

Thursday, March Fourth, 1915.

SPORT PAGE CONDUCTED BY A. H. E. BECKETT ("BECK")

11 BIG BASEBALL TEAMS TRAIN IN TEXAS FOR COMING SEASON

Four Are Major Leaguers, the Remainder Texas League Aggregations; McCloskey, Organizing Rio Grande Association, Is Suggested For President of Southern League, Succeeding Late President Kavanaugh.

BY F. W. MOSEBACH.

SAN ANTONIO, Texas, March 4.—Texas is certainly in the sporting spotlight now. With four big league clubs and a white hope in active training, the Lone Star state is the cynosure for baseball as well as pugilistic eyes, since the dividing lines for the splitting up of the state in various parts have not as yet been drawn.

While the majors are down to work rounding into form for an active baseball campaign there is a busy bunch of healthful hopefuls in each of seven Texas cities working of the rough edges preparatory to entering for the pennant stakes which open April 4. The Cleveland American league team, numbering about two dozen players, is in training, in holding forth at League park with Benson's Bronchos, the pride of Houston, while the New York Giants are operating at Marlin with an occasional run over to Dallas to hook with Gardner's Giants.

Training Costs Small Fortune. This big league spring training stuff is no trifling affair by any means. Sired up from the standpoint of dollars and dimes, it represents a snug little fortune that is laid out annually for the sole purpose of putting the players on edge for a hard fight ahead. When this fact alone is taken into consideration the enormity of the proposition can be realized, and when the fact is further considered that the men at the head of baseball affairs are not spending this money for the mere purpose of getting rid of it, an idea of how the grand old game stands with the public here can be formed, for the magnates expect to get every one of the dollars back through the turnstiles, hooking them over on the strength of their investment.

McCloskey Stopped Gambling.

Comes to mind an incident of how the gambling spirit was tipped in the bud in a Texas league park when John J. McCloskey was organizing things. It was during the progress of a game when John J. observed a man in the grand stand with a stack of silver dollars in his hands, passing it from one hand to the other, inviting a bet on the game. Mac walked quietly up to the young man and told him he would have to stop that and put the money in his pocket, as no betting was allowed in league ball. The man, who was seen in various instances where men were ejected from the ball parks for betting on the game.

Southern League Chief Dies.

It was with profound regret that the news of the untimely death of president Kavanaugh of the Southern league was received here. There are many San Antonians who remember Mr. Kavanaugh since his visit during the annual convention of the National association of Minor Baseball leagues several years ago and formed an intimate acquaintance with him. Among these was the former Broncho boss, Morris Block, who was about as close to the Southern league as any of the delegates in attendance, and they were frequently together. "The death of Mr. Kavanaugh removes one of the most prominent, popular and valuable men from the national game," said Mr. Block. "He was a man of splendid character and intellectuality and he has done a great deal for baseball. He was connected with the game because he loved it and baseball has lost one of its best friends."

McCloskey Suggested as Successor.

With the death of Judge Kavanaugh arises the question as to his successor as president of the Southern league. Going down the line of baseball notables, there is probably none who is more deserving of the honor and who is better qualified to fill the office than the selfsame John J. McCloskey, to whom reference is made in a preceding paragraph. Having been at the head of clubs in the Southern league at various times, McCloskey is fully acquainted with conditions in the

"MIXED" FIGHTS IN CUBA BARRED

NEW YORK, Mar. 4.—Capt. Cushman A. Rice, president of the new National Sporting club of Cuba and one of the best known sportsmen of Havana, is in New York. Discussing the possibility of Jack Johnson meeting Jess Willard in Havana, he said:

"Things have stirred a bit since I came away. Jack Johnson landed the day I departed. I understand Currier has left Juarez for Cuba with the idea of either getting Johnson out for Juarez or getting in with the Cuban promoters of a Johnson-Willard fight. "Now let me say for myself as well as every man of mean on the island that a bout between Jack Johnson and Jess Willard will not be tolerated for a single moment.

Want No Mixed Bout.

"The race question is too delicate a subject to ever allow a white man to battle with a negro. Our interests are too valuable to allow the flames of race feeling to be fanned into a riot. I will leave for Cuba in a day or so and if I find that they propose to pitch a battle ground for the pair, I will rally all the powerful interests at my command to fight the proposition.

Want No Mixed Bout.

