

JOKES AT TRAINING CAMPS

How Pugilists Make Fun for Their Admiring Followers. SPARRING PARTNER THE GOAT Generally Takes the Form of Showing Up Some "Smart" Fellow Before a Considerable Crowd.

By W. W. NAUGHTON. SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 4.—"I thought pugilism was too serious a business to admit of practical jokes," said a visitor to Jimmy Clabby's camp who was "let in" on a bit of fun that was being worked off at old Bob Armstrong's expense.

"Serious," said Jim Coffroth, "they are all always putting up a job on somebody. And the smarter they are the harder they fall." In this instance Armstrong had been engaged especially by Clabby as sparring partner, as the sport writers of San Francisco had attended in a body to see the clever young middleweight box.

While Armstrong in gymnasium costume and big gloves tied to his wrist was waiting for a turn, a member of the indoor club wandered over to him and murmured: "I heard Clabby is going to tear loose at his head when you and he get together. He is very anxious to make a good impression on the sporting editors."

Bob was "wise." Bob rubbed his paunch reflectively and widened his eyes. "H-m-m," he remarked, and nothing more.

When he stepped upon the platform, however, the old fellow was as spry and apprehensive as the night he boxed Jeffries in New York. He ducked and ran away and Clabby was puzzled at these being so much defensive work when there was so little occasion for it.

But once when Bob stumbled into a corner and an overhead right from Clabby—one that carried more force than Jimmy intended—caught him on the eye Bob said: "Ah knew it; ah knew it, and ah knows the feller that framed this all up."

Later when Bobbie was convinced there had been no frame-up, he said: "Jeez shows you, the smartest of us will fall for sumthin' once in a while." Bob's experience, recalled the time when Referee Eddie Graney, the arbitrator of a score of world's championship events, furnished amusement for a crowd of joke lovers at Young Corbett's camp out at Ocean Beach.

When Eddie Graney fell. Graney, who was a talented boxer in his time, was always complaining that the new style of flatfooting did not equal the old and that flatfooting, for one thing, had become a lost art.

"Tell you what," said Coffroth, "the crowd has gone and only a few of us left. Just give Corbett a few pointers on the old style of doing things before he ducks upstairs to be rubbed." Graney, with never a mistaking, stepped into the roped enclosure without even shedding his coat. He made passes at Corbett and explained the inwardness of them. Corbett posed as an interested pupil for a while and then by mere accident, apparently, hit Graney stiffly in the stomach. Graney's face reddened and he made a lunge at the chunky fighter. The crowd applauded and then the firm began.

The preparation stood out on Graney's forehead and the pace grew too rapid for him. He clinched and held on and Corbett, with arms free from the elbow down, kept throwing in underhand body dips which made poor Graney grant.

It is possible that the world famous referee's pride would have kept him there until he collapsed, but some one mercifully called "time" and Corbett, in courtesy offered Graney his hand. As soon as Graney could get his breath he asked, "Who is it framed me?"

One on Willie Brett. Over at Jimmy Britt's quarters in Lakeside once when the Young San Francisco was training for a particular fight there was a particularly choice gathering of sports to watch him so through his exercises. The party was headed by Willie Britt, who as his brother's manager, busied himself arranging for the afternoon's sparring.

"Who is Jimmy going to box with?" asked one apparently innocent spectator. "Oh, with so and so and so and so," replied Willie. "Pity he hasn't somebody more classy to cut loose with," remarked the sport.

"You see this is a swell crowd and I'd like to see him give an exhibition of that clever stuff he is so chuck full of. Why don't you get in and do a fancy spar with him just for this once?" Willie demurred on the score that he was in no shape, but on others urging him, he agreed and went to the dressing room to hunt a boxing suit.

PITCHING WILL TURN TRICK

World's Championship to Go to Better Twirling Staff. NEW YORK'S CHANCE IS GOOD MacBeth Still Holds in His Prediction that Giants Will Win Because of Their Great Staff of Pitchers.

By W. J. M'BETH. NEW YORK, Oct. 4.—The world's Series is with us once again. On Tuesday the Giants and Athletics took up in the scrap of the annual diamond classic both are worthy of the great honor and capable of giving a very good account irrespective of victory.

As the popular pastime on the eve of such an event is to prophesy the result, the writer will stick in an oar while the going is good. I think the Giants should win though I would not advise any of my friends to bet too heavily on the opinion. Closest observation of the prospective rivals discloses the fact that they are just about as evenly matched as any pair that ever grappled for the highest honors of the pastime.

