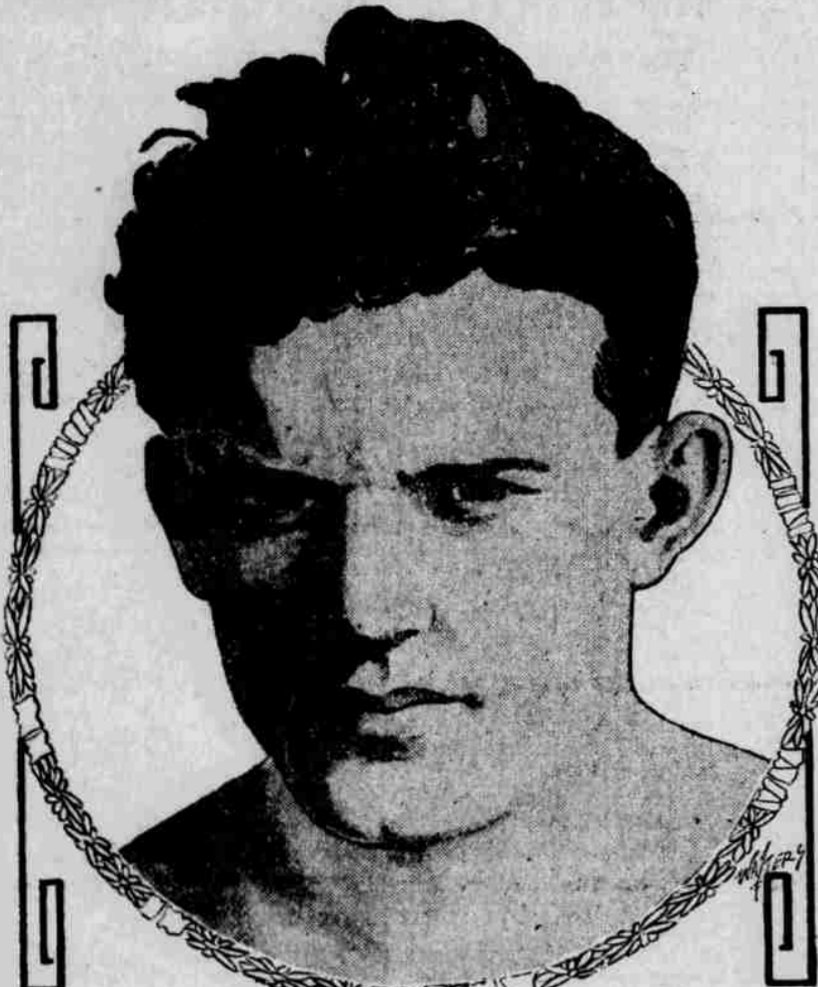


**FIGHTER WHO ASPIRES TO BEAT NELSON**



Packey McFarland

Packey McFarland, pride of the Chicago Stockyards district, is the leading aspirant in the pugilistic arena for the lightweight honors now held by Battling Nelson. He is fast and clever and is possessed of a hard right hand punch and left hand jab. Prospects that the two men will soon meet to decide the question as to who is the better are very bright.

**PITCHER JOSS MAKES PLEA FOR "SPITTER"**

Says Any Time a Twirler Has It Working, He Is Practically Invincible.

BY ADDIE JOSS.

The proposed abolition of the "spit ball" by certain members of the rules committee is causing much speculation among fans and players as to whether or not such a move would be advisable.



The general impression seems to prevail that it will not be done. Even though the "spitter" is abolished, the chances are it will not be done away with until the pitchers who use it have had at least a year in which to become proficient in the common or garden variety of foolers.

There is no question but what this form of delivery has had, and always will have, a bad effect on the hitting end of the game. Any time a pitcher has the "spit ball" working, and by that is meant having it break low and fast, he is practically unhittable.

The "saliva slant" takes more of a break than an ordinary curve ball, and what is more, when handled by an expert, it can be made to break either in or out.

It is practically impossible for the batter to follow this break in the ball, and hence his inability to hit it successfully.

Fans seem to have taken a dislike to this form of pitching, particularly when the opposing flinger has the home batters on the run with it.

When the home twirler is making monkeys of the opposition with the "spitter" there is very little said against it.

Another reason given for its abolition is that it causes the fielders to make errors, which otherwise would not have occurred.

This is especially true where an infielder, who is obliged to make a hurried play, grabs the ball on the moistened side. A wild peg is the usual result.

But after all is said and done it is unlikely that the "spitter" will be abolished, for it would hardly be fair to the men who depend on this form of delivery for their success.

The pitcher who uses the "damp shoot" is only taking advantage of his peculiar skill in this line, investigation having shown that there is something besides merely wetting the ball which makes it so hard to hit.

It took Ed. Walsh, Comiskey's great pitcher, a couple of years to acquire the "spitter," and it would surely be a hardship to deprive him of the use of it after he has worked it to a point where it is a near-science.

