

Bringing Up Father

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Drawn for The Bee by George McManus



Judgments

YOU'VE got to give it to Tip O'Neill at that. He doesn't propose to show any little things like a meeting of club owners to interfere with his plans for running the Western league. He has plans, for he says so, but he hasn't told anybody anything about them, not since June, when he made his proposition to the players that they finish out the season at half pay. What else he proposes he keeps strictly to himself, and may never let it be known. However, five of the eight team owners in the Western have decided that Tip's term as president is at an end, and so it is pretty certain that he will go, peacefully or otherwise. Frank Isbell and Jack Holland did not attend the Omaha meeting, and they are looked on as O'Neill's sole adherents. Bright of Wichita was expected, but did not put in appearance. It is well understood, though, that Wichita will go along with the majority of the clubs in this matter. What is wanted is a president who will pay some attention to the needs of the league, who will be on the job during the playing season at least, and who will give something in service for the salary he receives. This, the owners assert, O'Neill did not do. For example, he was not inside the Omaha ball park once during the last season. He knows practically nothing of the local situation, apparently cares less. Other towns fared about the same. When the owners of six of the eight teams sent him a petition, asking him to call a meeting of the league at Omaha, he declined to make the call. It was this that led to the ultimate action of the meeting here. The next president of the Western league will be the executive director of the organization, but he will also be responsive to the men who employ him.

Three blistering hot battles at Boston between the Red Sox and the Tigers, on the outcome of which to a large measure depended the final leadership of the Boston league, will do away with the assertions that the race was not hotly contested. It may be true that the changes made during the summer resulted in the American becoming a three-team league, with only Boston, Detroit and Chicago as contenders, but it surely did make those teams contenders. While they have disposed of the lower class opponents with something of ease, they have had some titanic contests among themselves, and the fact that both Detroit and Boston were able to win from Chicago indicates that the league is really a two-club affair. The Boston fans acknowledged the importance of the match by turning out Saturday afternoon the biggest crowd so far seen at a ball park this season, and almost equalling any World's series attendance at Fenway park. That Boston has won two of three games in the closing and apparently deciding series justifies the belief of those who have for weeks been pinning their faith to the Red Sox, and seems to assure the big series for Philadelphia and Boston again.

Emil Klank has permanently retired Frank O'Goch from the mat and thereby awarded the championship belt to Hussane, but he says he'll let Stecher wrestle with Hussane for a title that changed hands at Rourke park on the evening of July 5. You really have to give it to the promoter, at that.

The roar that has been heard of late is not an echo of any European battle, but is merely the echo of the Brooklynian belief emitted by the "red-hot" who packed the motordromes at Brighton Beach last Saturday to watch Mike Gibbons and Pucky McFarland stage a very ordinary boxing contest. Some declare it was a hipodrome, pure and simple; several of the best known New York sporting writers, including "Tad" Dorgan, do not mince their words in calling it a fake show. About the best any of them give it is a tame sparring match, and the division of opinion as to who should be declared winner is another factor that adds to the big job of disappointment that must be swallowed by the 25,000 who made up a fat little gate of \$67,000 for the promoters, from which the foxy boys who toyed with one another in the ring received \$32,500, leaving only a paltry \$35,000 for the promoter to pay all his expenses, which must have reached to something like \$50,000. P. T. Barnum surely was right, and they are so numerous now that one wonders if the birth rate hasn't increased.

Jack Curley was at the motordrome last Saturday to watch the fan-fighting between Mike and Pucky, and his opinion must have sunk when he compared the crowd with the one he faced at Chicago on that famous Labor day.

Down in New York they're trying to find some one to go against Jess Willard. Anybody will do if they just hurry up, before the producing public finds what's going on.

At that Rowland didn't show so badly with the White Sox. He had them up there fighting most of the way, and that's more than anyone looked for. The Sox now have everything but the heart.

Brother Dave is interested in frost, too; he says it will take a lot of coals to keep the place warm during the coming winter.

