

Big League Managers Who Are Booked to Retire at End of This Season



HARRY WOLVERTON.

By MONTY.
 NEW YORK, Aug. 3.—The base ball season of 1912 is more than half gone, fans, more than half gone. Seems a little early still, maybe, to speculate late upon next year, but such is hardly the fact. The situation already has shaped itself so that a number of things can be foreseen, and not the least apparent of these is the shaking up of the managerial personnel in the two big leagues.

No less than half a dozen pilots seem due to pass from their present posts of authority by the getway time in 1913.

Three of them are in the National league and three in the American. With the six berths vacated, six opportunities will await the proper lines, and a promising lot there seems to be ready to jump in and handle the helm.

The probability of the unseating of Frank Chance of the Chicago Cubs and Hugh Jennings of the Detroit Tigers is one of the noteworthy developments of the season to date. Jennings' part in the strike of the Tigers over Cobb's suspension will cause him to be ousted from the American League, as now is generally

accepted as a fact among baseball followers. Chance's physical condition will compel him to give up the game, even the managing end of it, by the end of this season. Numerous pelts on the bean by fast pitchers while he was an active gladiator of the diamond have engendered a peculiar sort of trouble in the peerless one's brain, which causes him to suffer severe attacks of vertigo when under stress of excitement. He has announced to friends that he contemplates retiring altogether at the end of the season.

While the latter half of the season may change the complexion of things to some extent, it seems certain that the six men referred to are bound to go, no matter what can happen before reckoning time. Accordingly the owners of the clubs in question have their weather eyes peeled and wax out of their ears, primed to recognize the proper man when the available ones come within hailing distance. Already more names have been mentioned as being in line for managerial jobs than there have been jobs mentioned.

Joe Ganzel, who has his Rochester Bronchos galloping along at a furious pace in the lead of the International league race, seems one of the most likely candidates. His rival in the same league, George Stallings of Buffalo, who once held the rein of the Yankees, is another discussed one. He is not doing so well with Buffalo just now, but is suffering from lack of material on hand, rather than from lack of ability on his own part.

Fred Lake, who now is acting as a scout for the St. Louis Browns, is another man of managerial caliber, and nobody would be surprised to see him drift back into the charmed circle. His work at the wheel of the Red Sox a



HARRY DAVIS.

few years ago has not been forgotten, and the foundation which he built has proved the making of Jake Stahl this year. Or, should we say the making of Jimmy McAleer, who as president of the club has butted in over Stahl's head and done most of the important things in the administration of the American league leaders?

Two men who loom up for leaders' honors are now in the ranks of the clubs that they may take hold of next year. Mordcaid Brown of the Cubs and Willie Keeler of Brooklyn are the men. Jennings seems the most formidable candidate for the Brooklyn job when he is turned loose by Detroit, but, if Ebbets falls to land him, Keeler is the next best to be found. Brown should make a good manager if he gets the honor with the Cubs. He knows Chance's ideas thoroughly and without doubt would adhere to the same tactics.

The other men who seem sure to go will be doomed simply because of failure to come up to what was expected of them. Without doubt the most colossal failure of the year is Harry Wolverton, of the New York Yankees. Everybody, even the rival teams in the American league and expected the Yankees to stand well up in the first division, many even granting them an outsider's chance for the pennant. But they are fighting for last place with the lowly St. Louis Browns, with the odds favoring the New York entry's lodging in the cellar when the curtain drops. Wolverton is game. You have to hand him that much. But there is little else to be said in extenuation of his plea. There are plenty of men in the world who are plucky fighters but know little about base ball. Wolverton does know base ball, but he does not grasp the manager's duties as he should. He has made a wreck of what looked like a powerful machine three months ago. He is sure to pass out of the big leagues forever when his one-year contract runs its course.

Bill Dahlen of Brooklyn, is another dismal disappointment, and is certain to get the gate. And the same may be said of Johnny Kling, catcher extraordinary of other days and present driver of the Boston Nationals. The sixth man on the bounce list is Harry Davis, who has been trying to manage the Clevelanders, but has not succeeded. Taking a real team left him by the upbuilding of George Stovall last year, he has let it run down and it is nothing but the scintillating of a few stars, Joe Jackson in particular, that has kept the team in the fight with Detroit for leadership of the second division.

While the latter half of the season may



"BAD BILL" DAHLEN.

change the complexion of things to some extent, it seems certain that the six men referred to are bound to go, no matter what can happen before reckoning time. Accordingly the owners of the clubs in question have their weather eyes peeled and wax out of their ears, primed to recognize the proper man when the available ones come within hailing distance. Already more names have been mentioned as being in line for managerial jobs than there have been jobs mentioned.

