IF IT HAPPENS IT'S HERE.

THE HERALD'S SPORTING PAGES

IF IT'S HERE IT'S RIGHT.

SILER ON PUGILISM | Fullerton ON BASEBALL | Lowenthal ON FOOTBALL | KEOUGH ON RACING.

REVERIES OF A REFEREE

BY GEORGE SILER.

Charley Mitchell, who it will be remembered signed articles to fight John L. Sullivan last September, which match, as was expected, died a natural death, has gone to the other side of the Atlantic to bring over an Irishman who he says can beat any man in this country. The Irishman is 24 years old, and can hit harder and mix it faster than any fighter in the business, according to Mitchell. The cunning Charley, however, will not divulge his name until he has him well matched. The new wonder, Mitchell says, can beat "Kid" McCoy, Jack O'Brien or Fitzsimmons hands down, and therefore is really too good a match against other than the best men in the country. This, coming from Charley, looks good in print, but those well versed in the game pugilistic think it a huge joke.

Mitchell was some shucks himself when in harness, and gave John L. Sullivan, when the latter was in his prime, the fight of his life. He took but little active part in pugilism after that fight until he hooked up with James J. Corbett at Jacksonville, Fla., on Jan. 25, 1904. When he matched with Jim he really thought he had a chance of winning, but he went wrong in training, and entered the ring well within the middleweight limit instead of a 175-pound heavyweight, as he expected. Despite the fact the weight rolled off of him without any hard work he was as happy as a lark while preparing for the contest, and never permitted the possible outcome of the battle to worry him. In fact his training quarters at Anastasia island opposite St. Augustine, was simply a fun-making establishment, with Mitchell acting the role of joker.

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Mitchell kept up his good humor and his jollity during and after the fight. At the end of the first round, and while walking to his corner, he turned toward Hugh E. Keough and the writer, who were seated near his corner, and with a merry twinkle in his eye, said: "Hi 'ave a chawnce. 'E hisn't a bit rude." After receiving a good beating and being knocked down in the second session, he remarked: "The bloke can go a bit, cawn't 'e?"

He took his defeat gracefully, despite the fact he should have been awarded the fight on a foul, but his father-in-law, "Pony" Moore, almost yelped his head off about the treatment his son-in-law received at the hands of the referee. "Honest" John Kelly, Meeting Mitchell in his room at the Everett hotel at Jacksonville after the fight, while Charley was being rubbed down, the old fellow, excited and actually blue in the face with rage, blurted out: "Charley, that was the rottenest deal a man ever got. The blasted referee robbed you. He saw Corbett hit you down and then gave him the fight."

"Did 'e 'it me down, Pony?" asked Charley.

"Hit you down, Charley? Of course he did, the blasted swine," yelled Moore at the top of his voice.

"The brute," said Mitchell, winking at Masterson.

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Mitchell took the fight and everything pertaining to it as a huge joke and was as happy and as jolly over it as was Corbett. "Pony," however, stormed and raved over the deal h's boy received until he boarded the steamer for home, and for all I know, he is still yelping about it.

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Reports from the east state that Gus Ruhlin intends claiming the heavyweight championship, which is about the cheapest thing a fighter can do nowadays. Big Gus has had several simon pure cracks for the honor, and as he could not secure the title by exchanging wallops with the top-notchers he has concluded to make an effort to gain the title by the newspaper route. Gus has been a persistent aspirant for the championship ever since the night he gave Steve O'Donnell a warm four-round argument. Billy Madden was toting Steve towards San Francisco, and, thinking to pick up a few dollars en route, stopped at Akron, O., where Ruhlin was located. Looking around for a big, husky fellow for Steve to punch, Madden was bumped into Gus, who, he was told, knew a thing or two about fighting. Billy hired the big Swiss for a mark and expected to see his man O'Donnell smother him with the mitts. Instead, Gus sailed into Steve, and, it is said, had the better of the set-to. Billy took a shine to the Akron giant, and has had him under his managerial wing ever since.

