

Herald's

Who Are You Little Prune? Why, I'm the Guy What Put War In Juarez.

Sporting

Who Are You, Little Pudding? Me, Why I'm the Guy What Put the Hair On the Rarebit.

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JIM HALL'S SPECULATION Tales Told At the Ringside

By W. A. Phelon

JIM HALL—the great Australian who once stopped Bob Fitzsimmons and later fell before his freckled fists at New Orleans—was not much of a businessman. If he had been, he would have had much money in the lean years since he left the ring, but the tall, handsome Australian crack was a careless spendthrift, like most of the stars of 20 years ago. It came easy, it went easy, and when the strength was gone the money had gone along with it. Hall was a good fellow while he had it—too bad he had such straits in his after years.

Once, though, Jim Hall actually figured out a great business speculation in his own mind. The idea came to him suddenly he sought his mentor, Parson Davies, and asked for counsel. "Parson," said he, "Ow's this for a blooming scheme? I'll rent Tattersall's, the buildin' in Chicago; I'll agree to meet and stop two men the same evening; to make 'em do their best, they get \$1000 each if they can stick four rounds, only \$250 if they don't. You promote an' I'll pay 'Ow's the bally scheme?"

The parson thought well of it, but, just as a matter of plain business, made a contract by which he should receive, for promoting and managing, 25 percent of the gross. Then the big double event was announced and boomed; Henry Baker and Billy Woods, two hardy secondarers, were engaged as the goats, and Hall went into light training—mostly red lights, to be accurate. On the fateful evening, a large house turned out, and Hall, gazing over the assemblage, fancied himself a millionaire.

He leaped lightly over the ropes to begin the massacre of Baker, and was counting in trimmings that worthy in about a round, when a large, authoritative person barred the way.

"Hall," said this burly one, heavily, "I'm inspector John D. Shea. It's orders that we shall have no knockouts here. You put this fellow out, and I'll jail you. Now, go ahead!"

Hall started, rattled, seeing clearly the difference between \$600 and \$2000, the sum he would have to give up if he failed to stop his men, started a protest, but the gong rang and Baker rushed joyously to the fray. Poor Jim, mad as a wolf, yet daring no heavy blows with the lynxeyed inspector looking on, merely outpatted Baker, jabbing and prodding him, but risking no swinging, jarring whacks, while Baker, astonished at finding the Australian so gentle, fought his best and occasionally shook Hall up with his wild attacks. Four rounds went by, the crowd cheered Baker and hooded Hall; Baker departed and Woods came on. Again four rounds were gone over, with Hall as kindly as a father, and Woods biffing gleefully in all the clinches. And when it all ended, Hall's misery was climaxed when the referee—who didn't know about the inspector's threat—spoke thusly: "Inasmuch as Mr. Hall failed to stop Mr. Baker or Mr. Woods, they are winners of both decisions!"

Poor Jim had to slip Baker and Woods \$1000 each; the parson took out his 25 percent, and when everything was settled Hall was loser about \$900. But for the interference of the police, he would have made a cozy bunch of money. "Blasted it," peevish Mr. Hall as he dug deep in his bank account, "I've a 'ead for business, I've! A 'ead like a blooming cabbage! Awfter this, me an' business shall be strangers!" And strangers they remained forevermore.

Giants Are Prepared To Handle Record Crowd At World Series

Extensive Bulk of Jeff Tesreau Is Sopping up the Calcium Light of the Giants—Wood Is the Hope of Beaverville. BY DAMON RYUNON.

NEW YORK, N. Y., Sept. 27.—The lay mind will never understand why there should be any more confusion in a world's series ticket sale than on any other occasion. Time and again, this year, John E. Bruns, corps of employes at the Polo grounds has taken care of crowds as large as any that ever attended the championship games, without the slightest trouble, and there will be no confusion this fall if there is no deviation from the same daily system.

Certainly no more complaint if he had the same opportunity to buy his ticket as anybody else. Assuming that the ordinary police precautions are taken around the grounds, the ticket speculators would have no chance to get in their work on any considerable scale under a daily sale system, and even then they would have to confine their operations to the upper stand and the boxes if there were no other reservations. Unless the box offices were opened early in the day for an advance sale—which is no more necessary than now—the speculator would not have sufficient time to do much business.