Athletics Weak in Pitching. However, I firmly believe New York should win and win easily as did the Athletics the last time these teams met in 1911. Connie Mack has the stronger club, perhaps, outside the pitchers. But the crafty pilots of the White Elephants will be sorely put to it for reliable box men. He has only two veterans, Bender and Frank, capable of shouldering the burden with any fair degree of success. These two may or may not be on edge at the present moment. It is a fact that Connie had to work them much in his fight for the pennant. They have rested up well the last several weeks, but can they come back anywhere near so strong as in 1911?

Certainly the two added years have not improved the cunning of Bender's good right arm or the trickery of Plank's portside ailing. Jack Coombs, who figured so prominently against the Cubs in 1910 and against the Giants in 1911, has passed out so far as next week's action is concerned. Mack is in identical the same fix as was McGraw when they met before. He had only two seasoned pitchers. The little Napoleon has four and a phenomenal recruit besides—Al Demaree, who tops the National league pitchers.

Dangerous Bunch of Batters. The Athletics must be considered very dangerous customers. They form an aggregation of sluggers that will worry the best of pitchers. American league rivals this year have scored many runs against the Athletics, but could not hold in check the willows of the Mack men. I do not think in the Johnson circuit there was such a classy hurling corps as McGraw can muster. In such a short season it is perhaps the most deadly factor and that I figure should give the Giants a great chance for the world's championship.

Mathewson and Marquard. Mathewson and Marquard, pointing up toward this gigantic tussle. The marvel of the mound has just completed one of his most successful years. Chief Meyers told me the other day he was sure "Big Six" would be an offensive as he was against the Red Sox last fall. If he is right Athletics will be lucky to win off him. The old master should have won every start against Boston. Marquard is a greatly improved pitcher over 1911, and has had the experience necessary to rank him as one of the greatest world series assets of all time. He had all the luck against Boston and turned off two victories. In neither game was he greatly pressed, yet he was effective at all times and there was lacking in his performance intense nervousness which marked his work in 1911. Marquard, filled with confidence is today at the pinnacle of his powers. He is big, rough and powerful enough to pitch the entire series if necessary. I cannot see how the Athletics, who are usually easy for good southpaw tossing, can possibly stop the "Rube" if the Giants stand up behind him and get him a couple of runs each through wildness, hampered all season through wildness, seems finally to have regained control. He will be watching.

One Great Infield. The Athletics' infield overshadows the Giants'. It is a well-knowledged one of the greatest of all time. It will be much stronger than two seasons back, for "Stuffy" McInnis will be coveting first base. Harry Davis hit well the series, but covered little more ground than where his brogans rested. The Philadelphia quartet's claim to distinction lies principally in hitting ability. New York is inferior in fielding skill and doubling bases for greater speed.

The outfield is a toss-up. Mack doubtless has a hitting advantage here also on what has passed this campaign. But that is because McGraw's most dependable sluggers have failed to live up to past performances. McGraw's trio will hold up their own in fielding and will outshine their rivals in speed. In experience, too, New York has the call. "Rube" who has been thoroughly seasoned by world's series. Burns is the only Giant roamer who has not been put to the acid test.

In Other Departments. Both teams are very staunch behind the bat. Should anything happen to Chief Meyers there is Long Larry McLean to step into the breach. Here is one of the most reliable backstops to be had. Mack has deplored a great deal all season on Schang. He has been a dandy catcher and everything said of recruits goes for him. I think McGraw the best pitcher provided in substitute. The best tribute to his strength is the presence on the bench of such a mighty man as Charlie Herzog.

Summing up, then, the teams are just about even up in fielding. Mack has the best hitters, but McGraw the more speed. The catchers are even up, but McGraw has a distinct advantage in pitching strength. That and his speed should more than offset the superior hitting prowess of the White Elephants.

Demaree on the Stage. The Variety Magazine of a recent date says that the New York Giants' pitcher, has signed a contract to go on the stage this winter. Demaree is a clever cartoonist and has done work for big newspapers. In a vaudeville sketch, which will be enacted by three, Demaree does some cartoon work.

Unthrowable. Jimmy Archer of the Cubs has had a new word to describe Ralph Myers the long Brave speeder. It is "unthrowable." Archer declared he can't remember throwing out the ball lower all season, and a study of the detail reports of games fails to reveal a single case. "In 1911," he said, "I threw a 'fix' at a Sox player. In the last double header in Chicago I tried three for second and one for first, and won each time. In Boston last month he stole three bases on me in one game."