The American association advances a

formidable candidate in Little Topsy Hartel, the former star outfielder of the Athletics. Topsy has been doing better with Toledo than anybody has expected and deserves greater things. Charley Hemphill is acclimating himself with credit in the Southern league, where he has been handling Atlanta in good shape. The Crackers are playing the same style of game that Hemphill used to put up himself while shining in the field for the old St. Louis Browns and the Yankees of a few years past.

Ad Wolgast a Lucky Guy



By W. W. NAUGHTON.

AD WOLGAST.

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 3.—All things considered, Champion Ad Wolgast may consider himself a lucky fellow. He showed conclusively in his four rounds with Willie Ritchie in San Francisco that his stamina had been impaired by his appendicitis operation, and if he had listened to the advice of some of his best friends he would have postponed his affair with Rivers at Los Angeles. The fact that he refused to hearken to counsel given him suggests that Wolgast had Rivers sized up pretty well. The champion had seen Rivers in most of his fights, and had watched the Mexican training many a time and oft.

He felt probably that even if he was not as good as formerly, he could account for Rivers, and the result proved that his diagnosis was correct. But at that he ran quite a risk.

Wolgast is free to confess now that he needs more building up and he may thank his stars that he is not in the position of the man who locked the stable door after the steed had been stolen. He has gone to his farm near Cadillac to lead the simple life for a few months, and just what the future holds for him in the fighting line is problematical. There is room for doubt as to whether he will ever be as sturdy as he was before he became a subject for the surgeon's knife. If he decides to hold aloof from the activities of the ring for the balance of his days, the lightweight championship question will be in as bad a tangle as the heavyweight premiership would be in the event of Jack Johnson retiring. There is not a thinking man who could say offhand which pugilist is entitled to step into Wolgast's shoes.

Of a certainty Rivers has no claim on the lightweight crown. The only thing that justified the Wolgast-Rivers match was the suspicion that Wolgast had retrograded—through no fault of his own—and the fight, if it did nothing else, proved that the suspicion was well founded. But even though Wolgast was far from being the Wolgast who trounced Battling Nelson, he was a match for Rivers; but this should stand as testimony that Rivers does not belong in the best lightweight company.

This is not a one-man view of the matter by any means. The newspaper experts reported that the Fourth of July fight in Los Angeles differed

many essentials, but there was one point on which there was a striking unanimity of opinion. The majority of the scribes said that for many rounds before the finish, Wolgast was outpunching Rivers, and wearing him down.

Away from Los Angeles there is difference of opinion as to who really directs the fistic fortunes of the Mexican, but whoever he is, Rivers is well advised. Willie Ritchie, probably San Francisco's premier lightweight at present, has claimed many times during the last few months that he is as well entitled to a bout with Wolgast as the next man. When doubt arose in regard to Wolgast's readiness to continue boxing, Ritchie went to Los Angeles with an exceedingly fair proposal. He asked for a match with Rivers with the understanding that the winner was to have the privilege of boxing the champion when the latter decided he had recuperated sufficiently to re-enter the ring.

The Ritchie proposition was turned down, and Jack Mandot of New Orleans was signed up to be Rivers' next opponent at Los Angeles on Labor day. It is a safer match for Rivers probably, but so far as lightweight development is concerned it will not mean a great deal, as Ritchie a short time ago defeated Mandot signally in the latter's home town.

The fact that Rivers has given him the cold shoulder will not mean so much

of a bar to progress in Ritchie's case, as Rivers is by no means the pivot on which the lightweight swings. It will be easy enough for the San Francisco sapling to make his way in the lightweight world if he has the necessary fighting qualifications, and can do the weight.

Right here it may be stated, there is grave doubt as to whether nature intended Ritchie for a simon-pure 133 pounder. He says he is one, but fighters, you know, are notoriously unreliable in the declarations of pounds; and Ritchie's friends fear that he is a second Packey McFarland and that he cannot conform to the weight requirements of the class of which Wolgast is

king without weakening himself.

As a matter of fact, genuine 133 pounders are as scarce as hen's teeth, and such being the case, Johnny Kilbane's announcement that he is going to try for lightweight laurels bears more significance than it ordinarily would.

It will not do to pooh-pooh Kilbane's pretensions, either, for he has already knocked out Rivers, who considers himself a rival of Wolgast, and has defeated Abe Attell, who declares Wolgast is afraid to meet him.

Ball Player a Pugilist.

Midget Mensor, Pittsburgh's acquisition from Portland, was a pugilist in Oakland before he took up base ball. He is no bigger than a drop of water in uniform, but strips as a lightweight.