"We want boxing there but never will we tolerate mixed bouts. Two colored men can fight it out to their heart's content, so can the whites, but mixed—well, even the president will frown on that.

"The Cuban negro doesn't want it, so why should we? He's a different sort of an individual from your negro of the south. Whites and blacks fought sides by side against Spain for their ideas of liberty. He's not disfranchised down there. His votes and he votes as often as he can, which is not unlike a lot of voters I know."

Carroll Would Get Even With Evans

Was Arrested For "Stealing" Own Auto

BY FRANK G. MENKE.

"I'LL GET even with that guy Steve Evans if it takes me ten years."

The articulator is Dick Carroll, business manager of the Brooklyn Federals and the "guy" referred to is Steve Evans, outfielder of the Brooklyn Febs, once of the St. Louis Cardinals, and now, as in the past, the greatest comedian in baseball.

"What's the latest Evans stunt?" we inquired.

"Why, that boob had me pinched in Cleveland and I came near spending a night in jail," answered Carroll. "As it was, I missed a train and an important business appointment."

"Arrested? On what charge?"

"Stealing my own automobile," answered Carroll.

"Sounds interesting. Trot out the details, please," we asked.

"Well, Evans and I both live in Cleveland during the winter, but my automobile is licensed in New York. The number 'New York 5817 B.' Some weeks ago I had to go to New York and started for the railroad station in my car with my wife. As we neared the business section I was held up by a traffic blockade. While stalled a policeman came up, scolded at the number on my car, constituted a little note book he had and placing his hand on my shoulder said:

"I got you at last. 'What for? I asked, as soon as I had recovered from my first surprise."

"For stealing that car, was the answer."

"I tried to tell him that I owned the car but he wouldn't listen."

"Yes, can tell that to the desk sergeant," he said, climbing aboard.

"Drive your car to the station house."

"There's nothing else to do, I drove the car—and the policeman—to the jail."

"This policeman accuses me of having a stolen auto in my possession."

"For stealing that car, was the answer."

"I got you at last. 'What for? I asked, as soon as I had recovered from my first surprise."

"For stealing that car, was the answer."

sergeant. "This auto never was stolen. It's mine!"

"Is that so," said the sergeant, with infinite sarcasm.

"Never stolen, hey? Well, take a squint," he pushed the records at me and they showed that a 'Mr. Carroll of Buffalo, owning car N. Y. 5817 B.' had reported that his car was stolen and probably taken to Cleveland.

"Guess I'll have to look you up," said the sergeant, whereupon the policeman grabbed my arm and started to lead me to the bullpen.

"Just as the doors to the corridor leading to the bullpen were being opened I saw one of the police court reporters that I knew passing through the hall. I yelled at him.

"The reporter heard me, turned around and hurried toward us to see what it was all about.

"Hey, what's the matter, Dick? he asked. When he called me Dick the policeman who was leading me into the cell halted. The desk sergeant looked interested.

"Do you know that fellow?" asked the sergeant, pointing at me.

"Sure; I used to play ball with him eight or ten years ago. He's Dick Carroll."

"Officer, release the gentleman," ordered the sergeant and the cop let loose.

