



# HYPERBOLIC HITTERS HAVE AN EXTREMELY LARGE AND "BULLY" TIME

Boom! At 8 o'clock last night Pete Dailey's big gang went into action, the first banquet of the Conversation league, with Walter Corcoran in the box, and the diminutive Pete behind the bat, was under way. The hitters and fielders fell to with an equal vim, and inning after inning of the banquet passed, with all averages running high.

The Dutch room of the Olympic club was a scene of gayety and mirth last night. The walls and ceiling were festooned with ribbons, and the room was richly decorated with countless bills of four figures. Crossed bats were seen scattered hither and yon, and two golf clubs had evidently gotten in by mistake.

Great conversationalists stepped up to the pan with the firm determination to win the golden medal with his "Kohinoor," offered by the league for the best handler of the hyperbole, and for a while the air reached an atmosphere of 600 degrees Fahrenheit. Among notables who strove for this invaluable trophy were Major Bates, drafted from the Army league; Joe McGinnity, the authority on water polo; Jawn Fitzgerald, whose peg is death to those who try to steal, and many others.

Major Bates perorated long on the United States. Flowers of speech bloomed from his lips at every word. He reached out for metaphor and choked it. He told us it was a great country, and a glorious one, while the band played "America" and the crowd sung at it, in a highly competitive manner.

Cap Fitzgerald made a great bid for the medal when he referred to the assembled conversationalists, in quaint idiom, as the "Liars League." But he was pinched by Chief Loomis, and others tried in vain.

Corcoran's great record in the box the last two seasons, as well as his ever timely and terrific hitting, gained him the honor of being the Tyrus Cobb of the Conns, and today he will ask for the largest salary ever paid a ball player. Immediately upon presentation of the medal by Pete Dailey, who made a very elaborate speech, telegrams of congratulation were received from Baron Munchausen and Ananias.

Were it not for the fact that Dad Wilson had jumped into the outlaw league, it is feared the medal would have to be wrenched from the bosom of Corkey and pinned to the veteran. Frank Leslie received an urgent vauogram from George Washington, begging for a sureance, before he was compelled to take his little hatchet and go on the warpath again.

The hitters could not get enough of Wilson's offerings, and fell for his choice curves time after time. His words seemed to fit so well with the champagne punch, "nuts Seattle" and the "cheese Spokane." But Dad was finally sent to the bench, and shortly after the game broke up.

Miss Laurie Ordway was drafted from the Suffragette league, and landed on the bull—ball, that is to say—in approved Pankhurst fashion. She was given the cleanup position in the batting order by George Shreeder.

The cooks and waiters were scored on time and time again, and at the conclusion of the eat-fest were each given a million dollars as an appreciation.

**NEW TWIRLER**  
Manager Arthur Devlin of Oakland in the Pacific Coast league, has purchased Pitcher Geyer of St. Louis for his team next season.

**BIG DEMAND**  
There is an enormous demand for tickets for the Army and Navy game to be played at the Polo grounds in New York.

**CRIMSON CHANGES**  
The Harvard football team has been shaken up, one player being dropped, and four others shifted around.

# How I Built Myself Into A World's Champion

**FIRST ARTICLE.**  
When I think of the puny lad I was and my ambition to be a prize fighter, along about the time I laced on my first glove, I have to smile. It seemed a preposterous hope for a little runt to cherish.

There I was, a skinny kid with a chicken-breast, taking myself seriously as a future boxer to the amusement of the entire neighborhood. I used to look at that chicken-breast in the mirror and shake my head with the feeling that I had been especially singled out by black misfortune.

But I had ambition. And I found that ambition can put quick, thick muscles over bones as well as accomplish other wonderful things.

We had fight for breakfast, lunch and dinner in our neighborhood. To box well was to be king-pin in the old Mission district. And I wanted to be king-pin.

When they laughed at me, good naturedly or with jeers, the older fellows, something way down deep under my ribs got busy making over my body to fit the fight game, straightening out my breast. It felt hard as iron, that will, down there near the solar plexus.

Often when I'm fighting nowadays I feel it again like that—like an iron anchor—when the blows are coming hard as mule kicks and the crowd seems against me.

That is a boy's most priceless possession. Call it "ambition" or "will" or "heart." But keep it unbroken if you want to be a top-notch in school, in an office or in the prize ring. I want every boy who reads this to let that sink in deep. And remember that—

It is dissipation which most



quickly breaks this anchor. Giving up to bad habits is like iron rust, eating away the will power to get what you want most.

When its gone a man gives up. Anyone can whip him. The boy who loses it is doomed to failure. Clean red blood from clean living is essential to the will that carries boys to the top.

Cigarets, drink, laziness, giving away to fits of temper, lack of wholesome exercise and all other forms of dissipation, making the

body flabby and filling it with poisons, carry him quickly to the bottom.

That is what I have learned in the fight game.

The older boys began watching me.