Champion Pitcher of the National League



NEW YORK, Oct. 4.—One of the props on which John McGraw will lean during the coming world's series with the Athletics is Al Demaree, the versatile slaban who heads the National league in the number of games won. In eighteen appearances on the mound this season Demaree has won fifteen games and lost three, which is something of an achievement for his first year in major company.

Unlike most of his colleagues, Demaree is physically frail. For that reason the shrewd McGraw has nursed him along very carefully, and his excellent record is due as much to the able management of the Giant's chief as to Demaree himself. McGraw is quoted as saying that he had never seen a pitcher who had rounded into big league class as quickly as did this young Chicagoan. "He not only has a great arm," said McGraw, "but he has a great head. He knows as much about the game now as anybody."

It is certain that McGraw depends on Demaree to win at least one game from the Athletics during the big classic. This expectation is more than apt to be realized. Demaree has one of the most deceptive deliveries ever seen in a ball game and when going at top form he is practically unhit. He has what is called the "shot-put" motion, which makes players who are seeing him for the first time think he has a sore arm. The ball seems to come up slow, but it has a "hop" on it which takes the batter entirely by surprise. The games that Demaree pitches next week is regarded as already in the McGraw bay by most of the wise fans.

ONE FLAG WITHOUT A HOME Another Annual Fight for the Base Ball Pennant is Being Staged. PROVIDENCE FIRST WINNER Over Ten States Has the Old Rag Waved, Once Having Come West of the Mississippi River.

NEW YORK, Oct. 4.—Twenty-one times have the pennant winners of the country fought for the word's championship on the diamond. The world's series will pass its twenty-ninth birthday, however, with the forthcoming contest between the Giants and Athletics. It first came into being in New York in 1884, when Providence, winner of the National league pennant, crossed bats with the victorious Metropolitan—New York's standard bearer of the old American association. There were lapses in 1891 and 1903 and a big gap from 1898 to 1902, inclusive, and still another lapse in 1904, when no games were played, but from 1884 to the present, barring these intermissions, the post season fight for the apex of the base ball world has been as established custom.

The flag has flown in ten states during this short generation. Once it strayed west of the Mississippi river and breaded from a flagstaff in the St. Louis park of the American association. This was in 1888, twenty-seven years ago. It stayed there but one season, came back to Detroit and never since has crossed the Father of Waters.

Flag Without a Home. A flag without a home, it has floated over eleven cities. Providence, Chicago, St. Louis, Detroit, New York, Louisville, Boston, Cleveland, Baltimore, Pittsburgh and Philadelphia—all have sent forth, from time to time, clubs that have fought victorious battles for the trophy. One hundred and thirty-four games have stamped these teams in various years premier base ball players of the world in no uncertain brand. Nearly three-fourths of the games have gone to the winners, although of recent years the contests have been closer than they were in the babyhood of the fight.

Table with columns: Year, Winner, Games Won, Loser, Games Won. Lists winners from 1884 to 1912.

ball club and there remain only the 30,000 unreserved grandstand and bleacher seats. It was general understood in base ball circles today that Larry Doyle, the Giant's second baseman, who was recently injured, would surely take part in the series, though perhaps not in the first game.

Among the big bets wagered on the series so far was \$1,000 even on the Giants, placed this afternoon by a theatrical man. Even money seemed to be the trend.



DIGGING UP BALL PLAYERS Manager Herzog Finds Just What He Wants in the Woods and Wilds. FINDS AND DEVELOPS BAKER Brings Out a Batter Who Drives a Ball Miles and is Able to Throw a Pennsylvania Ball.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Oct. 4.—A little over eight years ago Manager C. Herzog sat on the hotel veranda at Ridgely and wondered where he was going to dig up a shortstop or a third baseman. It wasn't much of a hotel, but neither was Herzog much of a manager; just a \$75-a-month-and-board sort, with the board part representing a weekly outlay of about \$4.

His shortstop had run out on him and the Ridgely club was decidedly not of the sort that carries eight or ten extra players. A new man had been recommended by a butcher or a miller or someone down Trappe way, but he was a pitcher or an outfielder and not reckoned much of either except that he could hit.

As Herzog sat and pondered the situation a long raw-boned specimen, whose pants had only a nodding acquaintance with his ankles and whose coat sleeves never saw his wrists except in passing, slouched up to the hotel toting a real old telescope valve. It was the hitting outfielder and pitcher—and he allowed his name was J. Franklin Baker.

"That was the first I ever saw of Baker," Herzog told us, "but we got pretty friendly after we had been playing together awhile. He couldn't pitch and he couldn't play the outfield, so I brought him to play third, going over to short myself.