Have Handled Crowds Properly. The manner in which crowds have been handled at the Polo grounds this season is the answer to the whole problem. Capacity attendance has been taken care of without complaint. A man walks up to the box office, buys his ticket at whatever price he elects, and goes on into the grounds and hunts a seat. After a certain number of people are in the grounds the gates can be closed if necessary. There is more than enough home

patronage right here in New York to fill the Brush stadium every day—patronage that is entitled to first consideration, without bothering with outside reservations. It is the home fans who support the game throughout the year, and it is certainly those fans who should have the first call on the big event. That also applies to Boston. If the local management can handle crowds as big as those that attend the world's series throughout the season, why should the methods that are known to be successful through long experience be cast aside for experiments?

Tesreau Now in Calcium Light. The extensive bulk of Jeff Tesreau is gradually sopping up all the world's series calcium light to the very painful exclusion of numerous other celebrities. Every time Jeff appears now there is a distinct ring in the odds against the Giants.

The big boy has been in the habit of walking three or four batmen to a game, but he has gradually gained control. Numerous experts throughout the country are expressing the opinion that Joe Wood will be easy for the Giants, while Ray Collins, the left hander, will be the man to beat them. As a matter of fact, if betting men did not believe that Wood will be effective against the McGraw clan, the locals would be logical 2 to 1 favorites. After all the arguments are over Joe will be in there as the hope of Beaverville, and don't let anyone lead you astray on that point.

SOOOP THE GUY REPORTER

THE BOSS SAYS TO STOP EVERY LADY THAT PASSES AND ASK 'EM WHO THEY ARE FOR, FOR PRESIDENT!



HOW DO YOU LIKE TAFT, MADAM?



TAFFETA?—YES SIR, IT'S A VERY PRETTY PIECE O' GOODS



ARE YOU STRONG FOR THAT T.R. DOPE?



IT MAY BE ALL RIGHT BUT COD LIVER OIL FOR MINE!



WHO IS YOUR FAVORITE—WILSON?



WHAT SHOW IS HE WITH SON? I AINT BEEN TO A THEATRE IN A MONTH O' SUNDAYS!



CALL IT AN EVEN BREAK—ONE FOR WILSON—ONE FOR TAFT AND ONE FOR ROOSEVELT!



Everybody's Doing It

(By L. C. Davis)

I met a worthy citizen of staid and sober mien. A man of fine ability, with judgment rare and keen. I asked him what the outlook was regarding bonds and stocks. He answered, with a vacant smile: "I'm betting on the Sox."

I met a lawyer friend of mine, who lived in Portland place; He was the leading counsel in a celebrated case. When asked who'd get the verdict, he sedately scratched his jaw. And said: "It's pretty even, but I'm betting on McGraw."

I met a man upon the street I'd never met before. But knew he was a soldier by the uniform he wore. I asked him how was business; was there any war in sight? He said: "There'll be a battle, and the Sox will win the fight."

I met an aged clergyman, a kind and godly man. And, very much to my surprise, he also was a fan. When asked the final outcome of the battle waged with sin. Said he: "With Muggs' and Providence the 'Giants' ought to win."

And further on I met a man with wrinkles in his "beard." He was the greatest editor the world had ever seen. I halted him and asked him for the very latest news. Said he: "It's wildly rumored that the 'Boston' cannot lose."

HIGGINS AND SHANNESSY WILL FIGHT AT ROSWELL. Roswell, N. M., Sept. 27.—Alfred Higgins, the champion boxer of New Mexico, who a month ago fought a 10 round draw with Jimmy McDonald, of Denver, will fight 10 rounds with Pete Shannessy, of Fort Worth, Texas, here October 3, at the Armory. The fighters are now in training.

On the extent of the patronage accorded to the promoters of this bout largely depends the nature of the future cards of boxing in Roswell. V. R. Marichal, local manager, has received three challenges from men with high class records, who wish to pick the winner of this contest, one of them being Art Magrill, who met Ray Bronson in St. Louis; Kid Hector, of Denver, and Jack Carson, also of Denver, have issued challenges through their managers for the winner of this bout.

WOLGAST WILL FIGHT ON COAST THANKSGIVING DAY. San Francisco, Cal., Sept. 27.—Tom Jones, manager for Ad Wolgast, has telegraphed to James Coffroth, of this city, that Wolgast would adhere to a promise, made some time ago to fight here on Thanksgiving day, his opponent to be selected by Coffroth. Either Willie Ritchie or Frankie Burns, it is believed will be given the match. It will be a 20 round bout.