"That kid's a comer," they said. It was better than cigarette smoke to hear them say that; better than booze. You see I was climbing toward the king-pins.

I saw that men were like boys. Strong walls built strong bodies.

The others went flabby; they stooped and sagged, whined and cursed their "luck." Those who kept the rust from the anchor laughed and held good jobs.

I had discovered what made a fighter—what made the king-pins.

(Continued Tomorrow.)

*Willie Ritchie*

# EVERYTHING READY FOR FIRST MOOSE SMOKER

There will be six bouts of four rounds each at the opening smoker of the Moose lodge tomorrow night. There will be two head-line bouts, one between Frank Farmer and Johnny Moran, heavyweights, and the other between Paul Steele and Eddie Marino, the clever lightweight millers.

In the special main events Joe Wilson and Tex Vernon tackle Peter Moran and Joe Hill, respectively. Joe Henning and Ed McLarney have one preliminary.

and Henry Munson and Kid Shepherd the other.

Johnny Moran is practically unknown, but those who have seen him work out declare that he is going to give Farmer an awful hard run for his money, but that remains to be seen, of course.

Paul Steele and Marino have met before, and their bout should be a corning one. Steele is the faster of the two, but Eddie has years of experience and great knowledge of the game.

The other bouts are expected to furnish good entertainment.

# THE HOTSTOVE LEAGUE

(Excerpts to cheer the fan in winter.)

**Autumn to the Magnate.**  
The melancholy days are here, The saddest days of all the year, When turnstiles seldom deign to click, When patrons at their firesides stick; The winter months come on in space When fadom talks of next year's race; There is no joy this time of year—

For holdout days will soon be here,

**A Capsulated Minstrel Show.**  
Orchestra—Ta-ra-ra-ra, Int.—Gentlemen, be seated. Bones—Did you hear that the National Biscuit Company wants to buy the Giants? Int.—No, I didn't, Bones. Why does the National Biscuit company want to buy the Giants? Bones—To make "bakers" of them.

(Curtain.)

# LEADS RESERVE FOOTBALLERS



Paul Spurney, captain of the Western Reserve university, is a graduate of Central High school, Cleveland. Last year he led the eleven and played quarter, but this year is showing more ability as halfback.

# ZIM DROPPED

NEW YORK, Nov. 12—Because he was behind in his dues, Heine Zimmerman, the Cub star, has been dropped from the Baseball Players' Fraternity. Zimmerman is displaying no excitement over the action of the fraternity.

# TRUE FRIENDS

OXNARD, Cal., Nov. 12.—The Giants defeated the White Sox here yesterday with Mathewson in the box, 3 to 2. This is the home town of Fred Snogras, and he was given a gold watch.

**A CONSUMPTIVE COUGH**  
A cough that bothers you continually is one of the danger signals which warns of consumption. Dr. King's New Discovery stops the cough, loosens the chest, banishes fever and lets you sleep peacefully. The first dose checks the symptoms and gives prompt relief. Mrs. A. F. Mertz, of Glen Eilyn, Iowa, writes: "Dr. King's New Discovery cured a stubborn cough after six weeks' doctoring failed to help." Try it, as it will do the same for you. Best medicine for coughs, colds, throat and lung troubles. Money back if it fails. Price 50c and \$1.00. All druggists, by mail, H. E. Bucklen & Co., Philadelphia or St. Louis.

**TO GO AHEAD.**  
Francis Ouimet, American open golf champion, will go to England next year to compete with the best golfers in the British Isles.

**FOOTBALL OUTFITS**  
**Washington**  
TOOL & HARDWARE CO.

# Chirps & Chatter

BY JAMES W. EGAN

Again we note with interest that Ty Cobb is to get the largest salary ever paid a ballplayer.

**HE IS GETTING USED TO IT**  
About this time every year it happens to Ty.

In regard to that fight Ritchie had Monday night, there is one fighter who is angry. We might say Cross.

**GOLF BLAME IT!**  
There we had to go and diagram the darn thing.

They have refused to number college football players. It might please the public, and this is not to be thought of.

**HE EARNED HIS LAURELS**  
Joe Tyler is the best player of the Northwestern Pacific International Lawn Tennis association. Which is something to be the best player of—what?

We know this to be true, because E. Cave-Brown-Cave said so.

That's a sweet name Mr. Cave, etc., has. It reminds us of breakfast food.

**TO BE CONTINUED**  
That's because it runs in "cereal" form. (Slip him the cup of hemlock, Achilles, and slip it quick.)

Outside of beating them, the Stadium high team doesn't see where Aberdeen has anything on them.

**RUN FOR THE CLUBHOUSE**  
If this Mawruss does not quit writing about us and golf (notice the "us" and golf, not "golf and us") we will take one of the clubs he raves over and go and whang him on the scone.

BESIDES, he accuses us of stymies and bunkers, when he knows we never eat anything but sundaes and cream puffs.

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