Jimmy McAleer is Crafty

By W. J. MACBETH.
 NEW YORK, August 3.—Let me introduce James R. McAleer, president of the Boston-Americans. He is remarkable because he appreciates the honorable dignity of his position as few magnates do. He keeps his hands entirely free from the playing end of the Red Sox and thereby sets an example that would profit about nine-tenths of the club presidents of the major leagues.

There is naturally great temptation for club owners to trifle with the club presidents of the major leagues. They say, "It's my money and I'm going to have my say." More than three-quarters of the major league base ball leaders are handcuffed and manacled before they assume a leadership. Club presidents and big stockholders are the real managers. Those credited with the title are simply decoys. The one man in the big show perfectly qualified to offer advice to his manager is Jimmy McAleer, president of the pace-making Boston Speed Boys. Yet he has never so much as batted an eyelash in the direction of Jake Stahl. McAleer went to Boston as head of the American league club, an experienced manager. Previous to his long managerial connections with the Browns and the Senators he had shown for many years as one of the most remarkable outfielders of any time. McAleer knows base ball from every angle backwards. But in knowing that a president's position is a truly executive one, he holds the whiphand over his distant rivals. No one in the American league is better qualified to interfere in the management of a club, yet McAleer always keeps in the background and lets Stahl really manage and reap whatever glory lies in success.

The Boston Red Sox are the great base ball surprise of 1912. Nobody dreamed that when the campaign opened that the Hub had the ghost of a show with the world's champion Athletics, nor did they under old conditions. John Taylor, the retired president, always had "butted in" on his managers. He figured to do so again this season, for he still owns half of the stock. McAleer wished Jake Stahl as a first baseman. He had to offer the management to wear J. Garland from the banking business in Chicago. Then on the side Jake demanded a chance to buy in a nice block of stock for himself.

The complication that that sort of a combination held in store were foreseen universally. Every sharp predicted a civil war in Boston circles that would rip a pennant possibility right up the back. No one could see how the broth could possibly come out wholesome with half a dozen brawling cooks.

Why didn't the expected storm break? James R. McAleer is the answer. He's the buffer that stands between Jake Stahl and interference, and Jake, a practically inexperienced man at the business, has made good with a rush. Jake is a great player and a wise head. But it is a 50 to 1 bet that he wouldn't have delivered the goods under former Boston conditions, lucky as the Hub was in drawing a real pitching staff for the first time since 1905.

With McAleer's case so strikingly before them, doesn't it seem a wonder that the rest of the American league magnates do not get onto themselves? They simply must meddle, or let Ban Johnson meddle for them. Perhaps McAleer would have felt differently himself had not presidential interference made his long experience in St. Louis one of the great and wormwood. Experience is the great teacher, and all club presidents have not the brains or ability to get into

the kindergarten of that old school from which McAleer was graduated.

Probably a few examples might set the fussy magnates thinking if they could only spare time from the managements of their clubs to listen just once in his life did John McGraw let John T. Brush manage the team and Mr. Brush got such a burn therefrom that he has scarcely recovered. Brush insisted upon McGraw pitching "Rube" Marquard in a big game in 1903, shortly after the champion \$11,000 beauty reported. New York not only lost the game and the pennant, but two years' service of the southpaw in the country not to mention the thousands upon thousands of dollars that were lost.

Connie Mack owns a quarter of the Athletics and he is the one big noise in the management. Connie has been successful because he has no general staff of advisers. The same holds good for Frank Chance and Fred Clarke. President Frank Navin did not like the way Hugh Jennings was running a three-time champion team. He insisted upon passing out advice, and now the wonderful Tiger machine has disintegrated into a joke combination. They had the crepe out for Clark Griffith till he really got a chance in Washington. You see what he has already done with a team that didn't figure better than seventh position. In New York and Cincinnati the Old Fox's hands were tied. You see he is the largest individual stockholder in Washington.

McAleer figures less prominently in the base ball firmament this year than at any time since he broke into the profession. But his light is not hidden under a bushel. And it is doubtful if he ever heard money tumbling into his coffers four-fourths as fast. Past failures are redeemed by present success and McAleer will live in history as one of the wisest guys of the national pastime. He knows when to keep his mouth shut.

Heady Players May Last Long Time in Base Ball Circles

NEW YORK, Aug. 2.—Men who play with their heads as well as their hands have proven that it is possible to stay a long time in professional base ball. There are several men still very much in the game who may yet break or at least equal Cy Young's record. They are not, however, pitchers. James Tilden Sheekard is one of the veterans in whom the base ball public is very much interested. Jimmy broke into the game as far back as 1885, when he played with the Marietta and Lancaster semi-professional teams. Thence he moved to Portsmouth, Va., going in the following year to Brockton, in New England.