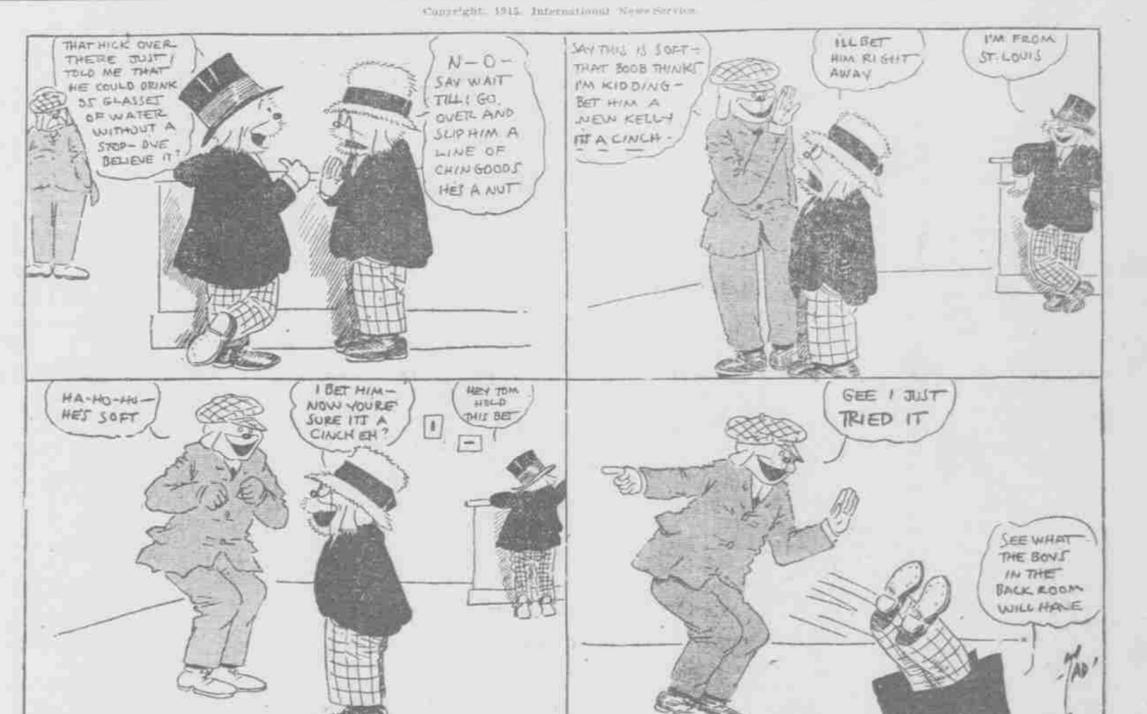
"How did you happen to get this report of a stolen auto?" I asked the sergeant and full explanation had been made.

"Follow phoned in the other night," said the sergeant, consulting the records. "He was Mr. Carroll from Buffalo and that his automobile had been stolen. He described your car in detail and also gave me the number."

"And later?" we asked.

"Well, later I discovered that the 'Mr. Carroll of Buffalo' who did the telephoning was none other than Steve Evans. And you can take it from me now that Mr. Steve Evans is going to suffer for that little joke of his that made me miss a train and a business appointment and nearly landed me in a bull-pen."

CAN'T DO IT AGAIN BY TAD



"Beck's" Amen Corner

BY "BECK."

MANAGER LICHTENSTEIN, who looks after Jimmy Clabby's matches, is keeping the sporting editor's desk littered up with a choice collection of marked copies of Chicago papers. He is working on superfluous steam in the windy city by telling the sport scribes that the Hudson promoters of the McGoorty-Gibbons bout had no right to bill the bout for the middleweight championship.

He declares that Clabby was two referee's decisions over McGoorty, and trimmed Gibbons twice, once on an official decision and the other time by newspaper verdict. Now that Mike Gibbons is willing to talk turkey for a 20 round bout between Clabby and Mike.

THE supremacy of organized over independent baseball is well instanced in the fight that is being put up at Bristol, Tenn., to secure recognition from the National association for a new league that is being formed around Bristol. In this part of the country, organized ball wants to welcome the new Rio Grande association, yet the knockers are busy and are agitating for independent baseball. The only advantage of independent ball is that special games for side bets can be arranged from time to time and promoters can make a bit more money than is possible in organized circles. Organized ball is always the cleanest and best and El Paso should give its undivided support to the new league.

BALL PLAYERS have long been noted for their appetites. The White Sox were in Frisco on the opening day of the fair and the eating houses were crammed. Red Faber dashed up to a lunch counter and ordered a roast beef sandwich. The waiter fairly flung it at him and hurried off to serve others. Red took a glimpse between the two pieces of bread and set up a yell that could be heard in Oakland. The waiter came back on the jump. "Say, where's the roast beef in this sandwich?" demanded the hungry ball player. "Why, you covered it up with that mustard," was the response. Red hasn't got over it yet.

SOMETHING new is promised when Barney Oldfield comes to El Paso next month. This will take the form of a race between an aeroplane and a powerful automobile. The aeroplane, handled by aviator Thompson, must circle the track at a height of less than 25 feet, so there won't be much guess work in picking the winner. Barney is said to stick to his old trick of carrying a half smoked cigar in his mouth while on the track so we can expect to see a great exhibition of how to bust the speed laws.

JIM FLYNN has a grinch. And when Jim gets a grinch, something happens. It hasn't happened yet but if Jim is matched across the river, just watch those maulers fly.

