

M'ALLISTER NO WHITE HOPE

San Francisco Boxer Lacks Punch and Plainly Shows This.

NO CHANCE TO BE A FIGHTER

His Two Affairs with Petrosky Show Him to Be Clever, but Devoid of Power to Punish.

By W. W. NAUGHTON.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Sept. 20.—Weight in the balance as found wanting, this appears to be the verdict in the case of Bob McAllister, the crack boxer of the Olympic club, who entered the professional ranks with such a fanfare of trumpets and for whom such a glorious future as a ring man was predicted.

Since McAllister made his professional debut, many months ago, he has figured in five contests. And the lesson of each and every one of them is that Bob is not the proprietor of a servicable punch.

After each of his bouts Bob promised reformation. Reports from his training camp had him paying special attention to the development of a blow that would hurt and for that matter, the manner in which he handled his sparring partners from time to time flattered the hope that he was making gains in the desired direction.

But whenever the crucial test came poor Bob lacked not only the power in the same fluffy manner. As an old-timer remarked, "There wasn't a head-ache in a ton of them."

Simply Cannot Hit.

It took Bob's two contests with Sator Petrosky to make evident that he is shy of smiting force. In the first, according to what some people call a conservative estimate, he struck three blows to the blue-jacket's one. But he scarcely missed Petrosky's blond thicket. The other bout took place on the afternoon of September 9, and it was the same thing "over and over" again. While still at "reach as a point" McAllister bent forward and backward with the rhythm of a rocking chair. He pecked and cuffed Petrosky at will. In the opening round the poor seaman's face must have been pushed aside a hundred times by straight lefts and right fists, yet when Petrosky walked to his corner the only thing that disfigured his mug was a grin.

As it was in the first round, it was in every succeeding round of the twenty-eight at least, the most rabid McAllister booster at the Hinsdale wrung from himself the admission that McAllister could not jab hard enough to cripple a house fly.

"It's no use," said more than one clubman. "He has not got the punch."

No Future for Him.

In a way it is a piece of hard luck, for McAllister has some of the things that enter into the composition of a world biter. He is a clever man, one of the best men turned out by the Olympic club, and that is saying a good deal. He is, in addition, game through and through, and he recuperates quickly. But with the knockdown blow missing from his list of assets, it can hardly be said that there is much of a vista for him pugilistically, and that is about the way his friends are beginning to feel in regard to him.

McAllister says he is going to take a long rest from ring activities. It may be, if he keeps his word, he will develop into a heavy-weight and might acquire a punch after a while. In the meantime it is a matter of lament among his club cronies that with all his other qualities Bob is short of one thing so essential.

What with McAllister's rapid glove play, and Petrosky's "measured beat and blow," the writer took occasion to liken the recent unimpressive rounds of the two to a narrow-gauge race between a steam-train and a street car.

There wasn't a chance to figure the affair anything else but a draw, and Griffith made no mistake when he permitted the men to share the honors.

Felky-Burns Mess.

What a "navy" mess this Arthur Felky-Tommy Burns wrangle is. Felky says that he and Burns framed a short bout in Calgary and were so particular in regard to being perfect with the knock-down that they rehearsed their little turn in a hay-stuff.

It is a matter of course. It's what is known as a dirty little war. There are two men concerned. One makes an accusation, the other denies it. Under the circumstances nothing is proven, but the nobis arce receives an additional black eye.

Felky can hardly take credit to himself for being righteous in this connection. For if there had been no falling out there would have been no exposure, or confession, or even the story better. It is as if Arthur's feelings, no doubt, to take such a fling at his erstwhile friend and manager, but about all he has accomplished is to accentuate the belief that is held by very many, namely, that modern pugilism is a hotbed of crookedness.

Very often in cases of this kind, someone who knows the writers will go to the trouble of submitting views for publication. Here is what a correspondent has written in reference to the Felky-Burns scandal:

Prior to What Does It.

"It's what you, Mr. Naughton, were pleased to term 'the high price of fighting,' that is responsible for these things. The game has been commercialized to such an extent that a man subject to all the ups and downs of a fighting career is tempted to do all manner of things to get a check of the big money that is thrown around. It was the difference between the data when fighters were, fact and the days when white hopes, fake champions and designing managers are in possession of the field."

Stecher with Record.

The Pittsburg pitcher Fitzgerald has made the pitcher joining the team after making a great record with Lowell in the New England league. He practically won the pennant for the New Englanders, with fourteen victories out of sixteen games pitched, one of his two defeats coming only after fourteen innings.

Where Are Others.

Face who have been excited over the case of Jackson and Cobb for battling against the American league are to be satisfied to note the figures of this pitcher and Nap Lajoie, who were announced as something to say in the matter.

DOING THE WORLD'S SERIES

What May Happen When Giants and Athletics Get Together.

MACBETH PICKS THE GIANTS

Believes McGraw's Pitchers Are the Better and Speed of His Team Will Decide the Great Contest.

By W. J. MACBETH.