If it is abolished plenty of time should be given to the "spit ballers" to acquire some other form of delivery with which they can retain their effectiveness. One season will surely not be too long.

**Dorando Coming to America.**  
Dorando, the Italian runner, who finished first, but was disqualified, in the Marathon race at the London Olympic games, is coming to America. It is expected that he will race against well-known American long distance runners at Madison Square garden November 25. John J. Hayes, winner of the Marathon; Tom Longboat, the Canadian Indian runner, and A. A. Shrubbs, the English professional champion, who has been employed at Harvard as a coach, have been invited to meet the Italian at that time.

**JOHN HENRY**



**ON THE DRUMMERS HE MET**

BY GEO. V. HOBART, ("HUGH M'HUGH.")

Dear Bunch: I'm headed for home, but the hurdles are holding me back. I met a whole flock of "the boys" in Rochester yesterday morning, and since most of 'em were making a flying leap for New York, you can believe me it was a swift squad of sports that climbed into one of Mr. Pullman's sleep-wagons and permitted themselves to be yanked over the rails.

A bunch of brisk ones—believe me! There was Charlie Hammond, leading man with the "Kitty, the Kash Girl" Company; David Torrence, first heavy with the melodrama, entitled "The Haunted Automobile; or, Who Stole the Muffler?" Frank Westerton, first low sad with the "Crazy-Quit Burlesquers;" Emmet Corrigan, who is lecturing through the provinces on "How to Play Bridge Without Impairing the Tonels;" Malcolm Williams, the handsomest leading man in the show-business — when completely shaved; William Burress, the Bath-Robe King; Charlie Abbott, who sells that fine Monticello honey-dew, and Arthur Shaw.

Shaw travels for a clothing house in Cincinnati, and they call him Slim

Westerton was almost out; Burress was under the seat sparring for wind; Slim was giving an imitation of a coal-barge in a heavy sea, and the rest of the passengers in various stages from hiccoughs to convulsions.

"Is Boozey comfy wif his 'itty weeny teeny Birdie?" chirped the bride.

"Boozey is so happy wif his 'izzy-wizzly!" gurgled the husband; "how's my 'ittle girly wirly?"

"Oh! she's such a happy-wappy 'ittle fing!" giggled the dotty dame, pinching her piggle's ear, whereupon the brewer tried to hand the bride another gasoline gaze, but the old lady caught him with the goods.

"Is id to my face you go behind my back to make googley-googley eyes ad somevin—yes?" she growled, and in a minute the brewer's brow was busy with the window pane.

"Sweetie looks ad Pettie and Sweetie sees that Pettie's pretty face is getting sunburned, so it is!" cuckooed Mrs. Daffy; "and Sweetie has a dood mind to tish him, too!"

They opened a newspaper, crawled under cover, and began to bite each other on the chin.

"Go as far as you like!" said Slim, then he went down and out.

The man who helped to make Weehawken famous had his head out the window watching for an ice-wagon, and Mrs. Brew was industriously muttering "Du bist ein Narr! Du bist ein Narr!"

Just then the train pulled out and saved our lives.

Dave, Frank, Bill, Slim, Charlie, Malcolm, and I rushed feverishly up to the other end of the car to cool off, and there we landed on the outskirts of a bunch of drummers, who were fanning each other with fairy-tales about the goods they sold.

"I'll back three of the lads in that collection to dream longer than any other drummers on the track.

It's a pipe that they can sell bills to each other all day and never wake up.

A guy named Mutt Dawson was holding forth.

He's a most reckless spendthrift with his words, and the meanest man to the English language I ever listened to.

Mutt was telling them about hypnotizing a John Wanamaker merchant prince in Pikesville, Ind., to the extent of \$200 for open-work socks, farmer's size, and then a chap named Jack Dean sent his balloon up by telling us how he sold the Sigel-Coopers, of Bugport, Ia., \$300 worth of Panama hats for horses.

The Hot Air association was in full session when Buck Jones caromed



They Call Him Slim.

because he's getting so fat that every time he turns around he meets himself coming back.

He's all to the good—that boy is! And such a cut-up!

Slim knows more "look-out!—there's-a-lady-over-there!" stories than any other drummer in the business.

Then there was Nick Dalrymple and Tod Gilpin—two live ones with a full set of sparks flying.

Nick goes for the orders for a hardware house in Columbus, and he knows everybody in the world—bar one family living in Yonkers.

Nick has only one trouble, he will paddle after the ponies.

Whenever he makes a town where there's a poolroom his expense-account gets fat and beefy, and Nick begins to worry for fear he may win something.

He won \$12 in Cleveland once, and he spent \$218 at a boozecologist's that night getting statistics on how it happened.

Tod Gilpin cuts ice for a match-factory in Newark, and he's the life of a small party.

Tod's main hold is to creep into the "reading-room" of a Rube hotel after the choros are done of an evening and throw salt in the come-ons.

Tod tells them that their town is the brightest spot on the map, and they want up to him and want to buy him saraparilla and root beer.