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Ruhlin came by his reputation as a fighter honestly, in so far as he won his first fight by defeating a strolling Ohio heavyweight named Wright, who was touring the state and offering $50 to any man that could stand before him four rounds. Wright dropped into Akron one day and placarded the dead walls of the town with his $50 fistic offer. Gus was as green as the external part of a watermelon regarding the handling of boxing gloves, but as he was big and strong and needed the money he accepted the Ohio champion's offer.

Wright shaped up like the real goods and planted several hard lefts and rights on Ruhlin's face and body before he (Ruhlin) was aware the fight had begun. A hard left on the nose, which drew the claret, followed by a right to the jaw, which made him see stars, aroused his Swiss fighting blood, and, tearing after the champion, he swung right and left for all that was in him. His left missed Wright by a foot but his right just grazed the champion's jaw. It was too close for comfort, and before Ruhlin could get his arms in position to cut loose again Wright dropped to the floor.

"Get up and fight. You haven't been hit," said the referee.

"I know I haven't, but I am not going to get up and let a big chump that does not know the first thing about fighting lick me," replied Wright, clinging closer to the floor.

That victory made Ruhlin an aspirant for the heavyweight championship, and he has been aspiring ever since.

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One of the numerous humorous incidents that crop up in boxing contests transpired in one of the Chicago bouts about two years ago. The scrappers were what is generally termed "pre'im" boys, neither of whom knew anything of the fine points of the game. They took up the full three minutes of the first round sparring for openings, much to the disgust of the crowd. They managed to get closer to each other in the second and clinched several times, but nary a blow did they attempt to deliver. The spectators yelled to take them off, but the bout struck me as being so funny I permitted them to continue.

During the first minute of the third round the shoelace of one of the boys' shoes became untied, and, begging his opponent's pardon, for stopping the fight, I presume, he walked to his corner and requested one of his seconds to take off his gloves. The crowd thought he had quit and could not understand why as he had not received or delivered a blow. Instead he sat down on the floor of the ring, fastened his shoe, readjusted his gloves, and resumed where he had left off, sparring for an opening. The spectators by this time took a humorous view of the affair, and instead of yelling for them to get together advised them to keep away. In the fourth round one of them, in attempting a fancy side-step, slipped to his knees, and when requested to get up and continue the fight, said:

"I can't fight any more; the gloves are so warm they make my hands sweat."

That, however, was not the funny part of the bout, as the other boy's seconds, when they learned his opponent had quit, picked him up and carried him out of the ring and to his dressing room on their shoulders, shouting like wild Indians, as if he had won the greatest fight on record. The loser and the winner, however, had an eye to the main chance, as after the show they got into line with the other fighters and demanded their purse money. It is almost needless to state they got what the Irishman shot at.

MEN WHO PLAY THE RACES AND OTHERS

BY HUGE E. KEOUGH.

A florid faced young man bearing all the marks of respectable servitude and good feeding sat bolt upright on the nose of a crested and monogrammed one horse brougham standing in front of the carriage entrance to a fashionable dry goods mart. If he saw any object that fell outside of the line of vision bounded laterally by the pointed ears of a well groomed hackney hooked to the brougham in question he did not betray it by a turn of the head or even the quiver of an eyelash. He was as much a part of the outfit as the wheels or the harness.

Notwithstanding his studied abstraction he allowed his gaze to sneak out of the corner of his eye and hit the passing throng on the causeway, for he saw one in the surging tide of faces that he recognized.

In a voice that came from the teeth out he saluted the acquaintance of other days and other circumstances with:

"Hello Mr. Masterson, how are they breakin' for you?"

Mr. Masterson was brought up suddenly by the salutation that came done up in a north country accent, and locating its source, picked from the row of marionets on the boxes Charley Kidd, the steeplechase rider, who he thought, if he had thought at all, had followed the natural bent of the steeplechase jockey even unto the bitter finish.