NEW YORK, Sept. 20.—The Giants and Athletics this year should furnish one of the most thrilling struggles of world's series history. Such a clash is good or bad according to whether the contestants are evenly matched. Not only are the Polo grounders and the shibe Park lads of about kindred pitching strength, but both have been so erratic the latter part of the season that almost anything may be expected in the great clash.

There never was such a world's series as that between the Red Sox and the Giants last fall, at least from the standpoint of the spectators. There were a few pitching duels, but the great majority of the contests were slugging jubilees in which one side or the other was put to utter rout. As a rule there were no half measures. The team was very, very good or it was very, very bad. And cropping out with the most execrable "bush tongue" stuff on every hand came a series of plays of such exceptional brilliancy as fairly knocked the spectators off their chairs.

Turned Twice on Errors.

This series went eight full games, including one extra inning tie, which is the very best proof of the balance of the rivals. Boston outplayed New York in the first half and outkicked it in the second. But for an error in one of the early games Boston would probably have won in four straight games. Finally when the gamest part of a fight got New York on even terms with the Red Sox and in a position to win with the deciding game, an error blew the title. New York had the game bagged before Snodgrass' muff put the Hub in a winning mood. Fred Merkle completed the job by his failure to go after a little pop foul from Speaker's hat. Now during the series both Snodgrass and Merkle showed several wonderful plays that helped to save games at critical stages, but all this was forgotten when their faults lost the championship.

Luck Also Figured.

Luck played a very important part in the world's series of 1912. Mathewson, the very best pitcher on either team so far as real work is concerned, didn't win a game, while Marquard breezed through two easy victories. The Giants could not get a run for "Big Six," while they simply slaughtered the Sox every time the "Rube" took a hand. The most wonderful catch ever shown on a ball field was produced by Harry Hooper at the psychological moment. It cut a homer off Larry Doyle and saved a championship. But Hooper might never be able to make such another catch. That was the ill fortune of the Giants.

Luck Also Figured.

Both the Giants and Athletics have been going in rather slipshod fashion for a month. Were they to start the big dog tomorrow, it would be a hummer. The team with the luck would do it. The team with the luck would win. But before the end of another two weeks the prospective rivals are likely to settle down to real business. McGraw and Mack will doubtless bring their forces to the wire in the very best shape for a bitter fight. With both teams traveling at their best paces the series should be a hummer, just as it would be a hummer if both were at their worst. Should either team arrive at its true form while the other maintained the erratic behavior that characterized the stretch run of the pennant races the competition in the annual classic would develop into much of a farce.

New York Ought to Win.

The Giants have the greatest opportunity imaginable to go around the universe this winter as champions of the world. I do not see how the Athletics can beat McGraw's bunch if it is able to get back to the form it showed the first three months. Without a .500 hitter, McGraw went through a disastrous slump that lasted nearly two months. That speaks volumes for the pitching at his command.

Pitching is a great deal of a world's series argument. In this line McGraw lays it all over Connie Mack. The crafty leader of the Athletics has only two very much overworked veterans at his command. Southpaw Eddie Flank and Indian Bender. Both have been worked to death. Mack has a bunch of young talent which has been very erratic all season. They may stand up under the strain of a world's series and again they may not.

Outside of the box McGraw can just about hold his own. Meyers and McLess are better all rounders than men than Schanz and Lapp. The Philadelphia infield has a shade on the Giants' inner works. When the Giants have hitting to form they could hold up their end in this department with slugging Mackenun and what McGraw lacks in hitting power he more than makes up for in sleek speed.

Team Hitting and Fielding.

HITTING. FIELDING.

York.....36 Kearney.....387

Philadelphia.....128 90 48

Philadelphia.....128 90 48

Philadelphia.....128 90 48

Philadelphia.....128 90 48

Philadelphia.....128 90 48

Philadelphia.....128 90 48

Philadelphia.....128 90 48

Philadelphia.....128 90 48

Philadelphia.....128 90 48

Two Giant Stars Who Will Have Chance to Redeem Themselves



FRED MERKLE FRED SNODGRASS.

NEW YORK, Sept. 20.—Now that it is a certainty that the Giants will represent the National league in the coming World's series, the fans are wondering if McGraw's men are going to repeat their heart breaking performances of last year by crumpling up at ever critical period of the play. This uncertainty is doubtless one of the things which make the national "post-time" the absorbing thing that it is. The two men in the

Giants' camp who had to bear the onus of responsibility for last year's upset are Fred Merkle, first baseman, and Fred Snodgrass, one of the best outfielders in the game. It will be remembered that the latter muffed a fly ball during one of the games in Boston, which let in the deciding runs for the Red Sox. In another game, Merkle failed to go after a pop foul by Speaker. This lapse cost the Giants the game. The fact that these same men pulled plays of incredible brilliancy on other occasions during the

series did not help the result in the least. That these errors were the effect of nervousness and anxiety to win is obvious, but Merkle and Snodgrass are both seasoned veterans now and should be able to hold themselves under control in even the most trying situations. But as long as base ball is played there will be some who will shine beyond their wonted splendor in world's series, and there will be others who will play far below their normal standard. It is a matter of temperament.