THE race problem seems likely to put an effective stop to the proposal to match Johnson and Willard in Havana. There may have been more truth than poetry in Tom Jones's statement that the battle will take place at Juarez or not at all.

Atley cloth-faced weather-strip keeps out the cold. Rathbun-Mix Co.—Adv.

Race Results Juarez Track Wed., March 3

Weather Cloudy; Track Heavy and Holding.

6111—FIRST RACE—

Six Furlongs—Selling; four year olds and up.

Table with columns: Horse, Jockey, Wt., St., Str., Fin., Odds. Entries include Hazel C., Cordova, Eye White, Praetorian, Poll, Eye Padwick, Kate Shelly, Visible.

Time—1:19 2-5. Handic. 3-4 to place, 4-5 to show; Cordova, 1-2 to place, out to show; White 6-5 to show. Bertha Weaver, Doc Allen, Pinkland, Azures, Amusement, Little Jane, Bad Prospect, scratched.

6112—SECOND RACE—

Five Furlongs—Selling; three year olds and up.

Table with columns: Horse, Jockey, Wt., St., Str., Fin., Odds. Entries include Nifty, Jennie Crawford, California Jack, Joe, George Oxnard, Jake Argent, Silver Tone, Louis Lee Cognets, Farnell Girl.

Time—1:06. Nifty, 1-2 to place, out to show; Crawford, 3-5 to place, 7-10 to show; California, 7-10 to show.

6113—THIRD RACE—

One Mile—Selling; four year olds and up.

Table with columns: Horse, Jockey, Wt., St., Str., Fin., Odds. Entries include J. Nolan, Sleepland, Zinkand, Capt. Druse, Ado Maid, Upland King, Fred Drew, Augustus Heine.

Time—2:43 2-5. Nolan, 6-5 to place, 2-5 to show; Sleepland, even to place, 1-2 to show; Zinkand, even to show; Briton, Florence Krissy, Orbiculation, Lady Young, Black Mate, The Cinder scratched.

6114—FOURTH RACE—

Six Furlongs—Morelos Handicap; three year olds and up.

Table with columns: Horse, Jockey, Wt., St., Str., Fin., Odds. Entries include Kootenay, Grover Hughes, Barney, Hecate.

Time—1:18 2-5. Kootenay, 8-5 to place, out to show; Hughes, 1-2 to place, out to show; Barney, out to show. Florence Roberts, Conning Tower, Cecil, Unqua scratched.

6115—FIFTH RACE—

Six Furlongs—Selling; four year olds and up.

Table with columns: Horse, Jockey, Wt., St., Str., Fin., Odds. Entries include Bertha V., Hoidington, Anytime, Wilfred D., Miss Chausser, Luffy Heywood, Big Lumax.

Time—1:20. Bertha, 2-1 to place, even to show; Hoidington, 2-1 to place, 4-5 to show; Anytime, even to show; Anna Reed, Hinada, Fight Boy, Delaney, Gasket, John Hurie, Ann Tully, Cleopat, scratched.