Brooklyn corralled him next, and after one year with Baltimore he went back across the bridge again. With the rest of his base ball career every small boy is familiar, especially the small boy of Brooklyn, where James was popular. To ward the close of his term with the Brooklyn team Sheekard's work fell off, and there were those who said that he was shrinking. He spruced up promptly when he went to Chicago. Sheekard was never very happy in Brooklyn and was glad to get away.

There is a great deal of good base ball left in Sheekard and it would not be surprising if he were to stay in the lists as long as Young and Willie Keeler. Sheekard knows "inside base ball" as well as the next man and should be credited with some of the Chicagoisms that have heretofore been attributed to more famous members of the Cubs. Johnny Evers has had most of the limelight and it has been the custom to attribute most of the clever moves to him.

Pittsburgh Draws Record Crowd.

Pittsburgh's biggest crowd since the world's series of 1909 turned out on July 19, at the double-header with the Giants, numbered almost 26,000.



"NOISY" JOHN KLING.

DAY OF BIG PURSES WANES

One Fiasco Follows Another in Too Rapid Succession.

JACK CURLEY HAS HAD ENOUGH

Tendency of the Times is to Insist on the Pags Working on a Percentage Basis Instead of Lump Sum.

NEW YORK, Aug. 2.—There are indications out on the horizon of Flistiana that the day of the \$50,000 purse for fights is waning. If in fact the sun has not already set on it, with one fiasco following upon another and the channels of currency considerably gummed up through the high cost of living, etc., promoters have become churlish, not to mention timid and backward, about hanging up small fortunes for fights that the public does not take particularly kindly to.

Jack Curley's experience at Las Vegas has practically put him out of the promoting line as far as big purses are concerned. Not that he would hesitate to stage another big bout, but he would likely want to see the fighters working on a percentage basis and willing to gamble with him.

One of the pertinent reasons why big purses will be conspicuous by their absence in the future is that in the heavy weight class at least there is a lack of material that will make up a card calculated to draw at the gate the money the promoters would have to pay out to the principals. The recent offer of \$100,000 for a series of battles was considered mythical in the most optimistic estimate. Then, too, one has to consider that Tex Rickard, who was probably the biggest promoter in the country, has died himself off to South America to dabble with a few hundred thousand acres of paying land in preference to fistie investments.

The tendency of the day is to have fighters work on a percentage basis. Jack Johnson, for one, can't see the percentage idea with a telescope. Jack is a fighter, pure and simple, and lays no claim to being a gambler even to the extent of placing confidence in his ability to draw at the gate. However, he wants to meet a few of the white boys who have been snarling for his crown before he sheds the gloves for all time, and in

order to gratify his ambition to clean up the white hope crop before retiring he will have to consider the percentage basis unless he is willing to fight for a purse considerably less than \$30,000, the sum that seems to be to his particular liking.

And while on the Johnson strain, it is notable that while he has expressed a desire to wade into the line of aspirants he maintains a discreet silence at the mention of Joe Jeannette.

This attitude is causing many close followers of boxing to believe that the champion discovered during his bout with Flynn that he no longer possesses the necessary stamina for a hard fight. Outside of this reason it is hard to account for his refusal to take on Jeannette in a ten-round no decision affair. Other champions think little of engaging in these bouts where no decision is given to endanger their titles. There would be small danger of a knockout, for such a thing has never occurred to a champion in this city during the present law. It is figured that the worst that could happen to Johnson would be to have it proved beyond doubt that he is not the man of old. Even should this happen it would work to the champion's advantage, for he would then have little difficulty in getting on a match with one of the various white hopes he is so anxious to meet.

Evidently Billy Papke is not an admirer of Frank Klaus. He steadfastly refuses to meet the Pittsburgher in the ring. Papke does not intend to take a chance of being defeated by boxing again until he meets George Carpenter in October at Paris. The Kewance middleweight still maintains that Klaus was being beaten by the Frenchman up to the time the latter was disqualified. Carpenter is a sure enough wonder, declares Papke; but in the same breath he modestly admits that he can beat him. Papke says there is no doubt that he has recovered his best form and will be in fine shape to tackle the Frenchman in the fall.

JOHNSTON, GOLF PRO., WILL ATTEND U. S. GOLF TOURNEY

Charlie Johnston, golf professional at the Happy Hollow club, expects to attend the national amateur golf tournament which will be held under the auspices of the United States Golf association over the eighteen-hole course of the Chicago Country Club at Wheaton, Ill., September 2 to 7. H. H. Hilton of Liverpool, present national champion of America, will be on hand to defend his title at the big meet.