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Charley Kidd, a youth who had been brought up among the horses in the north of England, joined "the regiment that never was listed" and came to this country about—it must have been—fourteen years ago. He lit at Garfield park, Chicago, and joined the roughtoss contingent that had to do with jumping races at that course at that time, and modestly asserted himself as one qualified to handle the porch climbing variety of thoroughbred.

He was given his tryout on an ancient gelding called Leman in a hurdle race at one and one-quarter miles. Leman had been done to a turn on the flat, and this was his maiden effort—in fact, his first lesson—at the sticks.

Kidd got him safely over the first, second and third obstruction. The old dog that was being taught new tricks took off too soon at the fence at the top of the stretch and made a mess of it. He tossed Kidd over his head and rolled over him. The immigrant hung on to the reins and when Leman scrambled to his feet he—I mean Kidd—remounted and finished the race.

Kidd was blue about the gills when he pulled up in front of the stand, but he saluted the judges in due form and dismounted.

"Will ye please help me wi' me saddle?" he asked of a track attendant. "Aw think me shoulder got a bit of a wrench whin the horse fell wi' me."

He staggered to the scales with his forty pounds of lead made his weight, and fainted. When they picked him up they found a splinter of his collar bone sticking through his faded colors.

In a month he was up and at it again. For a dozen years—or until Masterson lost sight of him four years ago—he followed the jumping game, and probably there was not a course from New York to San Francisco that had not been dented by his body. There was not a horse, however green, he was afraid to take over the jumps. His good mounts were few and far between, and he must have spent one-third of his time in the hospitals.

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"And that's where ye are?" said Masterson.

"Indeed aye," said Kidd. "And here I'll stay till they get tired o' me."

"Quit the game for good?"

"I have that. I'll never throw a leg over a horse again except to take him to the blacksmith shop. I have me snug home, three good meals a day, a fine family to work for, four good horses to take care of, and $700 in the bank. I never think of it any more. But say, Mr. Masterson—easy, here comes the missus—d'ye think Flip F ap is a better horse than old Cataline was in his time?"

The brougham door opened and closed and Kidd did not wait for the answer. Perhaps he did not want to know anyway.

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Hugh Kane was a prominent figure on the turf a few years ago. He was in right, and when you say that about a man in this line of trade the balance may be taken for granted. Little has been heard of him of late, but that does not signify. He must be following a different orbit and taking perfect care of himself. Knowing the man, there is one thing about him of which I am perfectly satisfied, and that is that they haven't got him.

Kane was pleased to be known as being of Texas. He was not a native of that state, nor even a resident of long standing. The scene of his early training was New York, but he heroically had lived that down and was proud to be known as one of the Lone Star state.

He was unknown to the latter generation of sports of the metropolitan district when he dawned on Saratoga about five years ago. He had excellent sporting connections, and was a game and heavy but not too spectacular bettor.

One night in one of the gilded palaces of chance at the Spa, just as an aid to digestion, he sat into one of those games where the limit is obviated. In about half an hour he was about the only live proposition in front of the layout. The other players had cashed in and formed themselves into a gallery. The Texan stacked the checks so high that the lookout had to stand up to see the seven spot.

At the end of the deal Max Oppenheim called Eddie McCabe one side and addressed him thus:

"Say, Mac, who is this western geezer?"

"Why, don't you know him?" McCabe replied, with feigned astonishment. "I'm surprised. Why, that is Mescal Pedro of Texas."

"He don't look like Texas to me," said Oppenheim, regarding the mild-mannered player.

"Perhaps not now," said McCabe, "but you should have seen him when he was first captured six months ago. He had hair down to the small of his back, and they had to throw him down to get a pair of shoes on him. He came from somewhere up in the Gunnison country. The first time he struck El Paso he shot a mule from under a greaser and then gave him $50,000 to square it. He used to go around shooting the lights out just for fun. He hired a special train of six palace cars to take him to St. Louis, and then rode all the way on the engine. Oh, he's a rich card."

"Where did he get his money?" asked McCabe.

"I guess it grew on him," answered McCabe.

"I'd like to meet him," said Oppenheim.

"Nothing easier," said McCabe. "Just sail in. Don't stand on ceremony. He'll be sore if you do that."