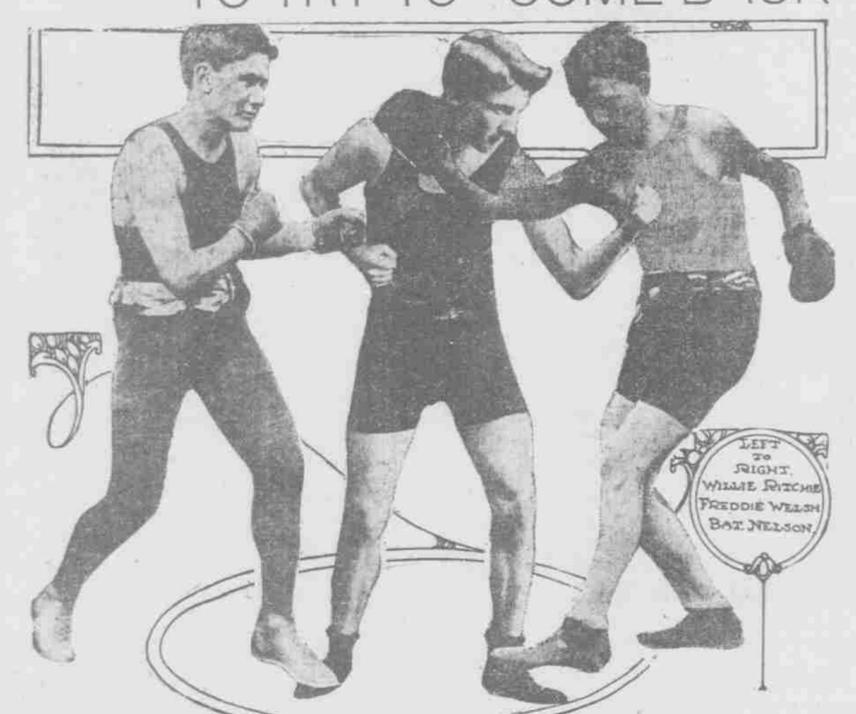
6116—SIXTH RACE—

One Mile—Selling; four year olds and up.

Table with columns: Horse, Jockey, Wt., St., Str., Fin., Odds. Entries include Mercurium, Andrew O'Day, Alice Teresa, Flying, Art Rick.

Time—1:47 2-5. Mercurium, 1-2 to place, out to show; O'Day, 1-4 to place, out to show; Alice, out to show. Harry scratched.

TWO LIGHTWEIGHTS WANT TO TRY TO "COME BACK"



Although Jim Jeffries tried and failed to "come back" in his memorable battle with Jack Johnson on July 4, 1910, in Reno, his fate has not deterred other fighters from trying to reclaim lost laurels. Willie Ritchie and Battling Nelson are two notable champions who are clamoring loudly for a chance to regain the lightweight crown, now worn by Freddie Welsh. Nelson lost the honors to Wolcott and the Cadillac bearcat is hot on Welsh's trail for a long bout. Ritchie was shorn of his glory in London last summer when Welsh outpointed him in 20 rounds.

THEIR ONE BEST GAME

AS VIEWED BY MODERN PITCHING STARS BY BILLY EVANS

Written Especially for This Paper by the Famous American League Umpire.

GROVER ALEXANDER of the Philadelphia Nationals is one of the greatest pitchers the game has ever produced. With a team inclined to be erratic, and usually badly crippled because of injuries to star players, Alexander has always performed brilliantly. Records galore are credited to him, and his pitching has been the feature of a majority of the games in which he has worked. As a minor leaguer, Alexander was the big noise. Prior to joining the Phillies, he was with Syracuse in the New York State League, and they still talk of "Alex" in that circuit. In 1910 he pitched seven successive shut-outs in all 24 innings, without being scored on, which is certainly going some.

Game Was Tied Up. While Alexander has pitched many remarkable games for the Phillies, he looks on a performance he turned shortly after joining the club as one of the best of his career. It was staged on May 12, 1911, against Cincinnati. George Chalmers started the game for Philadelphia. Strangely enough, the previous year Chalmers, as a member of the Scranton team, had tied with Alexander for the leading honors in the New York State League, Chalmers having a slight shade. Chalmers retired at the end of the eighth inning with the score standing 4 to 0. During that time he had allowed nine hits. A home run by Luders, with two on in

the sixth, had tied up the game for the Phillies.

Phillies Won in 16th. Any pitcher will tell you that he would much rather start a game than go in as rescue pitcher, especially if the score happens to be a tie when he goes to the pitching mound. It is a very ticklish situation, for the pitcher cannot ease up a minute, being forced to go at top speed. This feature makes the work of Alexander against the Reds that afternoon all the more noteworthy. Assuming the pitching duties at the start of the ninth, he held the Cincinnati team hitless for the next eight innings, the Phillies finally putting over a run in the 16th inning that decided the game in their favor, 5 to 4.

Moran Made the Hit. It is a rather interesting fact that Pat Moran, who is to manage the Phillies next season, came through with the hit that sent the winning run over the plate. Moran did the catching in that game. During the eight innings, the side was retired in order, Alexander striking out eight of the 24 batters who faced him. A few weeks later Alexander came through with another great game against Brooklyn, beating that club 2 to 1 in 15 innings, allowing nine hits.

Scanton, who opposed Alexander, pitched a wonderful game, allowing only four hits, two of which came in the 15th session, and coupled with a wild throw on the part of Scanton, permitted the winning run to cross the plate—Copyright, 1915, by the Wheeler Syndicate, Inc.

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