LOTZ LEADS STATE LEAGUE

Former Omaha Leaguer Tops the List of Hitters.

TUCKEY HAS PERFECT SCORE

Pitches in Seven Games and Wins Them All—Kingdon, Formerly of Omaha, Also Makes Good Record.

Final averages of the Nebraska State league base ball clubs which closed its season two weeks ago, show that Joe Lotz, now a member of the fourke team, finished the season as the heaviest hitter. Lotz played in forty-seven games, was to bat 119 times and made fifty-seven hits. His batting average was .475, two points better than Malmquist, who finished with .457.

Tuckey, formerly a twirler for the Lincoln Athletics, pitched but seven games in the State league, but won every one of them. Kingdon, who was given a try-out by Pa. Rourke at the opening of the season, but who was sent out into the state, made a fine showing from the mound. He pitched in eleven games, was never taken out once, started eleven games, won seven and lost but four.

Read, another player who could not make good with Omaha on the training trip, pitched sixteen games for Nebraska City and won twelve and lost five.

Following are the averages:

Table with columns: Name, Won, Lost, Avg.

Standing of the Teams.

Table with columns: Team, Won, Lost, Pct.

Team Hitting and Fielding.

Table with columns: Team, Hitting, Fielding.

Pitching Records.

Table with columns: Name, Games, Won, Lost, Pct.

Club Batting.

Table with columns: Team, G, W, L, T, AB, R, H, TB, HR, TB, SH, SB, BB, SO, PO.

Club Fielding.

Table with columns: Team, G, DP, PB, TP, PO, A, E, SB, PO.

Batting Averages.

Table with columns: Name, G, AB, R, H, SB, PO.

Leading Pitchers.

Table with columns: Name, G, IP, W, L, Pct.

Batting Averages.

Table with columns: Name, G, AB, R, H, SB, PO.

Leading Pitchers.

Table with columns: Name, G, IP, W, L, Pct.

Batting Averages.

Table with columns: Name, G, AB, R, H, SB, PO.

Table with columns: Name, G, AB, R, H, SB, PO.

Western League

Club Batting.

Table with columns: Team, G, W, L, T, AB, R, H, TB, HR, TB, SH, SB, BB, SO, PO.

Club Fielding.

Table with columns: Team, G, DP, PB, TP, PO, A, E, SB, PO.

Batting Averages.

Table with columns: Name, G, AB, R, H, SB, PO.

Leading Pitchers.

Table with columns: Name, G, IP, W, L, Pct.

Club Batting.

Table with columns: Team, G, W, L, T, AB, R, H, TB, HR, TB, SH, SB, BB, SO, PO.

Club Fielding.

Table with columns: Team, G, DP, PB, TP, PO, A, E, SB, PO.

Batting Averages.

Table with columns: Name, G, AB, R, H, SB, PO.

Leading Pitchers.

Table with columns: Name, G, IP, W, L, Pct.

Club Batting.

Table with columns: Team, G, W, L, T, AB, R, H, TB, HR, TB, SH, SB, BB, SO, PO.

Club Fielding.

Table with columns: Team, G, DP, PB, TP, PO, A, E, SB, PO.

Batting Averages.

Table with columns: Name, G, AB, R, H, SB, PO.

Leading Pitchers.

Table with columns: Name, G, IP, W, L, Pct.

Club Batting.

Table with columns: Team, G, W, L, T, AB, R, H, TB, HR, TB, SH, SB, BB, SO, PO.

Club Fielding.

Table with columns: Team, G, DP, PB, TP, PO, A, E, SB, PO.

Batting Averages.

Table with columns: Name, G, AB, R, H, SB, PO.

Leading Pitchers.

Table with columns: Name, G, IP, W, L, Pct.

Club Batting.

Table with columns: Team, G, W, L, T, AB, R, H, TB, HR, TB, SH, SB, BB, SO, PO.

Club Fielding.

Table with columns: Team, G, DP, PB, TP, PO, A, E, SB, PO.

Batting Averages.

Table with columns: Name, G, AB, R, H, SB, PO.

Leading Pitchers.

Table with columns: Name, G, IP, W, L, Pct.

Club Batting.

Table with columns: Team, G, W, L, T, AB, R, H, TB, HR, TB, SH, SB, BB, SO, PO.

Club Fielding.

Table with columns: Team, G, DP, PB, TP, PO, A, E, SB, PO.

Batting Averages.

Table with columns: Name, G, AB, R, H, SB, PO.

Leading Pitchers.

Table with columns: Name, G, IP, W, L, Pct.

Club Batting.

Table with columns: Team, G, W, L, T, AB, R, H, TB, HR, TB, SH, SB, BB, SO, PO.

Club Fielding.

Table with columns: Team, G, DP, PB, TP, PO, A, E, SB, PO.

Batting Averages.

Table with columns: Name, G, AB, R, H, SB, PO.