

GRIDIRON LADS START WORK

Bandit Warriors Begin to Plan for Season and Several Teams Are Organized.

COLUMBIANS BACK FOR MORE

By FRANK QUIGLEY. In all probability the biggest kick of the year will be registered on next Sunday when Prof. Foot Ball will endeavor to kick Old Man Base Ball into a hole of exclusion...

For several weeks the Monmouth Parks have been practicing and they are now ready to meet all comers. This team is always in the limelight fighting for the championship...

Class B Champions Back. Those Columbia reserves that nailed the honors in the previous season will be back on the job with practically the same lineup as last year.

Gridiron Passes. George Westerman is again ready to hold down the pivot position for some fast aggregation. Call him at Webster Street.

Arthur Moran, formerly with the Athletics, is billed to join the Monmouth Parks. He will probably hold down a tackle.

Pearson, star tackle of the Superiors, will play with the Columbians this season. He will strengthen their line considerably.

For fights with the Columbians call Douglas 226 or Webster 285 and coach for Frank Quigley, or write to 1800 Chicago Street.

Haasen, formerly with the Monmouth Parks and Tracy, formerly with the Superiors, will hook up with the Columbians this season.

For contests with the Fontanelles call Webster 576 and squawk for Schmittroth. They are anxious to book a few games out of town.

Peter Lyck, the windpaddler of the Blue Aggregators, was recently elected manager of the Creighton High school football team.

If Lusk park is big enough it would be an ideal spot for a football field. Some of you managers ought to consult John Dennison.

Walter Jack Walworth, well known in local ball and bull circles, will play with Creighton this term. He will probably be called the Columbian.

Lourke park will be utilized by the Columbians for all of their games and the Monmouth Parks will use the Douglas county fair grounds for the same purpose.

At Newton, one of the speediest pedal pushers in or around these jungles, will endeavor to hold down an end position with the Columbians.

One of our former stars, who is carrying about forty pounds of superfluous flesh, named Lusk, is trying out with Creighton University.

Because he is now tied for life, Herman Yast, one of the best local tacklers that ever donned moccasins, says he will watch the boys from the sidelines.

Wagner, Neb., will have another fast foot ball team in the field this season and they want to book a few games out of Omaha sometime towards the expiration of the season.

Down at Missouri Valley, Ia., they are seriously contemplating the proposition of putting a fast team in the field. They have already had a wood team and they generally win the Omaha gladiators.

Grant Golden, one of the favorites of the Monmouth Parks for several years, has organized a team to be called the Miller Parks. They will play a practice game this afternoon at Fontanelle park.

Under the leadership of Schmittroth the Fontanelles have been organized and are now ready to combat with any of the class B warriors. They will play a practice game at the Monmouth Parks out at the Douglas county fair grounds this afternoon. This match will give the coaches a good idea of the material to be used by both squads this season.

Against the Mandas will be in the limelight with a fast aggregation of leather egg artists. They will be under the supervision of the coach of the Mandas and they glommed second honors in class B circles, but as the majority of their troops has retired several novices of the depot, their captain, Frank Millett, has decided to register with the class A boys this trip.

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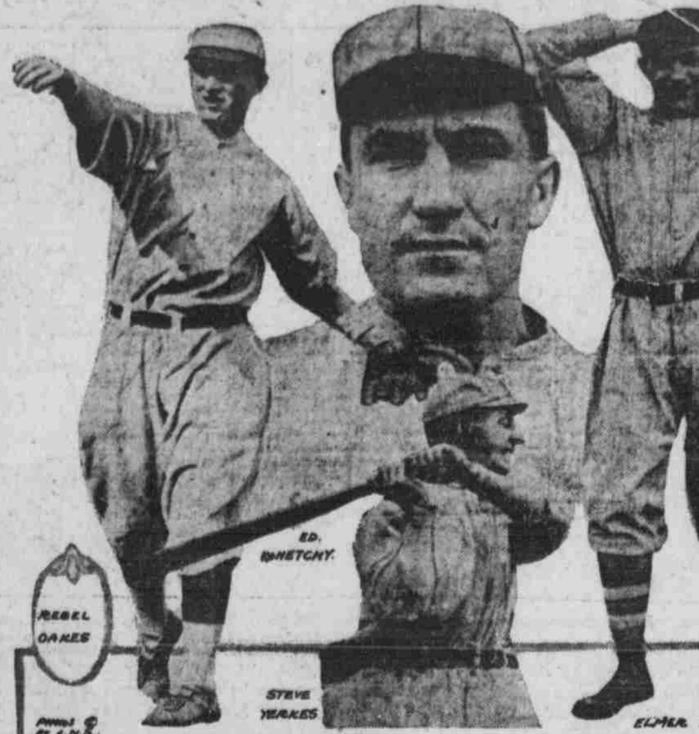
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Best Bet in Thrilling Federal League Race