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When the play was over Oppenheim approached Kane and attracted his attention by slapping him on the back.

"Mescal, old pard," he said cheerily, "I'm glad to see you. My name is Max Oppenheim. When you come to New York look me up."

"What for?" asked the Texan, quietly. "Are you thinking about getting lost?"

McCabe had disappeared.

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On the turf, it should not be necessary to explain, "Hawkins' horse" is synonymous with "pipe," "lay down," "shoo in," "air tight," or anything else that is calculated to make a tip convincing.

In the days when Billy Porter—jovial, story-telling Billy Porter—was not as prosperous as he is now, he had a Celtic friend on his staff named Malloy. Porter was not lucky for Malloy, and Malloy had made up his mind to run out when Porter essayed to hand him one that would get him even on his life.

"No more for me, Bill," said the Celt. "Sure, you have me broke now wid yer good things."

"Now, now, now, John," put in Porter soothingly. "Tear off a few of them moldy ones and come out tomorrow. I'll have something that can fall down and get up again and then win."

"You have, eh?" Malloy sneered. "Well thin, keep it to yerself. I don't want it."

"Come, come, John," persisted Porter. "This is Hawkins' horse for true."

"It is, is it? Well, thin, let Hawkins keep it, and much good may it do him."

That's the way the situation stood over night. The next day Porter rubbered in on a conversation that was going on on the steps leading to the betting ring on the race track. It was between Malloy and a friend. Malloy was studying the programme intently.

"Porther," he said, "towld me it was Hawkins' horse. Now, th' divil a Hawkins I can find here. The only Hawkins I know is Tom Hawkins, the baker, and I am quite sure he has not been fool enough to go into the racin' business."

THE DEER SEASON IS OVER

And All He Got Was One Porcupine.

FOOTBALL IMMORALITY THREATENS COLLEGES

BY G. D. STEERE,

Star of Iowa State University's Champion Team.

The keynote of American political and economical life has found a responsive note in the athletic life of the great educational institutions which, during the last twenty years, have grown up in the middle west. The mass of the people are vaguely asking if the same spirit of graft and gain which appears to be so powerful an influence in the affairs of the nation has pervded the college football gridiron and the baseball field. Has a lust for victory traduced the old university ideal of fair play and the square deal? Is college sport reserved for the few as opposed to the many, and has football become an advertising agency in the hands of unscrupulous authorit? Popular opinion, remembering far graver crimes against the fundamental ideals of American honor and manhood, vaguely says that these charges are true, and lays the blame at the door of the professional coach, who is alleged to be agency for evil in the system.

After all, what case yet has been made out against the professional coach? He is charged first with being the instrument through which American ideas of sport and honor are corrupted. That he is the agent of the university has not yet been proved. Supporters of university ideals charge that it is his own lust for victory coupled with a judicious control and expenditure of box office receipts that is the root of all evil.

The university may suspect, but it cannot prove. It accepts the winning teams that are developed without questioning the means by which they are produced. It fears to tear up the established order of things in an investigation which, whatever way it turns, cannot but cast discredit upon the institution. It fears to accuse the man unjustly, and its own officers usually are incapable of pointing out specific wrong. When the coach is guilty as charged the university may kink at the offense, suspect, yet be unable to prove, or believe implicitly that the taint of professionalism has not touched the ranks of the chosen.

If the charge is true, not only is the coach guilty of a grave offense against public morality, but the university itself is tarred with the same stick. It has been the promoter of the sport. It has been responsible for the employment of the men who are now charged with the evils of the system. It has been close to the life of its students and should have known long before the present popular agitation brought the matter forward that all was not right within its doors. It should have been the first to recognize the evil and the first to have corrected it. If the administrative officers of an institution do not understand whether purity or professionalism characterizes the athletic life of the student body they are as unfit for office as the officials of our much-plundered financial institutions. If they have been content, on the contrary, to wink at dishonor for the sake of victory, then do they stand accused as one who would sell his friend for advancement.