Pessimist Stagg, Maroon coach, butted into the optimistic class and chased the gloom off the campus when he predicted that the coming football season will be the most successful for the Maroons in the history of the University of Chicago. "We're so much better than we were last year at this time I think we've got a crow coming," he said.

Toronto won the pennant in the International league with a percentage of .595. Other teams finished as follows: Rochester, .525; Newark, .520; Baltimore, .487; Buffalo, .476; Montreal, .467; Jersey City, .458; Providence, .420.

That line-man Vanghent, of the Badgers, will be out of the game at least a month, was the verdict of physicians, following an X-ray examination and the discovery of a fracture of the arm. Vanghent was injured while falling on the ball.

Stanley Yoakum, of Oklahoma, and Eddie Johnson, the Pueblo, Colo., lightweight, have been matched to meet in a second encounter at Pueblo, October 5. The first bout, which went 20 rounds, culminated in a draw, and unable to settle the question of supremacy, the second contest was arranged.

Billy Wagner, lightweight of Chicago, has been matched to go 15 rounds with Freddie Bandini, of St. Joseph, at St. Joseph, October 8. The boys will weigh in at 123 at 5 o'clock.

Joe Sherman, a former sparring partner of Joe Mandot, outpatted Pal Moore of Philadelphia, in an eight round bout before the Southern Athletic club at Memphis.

Fighting Dick Hyland, the California lightweight, is on his way to Cal-

Dundee Offers To Fight Kilbane On Pacific Coast

By Ed Curley

NEW YORK, N. Y., Sept. 27.—Now that Johnny Kilbane has had the chance to return home and tell the boys how it happened that Johnny Dundee beat him, and also account for his poor showing with Eddie O'Keefe, it might be well to listen to a short oration delivered by Scotty Monteith. Scotty, whose correct moniker is Willie, is willing, ever anxious, to give Kilbane a chance to get revenge.

"I read with great interest what Kilbane had to say in Cleveland about not being able to box properly on account of the rules," started Scotty, "but it's all piffle. I have been training Kilbane for many moons for both a 10 round battle and also a scrap in which the featherweight title would be at stake. I landed him for the former, much to the delight of Dundee and myself."

If Kilbane desires further action, I will post \$2000 as a forfeit for weight and allow Dundee to fight him for the championship at 122 pounds, Ring-side. The Pacific coast is the only part of the country in which the battle could be handled, and if Kilbane will accept my challenge there is no doubt that we can secure a date without much trouble."

Is Mr. Kilbane in the house? The secret of Bombardier Wells' sudden departure from these shores is out. The handsome English boxer has taken the final count. The last picture of Wells sent to this country shows the big fellow standing at the side of his bride. That's the reason. Another illustration shows the Bombardier—why, bless my heart, if he isn't fondling a silk dicer. He was always a clumsy guy.

P. S.—When his wife lets him he will come back here and battle—no before.

Tom Jones, who manages Ad Wol-

gast, whenever the latter lets him, rushes into print with the announcement that he is willing to go to New Orleans and allow Adolph to fight Joe Mandot. Outside of the fact that he has not been invited what's to stop him? The fans want to know.

Coch Houghton, of Harvard, better have a care. None other than Battling Kneefe intends to pay him a visit. "I was reading yesterday," piped the ever ready battler, "that on the Johnnie's football team they have five fellows that tip the beam over 200 pounds. So it's up to me to go to Harvard and grab off one of the babies and develop him into a real 'white hope.' You know I was at Harvard once, but it was only on a visit."

Packer McFarland has been matched so often with Ad Wolgast, only to have all the matches fall through, that he really believes no such person named Wolgast exists.

Despite the climb over that back fence on his way to Europe, which proved a bloomer, Harry Pollok is not downcast in the least. As long as he couldn't go to England, he had that isle come to him in the person of "Ma" Thomas, former middleweight champion of that country. Harry wishes to know if there is a middleweight in this country that would like to meet Thomas. One at a time, boys.

Tom McCarey, the Los Angeles promoter, is so tired of talking terms, without results, to the stars, that he is going to stage a series of battles next month in an effort to develop another Joe Rivers.