The Pittsburgh Rebels, under the brilliant leadership of Rebel Oakes, look like the one best bet in the thrilling five-cornered race that is being staged for the Federal League pennant. But it's a race so close even now that the championship may not be decided until the last day of the season.

With the star pitchers back in shape, and with the team as a whole playing wonderful base ball, Pittsburgh, in the opinion of the critics, has the "edge" over its four rivals—Chicago, St. Louis, Newark and Kansas City.

The wonderful management by Rebel Oakes of a one-time "joke" ball club, and his great work as a player, have been the main factors in the success of the Rebels. But nobly aiding and abetting him have been Captain Ed Konetchy,

regarded as one of the greatest first basemen in base ball, and once a member of the Cardinals and Pirates; Steve Yerkas, hero of the 1912 world series, when he played with Boston; Frank Allen, the stopgap twirler, with the Dodgers last year; Elmer Knetsch, a pitching star in the old league and even a flashier performer in the new, and Cy Berger, once a twirler for Charles Herriges Ed-

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PACKEY MAY YET BE CHAMP

McFarland Should Be Able to Win Welterweight Championship Under New Scale.

WOULD BE HIS BEST WEIGHT

By KINGHIDE. NEW YORK, Sept. 25.—Packey McFarland, Chicago's "native son" ring representative, may yet retire from the ring with a title. This is something Packey has been in pursuit of since his debut in the game back in 1904, and which he has never had a chance to attain, as various champions have artfully dodged the Chicago gamecock.

Packey's "comeback"—it was virtually that—against Mike Gibbons, has made McFarland deviate from the course outlined by him before the Gibbons affair. When Packey signed up for Mike, it was his avowed intention never to enter the ring again after that fight. But his showing against Gibbons has caused him to alter his plans.

While we do not think Packey won that fight—a draw would have been our verdict had some official—the Chicagoans showed enough that evening to warrant him to return to the ring for an indeterminate period. Many ugly rumors have been spread about that battle, but not one allegation has been proved true. If, as hinted, the bout was pre-arranged, why would Gibbons have trained himself almost solely to make an impossible weight? Yet Mike scaled in at 145 1/2 pounds on the afternoon of the fight, after "drying" out for ten days and pasting up food for twenty hours before weighing time.

That one feature alone should be sufficient to dispel any talk of a "cook-up." But we are meandering from our original story. We intimated that McFarland may yet win a world's championship before he sinks into pugilistic oblivion. Here are facts to bear out the contention. Welterweight Limit Raised. The welterweight limit of 145 pounds has been raised to 147 pounds by the American Boxing association. Once more we harp on the American Boxing association; but it cannot be avoided. So, we repeat, if 147 pounds is recognized as the legitimate poundage for welterweights, then, say we, Packey McFarland will be quicker than some folks about it.

McFarland weighed in at 147 pounds for Gibbons. It was an unusual weight for him—nearly ten pounds over his normal poundage, at which he is unbeatable. Against Gibbons, Packey showed all of his vaunted cleverness. At times he made Mike appear like the veriest novice, making the St. Paul Flash miss punches by many feet. Of course, Packey was not lightning fast in his movements; but that was not to be expected of Packey McFarland after a two-year layoff, and ten superfluous pounds on his person.

What impressed us most, however, was Packey's willingness to meet the fight toward the close. He showed a stout heart when he plunged headlong at Gibbons, even after the St. Paul wonder had penetrated his guard with stiff punches. It was just Packey's Irish pluck and bulldog tenaciousness that impelled him to keep after Gibbons, even when the tide was turning against him.

Packey was a worthy lad at the end of the ten rounds, but if he could endure ten brilliant rounds against Gibbons it is a sure sign that he could show up in much better form against fighters inferior to the Gibbons party. And they are in the majority. His Best Weight. Now, again, Packey would be almost in his best fighting trim at 147 pounds ring-side—and he can make that notch easily and keep at it if he thought it would bring him a championship. There is no man in the country that could beat McFarland at this weight; so if 147 pounds ring-side is adopted as the legitimate welterweight standard, McFarland would be declared the champion of that class by acclamation, and there would be none to dispute his right to the title.