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A long experience in the athletic life of the middle western universities shows this much to be true: At no time and no place does an athlete receive from any one direct remuneration for his services. The methods of evasion are without number and are fairly well known. But almost without exception they are such as cannot be denied to any one, nor can the acceptance of them make the recipient an object of suspicion. The university cannot recognize them. The most powerful investigating committee in the world cannot impeach their regularity. They exist, and as long as present conditions last will continue to evist. You cannot deprive a man of a right to earn his way through a university. It is when his work is no work and his pay comes from the misappropriated funds of an athletic association that his motives can be questioned.

Secondly, the professional coach is charged with the use and abuse of the men who are placed at his disposal for the advancement of his own interests; that he sacrifices the good of the individual to the good of the team; that permanent injuries or broken health is the result of forced action on the part of the athlete when he is unfit for violent exercise, and that he forgets the men under his direction are there not only to learn to be strong physically, but mentally and morally as well.

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These are the principal charges that have been brought against the professional coaching system. Others have been advanced, but they sink into comparative insignificance beside the ones mentioned. The press and the pulpit have re-echoed the whole story from brutally to moral degeneracy, and all hands unite in laying the evil at the door of the professional coach. The present system is said to be on trial, and the future hangs in the balance.

It is not the system of professional coaching that is on trial but the American system of university athletics that is before the bar; only a blind public opinion does not understand what it is arraigning.

If there is one thing that is characteristic of our American life it is the desire for succes. There is no hell so terrifying as the hell of failure. Success must be achieved now as never before. To let up for a single instant is to slip back. Is there little wonder then that the same spirit should dominate the competative athletics of the universities? To win is to be successful. Standard of scholarship in popular estimation is judged by the success of a football team, and how much the Michigan machine has done to build up that wonderful university is a matter of conjecture. So much for the spirit that is the dominant one not only in business, but in education as well. To the perversion of this same spirit can be traced all that is evil in college sport.

Our coaches are not told they must produce winning teams. They are dismissed if they do not and another man is employed to produce the desired result. And the days of glory, of blazing bonfire, of nightshirt parades, and and of big registrations in the fall have come again.

Now let us see what price has been paid for this particular brand of success, traceable, not to the professional coach, but to an unthinking university. In the first place the presence of the professional on the squad has kept the amateur from the field. Football as a college sport has been restricted to twenty men in 2,000, and these twenty men have been "secured." Secondly, the big university has coerced every minor college within a radius of 300 miles to adopt its own brand of dishonor in self-defense. The eddies of thought thus created reach to the high schol itself. Sport has become a commercial enterprise.

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This is the limit we have reached. Lust for victory begat professionalism, and professionalism brutality, and each the other. The whole case becomes not a case against the coaches, but a case against the university, and back of that even a case against the public, which now brings the accusation. To continue as we have gone means moral atrophy in our university life. A recognized professionalism were far better, and no sport at all better still. We want a return to wholesome ideals of sportsmanship and honesty. We must believe that victory purchased at such a price is too dearly bought. We want to learn to be good losers. And we have learned that the idea of dishonest sport will be abhorrent to us.

BALL PLAYERS FREAKS

BY HUGH S. FULLERTON.

Most professional ball players start into the business either as pitchers or catchers. This is because it is natural for two boys, baseball enthusiasts, to throw the ball back and forth noons and evenings. One becomes an adept at throwing, the other at catching, and they start out as a battery. Later they probably find that they were meant for basemen or outfielders, and drop into their regular places.

The country towns send the most batteries, and the regular teams are recruited from city ball players mainly, although from cities come many pitchers who have learned the art of pitching and catching by working together in streets and alleys.

Developing ball players is largely a matter of available playing space. Pennsylvania sends out the largest number of professionals, Massachusetts next, with Illinois third. The "bottoms" in Cincinnati, the prairies in Chicago and the "commons" of Massachusetts towns have sent their graduates into every field in the land. Wherever there has been found room for playing good ball players have been developed.