Jim Driscoll and Owen Moran have been matched to fight in England for a purse of \$7500. We know the winner, and his name isn't Moran.

Baseball, Football, Prizefights

A series of games for the minor league championship between Denver, representing the Western league, and Minneapolis, pennant winner in the American association, will be played in Denver. The game is to be played on October 5, 6, 7, 10, 12 and 13. The players and club owners will divide the receipts equally.

Another cut has been made in the St. Louis Browns squad by the release of catcher Paul Krichell to the Kansas City (American association) team. Krichell's release still leaves catcher Stephens, Alexander, Crossin, McAllister and Agnew with the Browns. Krichell will serve the remainder of the season with the Browns.

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ifornia, where he is matched to box Pal Brown, of Chicago, on October 5. Hyland says that when he reaches Calgary he will post \$500 to bind a match with Joe Bayley, the Canadian champion.

Tex Covington, a promising young pitcher of the Detroit American league club, has been released to the Kansas City Blues. He was sent to Kansas City once, and then brought back to Detroit because Jennings failed to get waivers from all major league teams.

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Outdoor Life Develops Athletes Among the Circus Performers

Duffy, Like Bresnahan, Wants No More Skirts in Management of Team He Is Attached to—Red Sox Are the Favorites. BY NORMAN M. WALKER.

HUSKY bunch, those circus men who were here Thursday with the greatest show on earth. Every performer with a big circus like the Barnum and Bailey show is an athlete. He has to be or he could not stand the strain of the long season, late hours and much travel. They live out of doors two-thirds of their time eat plain, substantial food with no frills and are all temperate and regular in their habits. The result could be seen Thursday night, when those husky athletes swung from the bars of the big aerial trapeze or rode the horses in the big rings.

There is a much mistaken idea that circus people are different from the regular human being and that all are of the type of the circus roustabout. Not so, for there is not a cleaner, more energetic, more energetic performer who lives a better life and does not expend his energy pushing back the swinging doors.

The American circus is developing a race of Americans who are all the name indicates. These youngsters travel all summer with the circus. Their work in the arena is all the exercise they need and their life in the open makes them husky chaps who follow the circus game by instinct and take their parents' places in the big top.

Hugh Duffy, who was the White Sox manager when that club was here two years ago, is now in the Bresnahan class, for he has met a woman and has lost his position as manager of the Milwaukee team in the American Association. Duffy is now in the open market with the Milwaukee team after he went from Chicago, until the owner of the club died and his wife undertook to run affairs. St. Louis has had the costly experience of a female manager and now Milwaukee is wondering where it will get off when the woman undertakes to run the team. Duffy may go to St. Paul in place of Kelley, who will be in charge of the Indianapolis club. But he says he wants no more skirts in the management of any team he is attached to and, judging from the story of the St. Louis Cardinals, Duffy is right.

Germany has the right system about its team for the 1916 Olympic meet. Instead of knocking the American athletes because they were so unfeeling as to win the meet at Stockholm, the German athletes have come to America

for instruction in the best methods of developing winning athletes. A number of American trainers will go to Berlin and instruct the German youths how to care for themselves and to train for athletic meets. The result will be that Germany will make a good showing at the Olympic meet in 1916, as Finland did last summer, while England will continue to bow to the commercialism of training in advance for a contest. Poor sports, those Britishers.

Charles Murphy has followed in the steps of the great temperance lecturer, Francis Murphy, and has come out strong for the water wagon among his players on the Chicago Nationals. Murphy was tipped off that his losing the 1916 pennant in the world series was due to too much joy juice and has become convinced that booze and baseball do not mix. He has issued a strong statement on the subject of temperance and its effect on the winning streak of ball players and says that he will insist that every player on his club next season will keep his elbow off the bar. If they do no, they will cease to be Cubs automatically.

The odds continue to hover around 4 to 5 that the Boston Red Sox will win the world series. There will be no more lemons as was the case with the Philadelphia victory last year, as the New Yorkers are not underestimating the Red Sox's ability and are taking advantage of every possible tip to get down money at long odds, if at all, on the Giants.

The date of the next big circus is Monday, October 7, when the Giants and Red Sox will present a one ring attraction to the world. Get bleacher seats early.

ADDITIONAL SPORT ON NEXT PAGE.

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