For Chicago—McFarland takes umbrage at several things we said about his match with Gibbons, wherein we mentioned Mrs. McFarland as the real "boss" of the McFarland household. Packey does not wish to have his better half connected in any way with his ring affairs, and we take this means of expressing our regret to Packey. We won't do it again, Packey, but— We understand that it was Mrs. McFarland's wish that the Gibbons affair be Packey's last effort in the roped arena. We asked if he intended to continue in the game if successful against Gibbons, and Packey replied that he might.

Remember that afternoon at the Shelbourne, Pack? We thought surely you would penetrate our disguise; but we did not dare reveal our identity after all those threats you made against us for "writing these nasty articles." Hope to meet you again soon, Packey.

HARVARD TOILS IN THE HEAT

Crimson Athletes of the Gridiron Hustle Through Complete Practice Each Day.

CAMBRIDGE, Mass., Sept. 25.—Notwithstanding the intense heat for several weeks, the Harvard football squad, numbering eighty-five men, has put more hard rudimentary work than has been usual in the preliminary season on Soldiers field. Percy Haughton said that if he had such a veteran corps as he had last year he would have changed his mind; but Haughton and his assistants realize fully the presence of the great amount of green material on hand this year, and realize also that every minute, even of the preliminary season, must be made to count.

Harvard will have practically all the men counted on this fall, but it will be a significant task to build an eleven which can go through the hard schedule in any such fashion as last year's team did. To date Haughton has handled his entire squad, as he usually handles the varsity material, once this has been separated from the second string. The coaching has been more advanced because the coaches are testing the intelligence of their men, their capacity for work and their ability to comprehend it. It is the coaches' aim to gather in the very best material at the start, and this can only be done by applying as many tests as possible in a very limited time.

With only one tackle and the center remaining from last year's rush line, and with one of these men considered a little light and the other's eligibility not being certain, Eddie Mahan, the captain, is the one veteran standing as the foundation for the team. There are plenty of substitutes and several of the freshmen are promising; also with the return of Cowen and Gilman for the line, and Sloop, the old center rush, who probably will be at end this fall, the outlook for a good forward line is not so dark as it would appear to be at first glimpse. But there is going to be a lot of work ahead to develop a string of first-class ends and quarterbacks. As for the backfield the material is good enough.

It is altogether too early to make prognostications regarding the lineup even for the earlier scrimmages. The coaches are working hard with every man on the field. The rudimentary drill has been more extensive than ever before. For instance, the linemen are already breaking through, blocking, using Harvard's peculiar interference and defending themselves against it. The backs are being taught to balance, receive the ball, run low and hard as well as to sidestep and dodge. The quarters all have been schooled in receiving the ball, passing, in footwork, forward passing, catching kicks and in vocal work on signals. The ends have worked on interference, down the field work and handling passes, while all hands have been sent to the tackling dummies. Possibly seven men may be used in line as regulars to start the regular football season.

BALTIMORE, Md., Sept. 25.—The popular Laurel park race track in Maryland will throw open its gates October 1. Judging from the entries some good racing is promised the followers of the sport. Eight hundred and seventy-nine entries have been made for the various events and these represent 100 owners.

The framing of the programs for the month's sport has been given the greatest care and attention, the conditions being of the most equitable sort. This means larger fields and greater competition, and when this is brought about it spells nothing but success.

PING BODIE NOW ASPIRES TO BECOME CURVE DEALER

Ping Bodie insists that he can pitch as well as any slabster in the Pacific Coast league right now. Ping's ambition is to become a regular baseman. He spends all his spare time practicing with the slabsters, and they say that he has a lot of new stuff. Bodie has a wonderful arm, and if he gets a chance he may yet develop into a capable curve dealer.

Jack Curley Has Hot Comeback for Banker Fight-Fan

Jack Curley, promoter of the Jess Willard-Jack Johnson fight, is frequently annoyed, while traveling, by glibulous strangers who insist and persist in talking to him about the big fight. Invariably these one-sided discussions take the most impudent form, the would-be "fan" endeavoring to get "inside information" about the match. After asking Curley how much Johnson really got, how much Willard really got, etc., the inevitable question is:

"Now, tell me, was the fight really on the level?" During a recent railroad journey Curley was questioned by a portly gentleman who had learned from the porter that "the big feller was the man who promoted the big fight."

