion have not been selected, but two local boys will furnish the main go.

Willie Ritchie, the conqueror of Ad Wolgast, will show at a Chicago theater on his vaudeville trip.

ONLY!

He—Do you remember your old school friend Daisy?

She—Indeed, I do. A most absurd-looking thing! So silly, too! What became of her?

He—Oh, nothing. Only—I married her.

They're selling a "doll that the baby can't break." We've tried that kind and baby didn't break it. Baby ate it. Wonderful how patient and persistent a mere babe will become when it finds it can't smash things! Ever notice it?