Then when he gets them stuck on themselves he sells them matches.

"Pipe the gang to quarters and all rubber!" said Slim, about half an hour after the train pulled out.

In the seat ahead of us a somewhat demure-looking Proposition in rain-bow rags had been sampling the scenery ever since we started.

We had all given her the glad glance, but she was very much Cold Storage, so we passed it up.

As Slim spoke, the Proposition was joined by a young chap with a loose face, who had been out in the smoking-room working faithfully on one of those panama panatella cigars that bite you in the finger if you show the least sign of fear.

Just then the train stopped for a few minutes, and we were put wise to the fact that it was an incurable case of l'ide and groom.

"Oh! Boozey is back to his Birdie!" said the brand-new wife. "Did Boozey like his 'noky woky?"

Boozey opened a bunch of grins and sat down while wifey patted his cheek and cooed:

"Is um, glad to get back to um 'ittle wifey-pifey?"

Dave Torrence and Charlie Hammond began to scream inwardly, with Slim chuckling like a pet porpoise.

"Sweetie, mustn't be angry with Pettie, but Sweetie is sitting on Pettie's 'ittle ham!" said the bride, whereupon Malcolm Williams exploded, and Slim began to grab for his breath.

A Duff, brewer and his wife sat right ahead of Boozey and Birdie, and every one in awhile the old hop-puncher would turn around and beam benignly over the gold rims at the bride.

"Boozey must snuggly-wuggly up closer to his Cod te and skeeze her 'itty arm—no, no, a k her waist! you naughty! naughty!"

The brewer was back at the bride with another gold-rimmed goo-goo, when his life got nervous and cut in:

"Is id ju turn your face to see somedding—yes?" she snapped, and the foam-bull's eye ducked to the window and began to eat scenery.

**NO NEW STARS PRODUCED DURING 1908 GOLF SEASON**

Records Show More Boys Playing Than Ever, But Youthful "Phenoms" Are Lacking.

The 1908 golf season was not a record breaker so far as developing youthful "phenoms." In fact, it is quite evident that the past season has been unusually barren in this particular, although tournament records throughout the country show more boys playing the game than ever before.

In the recent national championship at Garden City, N. J., the younger element cut practically no figure. By this it is not meant to infer that the honors were carried off by battle-scarred veterans. On the contrary, most of the glory rewarded the efforts of young men, but not boys.

A glance at the names of the four that adorned the semi-final-bracket—Max Behr, Fred Herreshoff, Jerome D. Travers and Walter J. Travis—falls to reveal anything bordering on extreme youth. Behr graduated from Yale several years ago, while Herreshoff, who lost to Behr in this semi-final round, missed by the narrowest of margins a chance to reach the final, a distinction he gained in 1904 at Baltusrol, when he was a youthful prodigy.

So far as Champion Travers is concerned, this remarkable golfer celebrated his twenty-first birthday last May, which was after he had gained the triple crown of national, metropolitan and New Jersey title holder. It is, therefore, hardly fitting to refer to Travers any longer as "the boy."

The blush of youth has long since faded from the cheek of Walter Travis. In fact, almost from the time he became prominent as a golfer he has frequently been referred to as the "Old Man." Always playing with head as well as hands, Travis has been able, in scores of notable encounters, to more than offset the greater brilliancy of his youthful opponents by exercising rare judgment at critical stages. There have been times, however, when even with this great exponent of the game execution has not kept pace with intention.

Because Albert Seckel, a western entrant, enjoyed the distinction of being the youngest player in the recent championship his movements were watched with more than passing interest, but the boy did nothing to startle any one.

When Warren K. Wood carried Travers to the home green during the national tournament at Euclid a year ago the Chicago boy was promptly proclaimed as the coming champion, yet he failed to qualify at Garden City.

**Navy Wants to Row Cornell.**

The naval academy rowing authorities have determined to challenge Cornell for either a two or a four-mile race on the Severn next spring. The midshipmen's determination to row Cornell, a regular entrant at Poughkeepsie, for four miles is taken to indicate that all hope of sending a navy crew to the big event on the Hudson in 1909 has been abandoned.

**Foot-Ball Incident:**  
SPITTER TESTED FOR 30 COLLEGE.  
DUTY HERE HE GIVES ALACK!  
LOST HIS TRIP AND DOLLAR!  
AND GOT A QUARTER BACK.



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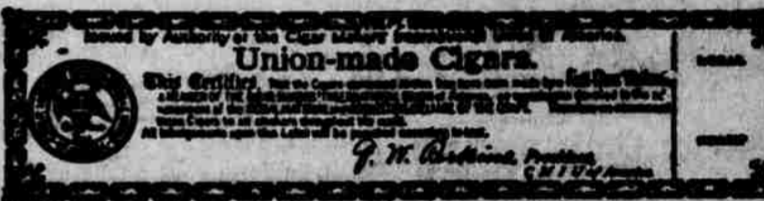
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