Without any preliminaries the portly one jumped right into a monologue of questions and opinions, asking all the routine questions, and finally wound up with: "Well, I guess all those matches are more or less crooked?" "Pardon me, sir," said Curley, "but you have evinced an intense interest in my private affairs. Now, may I ask what your line of business is? Who are you and what do you do?" "Why," pompously replied the portly individual, "I'm a banker of Topeka, Kan. I—"

"Well," interrupted Curley, "speaking of crooks, I'll tell you that there's a whole lot more bankers in the hoosgow than at Leavenworth, Kan., than the average fight promoters there."

Whereupon the portly gentleman shrunk visibly.

American League Averages

Table with columns for Club, W, L, T, AB, R, H, ER, Pct. Rows include Cincinnati, Cleveland, Detroit, etc.

National League Averages

Table with columns for Club, W, L, T, AB, R, H, ER, Pct. Rows include Cincinnati, Cleveland, Detroit, etc.

Individual Batting

Table with columns for Player, Club, AB, R, H, ER, Pct. Rows include Cobb, Davis, Fournier, etc.

Pitching Records

Table with columns for Player, Club, IP, H, R, ER, Pct. Rows include Barnes, Feltz, Boardman, etc.

The Hypodermic Needle

Great is this patching marvel. Rare are his curves and speed. Obstacles easily mounting. Vaulting the bars to the lead. Bariatric, efficient, determined. Record his every deed.

Catalogue him as the greatest. List in the hall of fame. Erase from the records his knickers. Venerate his worthy name. Endless he toils with never a swerve. Leading the way is his way. Always ready and willing to serve. Never a slip or a sway. Dean of the hook and curve.

Able, efficient, and fearless. Leading from spring until fall. Embellish and praise him forever. Kray his virtues to all. Aggressively fighting his battles. Never losing his stride. Doing his best every game. Echo again his great name. Rejoice for Nebraska's pride.

If you don't think the above is a real piece of work and entails a lot of labor, try to figure out a line starting with a word which begins with "X." Caesar, Too Was Ambitious. Grover Cleveland Alexander, of whom the above gem of literature concerns, has asked Pat Moran permission to hurl three of the games in the world's series.

FOR THEN YOU WILL KNOW THAT JUMBO STEHRM HAS FRACTURED HIS MILL. Count lost that day. Which patcher away. And your gleaming orbs fail to lamp. In the sporting sheet. This headline bleat: "There's a Gloom in the Husker Camp."

Publicity Staff. Today the Duluth Edisons and the Omaha Luxus will play at Rourke park. The Omaha Amateur Base Ball association pays the expenses of the Duluth team to this game and gets all the gate receipts. Also the Drexels go to St. Paul to play a team there today.

Self-assurance comes from within—if the exterior or be draped in exclusive fabrics tailored to your own personality. From fashion's choicest Fall fabrics we will make to your measure such a suit. Suits and Overcoats to order, \$20.00 to \$45.00. Perfect fit and style guaranteed. MacCarthy-Wilson Tailoring Co. 315 South 15th Street.

Rheumatism Easily Relieved

Famous Weight Men To Quit Athletics

NEW YORK, Sept. 25.—Lawson Robertson's "whales" are going on strike. Pat Ryan, Matt McGrath and Pat McDonald, the trio of giants who have gained all kinds of honors in the past in the throwing of the heavyweights, are all thinking of quitting competition. The reason that the "whales" are about to quit is that there are not enough competitors to keep them busy. Ryan said not long ago on this subject: "There's little in it for a fellow who throws the hammer and 56-pound weight these days. The athletic meets are being held for the runners. It isn't once a month that we big fellows get a chance to compete, and there's nothing in training half the time for this little bit. Personally, I did not have more than a dozen competitions outside of the championship events this summer, and another year I'm not going to bother keeping in condition."

ASKS 10 CENTS FOR BED; SHARKEY WARY INVESTOR

Somewhere in the long ago we read one of the many stories that had to do with the miserliness of Tom Sharkey, the "war horse" of the ring in the earlier days of pugilism, but here is a topline: Sharkey and a friend were walking along Fourteenth street in New York one night when a human derelict blocked their path. "See he," he said to Sharkey, "I'm down and out. Will you give me ten cents for a bed?" "Let's see the bed," demanded the cautious Sharkey.

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