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The popular idea that any club that puts up the money to buy players can get a winning team is one of the great fallacies of baseball. As a matter of fact money will not buy a really first-class player, and the man who finds one is as lucky as the man who finds a gold mine.

In all my experience I never discovered but two ball players from among the hundreds and hundreds that I have watched as a mother watches her babe. One of these was a lanky, red-headed Irish lad named Carroll—a pitcher. That was early in 1898. I had watched him for nearly two years as a boy, pitching with an amateur team, and thought I had landed on a wonder. He was all arms and freckles and had speed that the racehorse men would call dazzling.

That spring I thought he was ripe, so I framed it up with Tom Loftus, who had the Columbus club, to give the youngster a trial. He joined the Loftus team and pitched the first game, letting down the opposing team with two hits and no runs. And that night he went out to the State fairgrounds, saw the boys from "home" preparing to war against Spain, enlisted, and went to Cuba. I never heard of him afterwards.

The other fellow was a lanky Missourian, an outfielder named Clancy, who was about nineteen hands high and rangy. Jimmy Manning gave him a trial, but he ran against the outfield fence while chasing a fly, broke a leg, and went back to the farm.

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One great trouble is that a good ball player may never be recognized as such even by the most astute managers. For managers may have their prejudices as well as common white folks. I remember distinctly that Anson thought poor Jiggs Parrott was a good ball player.

Also, I remember that Anson released one of the best second basemen that wore a spike, on account of one of the best plays ever a baseman made. The victim of Anson's wrath was "Bad Bill" Egan—and never a better ball player wore shoes.

Egan was playing his usual sloppy but wonderfully effective game at second, and perhaps his style, contrasted with Pfeffer's brilliant and showy playing, was too much for "Cap." Anyway he didn't think much of Egan. One day, in a close game, with a man on second, some one hit a slashing bounder to Egan, who fumbled it. He blocked down the ball, but could not recover it in time to throw out the fast runner at first. He knew this, and, pouncing after the ball in a flash he grabbed it and without stopping to look made a perfect throw to third.

Egan knew that the runner going from second base was going to turn third and then stop to see if the ball had rolled far enough to permit him to score, so he made the throw to third. The runner was ten feet past the base, treading air. Dahlin, who was playing third, was sound asleep and the ball passed by within an inch of his head, hit the grand stand, and a run scored, while the other runner reached third, scoring later and beating Chicago.

Anson released Egan for quick thinking, and kept Dahlin, whose brain had been working at D. Green pace.

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Sir Chentung Liang Cheng, China's ambassador to the United States, was a crackerjack baseball player at Phillips, Andover, and afterwards at Amherst, where he now is honored as an LL.D. Sir Chentung even now is a wild baseball fan and he thinks Jake Stahl is about as big as anyone else in Washington. He covets his titles P. and C. F. won at Andover and Amherst, quite as much as he does his LL.D.

One of the minister's baseball stories is the tale of his three-bagger made against Exeter in 1879 or 1880.

"I was right field and change pitcher," he says, "and was in the outfield in the big game agaist Exeter, which is the big event of the year for Andover. We were playing at Exeter, and I do not think that the students and other spectators ever had seen a Chinese boy before.

"All through the game they were yelling at me, 'No checkee, no washee,' 'Hello, Sam,' and all sorts of things in pigeon English. In the fifth inning I came to bat with men on second and third, two out, and a hit needed to put us ahead. The crowd was yelling, 'no hittee, no runnee,' and that made me mad. The pitcher shot up a high one, a foot over my head, and I clouted it against the left field bleachers for a three-base hit, drove home two runs, and won the game.

"That was one of the proudest moments of my life—and they didn't yell pigeon English at me again."

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Every ball player, no matter what he says, believes himself the best that ever happened. Men who hit .180 year in and year out confidently declare they really are better hitters than Lajoie because, they say, every one of their hits counts. Men who make errors regularly and atrociously call attention to the fact that it is only the good ball players that make errors and they make them trying to make impossible plays. They have excuses for everything.