Could Hit Anything. "Baker wasn't an ideal infielder at any time for Ridgely, but he could everlastingly hit. The club owners were paying \$4 a week for my board at the hotel, but he couldn't see spending all that money on a lot of common \$5 a month ball players, so we put them out, Baker among them, in boarding houses where they could get a room and eat, of a sort, for \$2.

"Baker spent all that summer living at a week-end boarding house, playing ball when he could and doing odd jobs to round out his time and pad out his pay check. "Few of the others on that Ridgely team were situated much better than Frank, and so I offered them the job—or told them to go to it, rather—when my father-in-law sent me word the day before Decoration day that he had a whole lot of strawberries ready for pickling, but no one to pick 'em.

"I told him I'd bring over my ball club, and the next morning, before sunrise, I dragged Baker and the rest out of their boarding houses, steered them over to my father-in-law's place and made 'em pick berries until it was time to go back to Ridgely and play a double-header. "Baker was the only man on the team who wasn't pretty nearly dead by the time he had played two games, but he always has been a powerful strong man. I remember one time Baker and his younger brother and I were arguing over the weight of a sack of phosphate used in fertilizing. Neither young Baker nor I could lift it, but Frank had his brother sit on it, then carried both the phosphate and his brother across the barnyard with no trouble at all.

Some Betting Man, Too. "Another time he offered to bet that he could throw a wagon axle further with one hand than his brother or I could with both. We had an awful time swinging the thing ten or twelve feet, but Frank, taking hold of one end of the thing with his right hand, gave it a flip and sent it more than twenty feet. "It was only a couple of years ago that Baker turned a trick I wouldn't have believed possible had I not seen it. I was visiting over at the Baker farm one night when Frank's father and younger brother went out to the barn to tie up a bull calf they had sold that day. "Frank and I stayed at the house, talking and talking things over for almost an hour, then set to wondering what was keeping the others and finally moved along to the barn, where we found the other two Bakers having the time of their lives with that bull calf. It was pretty well grown and might almost as well have been a 3-year-old; it couldn't have made much more trouble for them. "Frank watched on for a few minutes before offering any help. When he did get into the stall the critter walked all over him. The calf was pretty peevish and Frank was downright sore. After a bit he chased all of us out of the barn, went into the stall alone, and in twenty minutes came out to us with the calf, all tied and ready to be loaded into a wagon, on his shoulders. "It's no wonder Frank can hit a base ball nine miles when he lays one out. He figures he's going to get a hit every time he goes to bat and wonders what's wrong when he doesn't. "Last spring I met him one afternoon and asked him how he was hitting. 'I'm not doing so well this spring,' he said.

"I'm hitting them hard enough, but they all seem to go right at some one. I'll be getting them by the time we play the world's series, though." "When I asked him about it Frank was

Western League Averages. Club Batting. G. W. L. T. AB. R. H. etc. Denver, St. Joseph, Omaha, etc.

Club Fielding. G. DP. PB. TP. PO. A. E. Pct. Des Moines, St. Joseph, Denver, etc.

Batting Averages. G. AB. R. H. Pct. G. Watson, St. Joseph, Stange, etc.

Leading Pitchers. G. I. P. W. L. Pct. Hagerman, Denver, Alexander, etc.

National League Averages. Club Batting. G. W. L. T. AB. R. H. etc. Brooklyn, Philadelphia, Cincinnati, etc.

Club Fielding. G. DP. PB. TP. PO. A. E. Pct. Pitts., Phila., St. Louis, etc.

Individual Batting. G. AB. R. H. Pct. Klinging, Brook., Hays, etc.

Advertisement for Gold Top Export Malt Tonic, featuring a bottle illustration and text: 'Gold Top Export Malt Tonic. Jettler Brewing Company, South Omaha, Neb. Family Trade Supplied by South Omaha: Wm. Jetter, 2502 N Street. Phone So. 863. Omaha: Hugo F. Bilz, 1324 Douglas St. Phone Doug. 3040.'

Advertisement for Chadron Normal Will Have Foot Ball Team. 'CHADRON, Neb., Oct. 4.—(Special.)—Prospects for foot ball at Chadron State Normal school are good. The boys' captain, Joe Coffe, despite the fact that some of the strongest men of last year's team were graduated last spring, games are being scheduled with Wayne State Normal, Rapid City school of Mines, Sidney, and the State Normal of South Dakota at special. The team compromise some of the best men of last year and there will be no lack of men to make a husky team. Tryouts are taking place and special training will be given the men this week.'