One of the worst examples I ever saw was a young pitcher Anson picked up one spring. He looked good in practice. He had speed, curves, and a good change of pace, and Anson thought he could develop the boy into a wonder. Finally, after a month on the bench, he was trotted out to pitch a game. He gave two bases, hit two batters, and was soaked for two singles and a triple before Anson could yank him out of the game. That night he said to me: "What do you think of that big stiff? He took me out just when I was getting ready to put the foolers on the ball."

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Groundkeepers in every city know, perhaps better than any others, just how players will hunt for excuses. After every error they make they hun around the grounds, and if an infielder can find a pebble within twenty feet of where the error was made the groundkeeper will be lucky to escape with his life after the game.

At one time—when the famous Can brothers—Willie Can Rain and Large Can Snooks—were the groundkeepers at Cincinnati the Reds tried out a new third baseman to succeed the inimitable Arlie Latham, and in the first game that thid baseman came near kicking the cover off the ball with his shins. And, when he reached the blub house, he let out a wail about how rotten the grounds were and how much better the field was at Wapakoneta, or wherever he had played.

The following day he started punting bounders again and he hit most everything that came his direction with his shins. After the second inning he came in from his position with both hands filled with pebbles.

"How the —— do they expect a man to play there," he demanded, showing the pebbles. "Just look at the gravel I picked up around that base."

He might have got away with it but for the fact that Large Can sneaked up behind the bench, grabbed the kicker's coat, and dumped half a peck of gravel out of his pockets. The player had salted the third base line to excuse himself for his errors.

TALES OF THE GRIDIRON

BY FRED LOWENTHAL.

There is a grave doubt whether football, as it is played today, will be a part of the college curriculum five years from now. The weight of the average man attending the universities and colleges in this country is considerably under 150 pounds, while the average weight of many football teams exceeds 180 pounds to a man, and there are few under 170. Therefore it readily can be seen that, physically, the football players is not typical of the college.

The game is fundamentally wrong and cannot last in its present form. In addition I believe that the American college football is an acquired sport, though not the less interesting for all that, while the kicking game is natural. In proof of this I cite an incident which occurred in 1899 in a game between Illinois Wesleyan university and the University of Illinois. A Wesleyan player fumbled the ball, which rolled toward the Illinois right end. The latter easily could have dropped on the ball—and he had been coached to fall on it—but instead kicked the leather. In less time than it takes to tell, both teams were engaged in a good old fashioned kicking game, without respect for goal or side lines. Needless to say the Rugby game never was finished.

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In the game referred to above the center rushes of both teams wore rubber soled tennis slippers. In those days the middle man did not snap back the ball with his hands, but with his foot. Hence shoes with rubber bottoms were absolutely necessary.

Later in the season of the same year, I believe, the two teams met again, and Illinois won by a score of 20 to 0. Illinois in turn was beaten 60 to 0 by Purdue. Michigan wallped Purdue about 40 to 0, Cornell snowed under Michigan by a score of about 50 to 0, while Harvard beat Cornell, if I remember rightly, 72 to 0.

Now, here is food on which the dopester grows fat. What would have been the score if Harvard had met Wesleyan?

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To show of how much value comparative scores are: Do you remember the Lake Forest-Chicago game in 1893? The maroons just managed to hold the boys from the suburban college to a tie. In reality it was a lucky tie for Chicago. A few days later Michigan lambasted the life out of Lake Forest. Seventy points the Wolverines garnered, while their opponents scored nothing. And when Chicago and Michigan met in the Coliseum on Thanksgiving day Herschberger's field goal and Cavanaugh's blocked punt hung up 7 to Chicago's credit, while the best Michigan could get through the defense of the Midway men was 6.

* * *

There is a story going the rounds on George Huff. There was a young Jap in the university who wanted to play football. However, he was of such slight build that Huff thought it advisable he should first do the required amount of freshman physical training. The little fellow objected; said that he had done all the stipulated physical culture when he attended college in Japan.

"I've done the work already," said the Jap.

"Yes, but I've no way of telling," answered Huff. "Now, if you had a credit slip——"

"I have a credit slip," chipped in the oriental.

"All right; bring it around then, and I'll look it over," replied the good natured director.

The next morning two bright almond eyes greeted Huff. "See, here it is, Mr. Huff!" he said, the while unrolling what looked like a big laundry ticket three sizes too big.

"It's what?" asked Huff.

"Don't you see it says here that I took physical culture for two years?"

"Where does it say that?" from Huff with corrugated brow.

"There!" replied the Jap, indicating a bunch of characters that looked like a clump of weeping willows.

"O yes!" said the director with his profoundest look. "Of course—of course! I didn't notice it before."

And without any further parlance he wrote underneath:

"After carefully reading the above, I excuse H. Sakigama from physical training, and recommend that he be allowed to play football.

"GEORGE A. HUFF."

MONEY IN FOOTBALL

Wisconsin Cleans Up $20,000 on This Season's Battles on the Gridiron.

Madison, Wis., Dec. 2.—Wisconsin cleared up about $20,000 on its football department this season. The receipts for the season were, in round numbers, $32,000, and the expenses about $12,000. Financially, this has been one of the best football seasons in the history of the university. The receipts for the three big games were: Chicago, $5,500; Minnesota, $12,500, and Michigan, $12,000. Minor games brought in about $2000.

The biggest items of the expense were the salaries of the coaches. Head Coach King received $3,250 as salary and $250 for expenses, a total of $3,500 for the seventy-two days he worked with the team, or $48.61 per day. Excluding the ten Sundays of the season, he received $56.45 per day, or at the rate of a little over $20,000 a year. Assistant Coach Holt is understood to have received $1,200, or at the rate of $19.35 per day, excluding Sundays. Other big items of expense during the season were transportation and hotel bills.

The big profits of the football season will put the athletic association back on its feet financially. When the season opened it was in debt about $10,000. After this is paid there will be a balance to the good of about $10,000.

MILLIONAIRES SEE FIGHT

Pittsburg, Dec. 2.—A gory prize fight was held this week just across the line in Beaver county for the edification of fifteen millionaires of Pittsburg, who put up $1,000 to see the mill. It was between Frank Morgan and Jimmy Frazier, two local middleweights. Billy Cochrane, a local promoter, arranged the affair, and "Buck" Cornelius acted as referee. It is alleged that $20,000 changed hands, and those present bet on everything. The fight was set to go to a finish.

Frazier had all the best of it up to the seventh round, when he appeared to play out, and Morgan knocked him all over the ring. Both men were frightfully punished and covered with blood. In the middle of the eighth round Cornelius stopped the mill and awarded the decision to Morgan. There was an awful yell, and open accusations of tampering were made. For a time Cornelius and Cochrane had all they could do to keep the millionaires from getting together. Beaver county authorities declare they will prosecute every man who attended the fight.

TALK FIGHT AGAIN.

Cleveland, Dec. 2.—Just a difference of $5,666.66 is keeping Battling Nelson and Jimmie Britt from coming together and signing articles for another fight for the lightweight championship of the world. The two lads who met in that memorable contest at Colma, Cal., on the afternoon of Sept. 9 will show here this week at rival theatres, and both are now in the city. Billy Nolan, Nelson's manager, was the first on the ground, and issued a statement to the effect that he would match Nelson for a go with Britt as soon as Coffroth and Britt paid the $5,000 as his share of the pictures, as promised by the fight promoters, and the $666.66 that he was forced to pay toward the refereeship.

"Not until they pay that can they talk business," was Nolan's rejoinder to the question as to whether there would be another fight. "As soon as it is paid over the quicker the match will be made. I will show that I mean business by posting $5,000 as a forfeit and a side bet of $10,000, and have Nelson meet Britt in private right here in Cleveland."

IF ALL YOU WHO ARE IN NEED OF A SPECIALIST WILL CALL ON ME FIRST, YOU WILL NOT HAVE SO MANY DOCTOR BILLS TO PAY.

DR. C. W. HIGGINS,

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Cor. Main and Third South Sts., St. Elmo Hotel.