Ramblers Champions of Their Class in Omaha Amateur Circles



Ramblers, Champions of National League-Reading left to right: Pecha, manager; E. Christensen, left field; Jim Moylan, pitcher; Louis Norgard, first base; Emil Swanson, shortstop; Chris Kemmy, second base; Hugh McAndrews, third base; Frank Urban, right field; John Mogensen, catcher; Metis Mogensen, center field.

WITH THE OMAHA AMATEURS

Amateur Championship of Omaha to Be Decided Today in Double Mix at Luxus Park.

TWO GAMES AT ROURKE LOT

By FRANK QUIGLEY.

Last Sunday settled matters pertaining to the Classes B and C championships and if climatic conditions prove favorable today the Class A championship will be settled. By upstaging, dumping over, twisting and doing everything else imaginable to the dope, the Drexel Shoe Co. won the championship of the Class B squads by administering dose of defeat to the Brown Park Merchants by the tune of 8 to 4.

By defeating the Trimble Bros. G. A. Nelsons are the undisputed champions of Class C circles. Promptly at one strike and a half down at Luxus park the Bailey Dents and the Ramblers will clash to ascertain which team will play the Luxus for the Class A amateur championship of Omaha. The tooth carpenter won the flag of the Commercial league and the Ramblers marched off with the pennant in the National league. According to the dope gathered, the Baileys are the best bet. In all probability McGore utilizes his trusty right paw to nose up the pills to puzzle the Ramblers and Mogensen will shoot 'em over the crockery to the consternation of the Bailey crew.

As soon as the smoke has cleared away after this battle, the winner of the initial argument will lock horns with the Luxus crew. The squad that wanders over the chalk line with the most counters will be officially crowned the champions of Omaha. Bunny Holland, the pride of the Luxus, will be on the firing line for them. The Luxus are the favorites with the dopesters, but then you can never tell what might happen during a base ball game.

At the Rourke base ball lot today a pair of dandy tangles will be on the bill of fare. The first mix will be between the Armours and the Storz. Gurness or Sullivan will have the horsehide for the Packers and Hay will coast the sphere for the Storz. The second tangle is Storz against Alamitos.

Sanctus Gospe. Because his mother died last week in all probability Harry Wright will cut out foot ball this year.

The Council Bluffs Imperials are still in the market for a pitcher. Call Black 1233 and ask for Otto Abhart.

The Browning-King company troupe is willing to book a few more wrangles. Call Bates at Douglas 1244.

Martin Flanagan, star third sacker for the Ducky Holmes squad, is trying out with the Creighton leather egg warriors.

According to the manager of Gentleman's Hokies, Winsted, Neb., cancelled a game booked with them for last Sunday.

Charles Kane, the leader of the Hotel Castle aggregation that blew up, says he will be back in the ring to stick next year.

This week the Alamitos will participate in a base ball tournament to be held at Mesquite, Ia. They intend to cop the ball.

J. Kane, an Old Pal, is Now the Veteran of the Western League

Who is the veteran of the Western league? How many of you fans who have been following the fortunes of the now president-less loop can name him off-hand? Probably not very many. And he is an old friend of Omaha's, too. The man is Jimmy Kane, late of this city and now of Sioux City.

Jimmy is the oldest player in the Western league in the point of years of service. When Sioux City gave Davy Davidson the gate and Artie Thompson passed on his way, Jimmy came into the loop. Kane joined the Omaha club in 1909 and since then has played constantly with the Western league. No other player in the loop can boast that record. Davidson joined the Lincoln club in 1908, but Davidson is no longer on the league's records. Thompson became a member of the Topeka club the same year Kane checked his trunk to Omaha, but Thompson is also hors du combat. So the honor must go to Kane.

Hippo McChesney, who became a Rourke the latter part of this year, was in the Western league before Kane was.

He played in the Central association this season.

Lee McGintus says he is going to scout these jungles for material for a real class A team to represent Kilpatrick next season.

With the stick, McCoy proved a mountain of strength to the G. A. Nelsons, the gang that copped the Class C championship.

Frederick "Tad" Cross, formerly a star slapper for the Holy City, is spending his vacation in Omaha.

Although Tom Noone said he would never run another base ball team, he grabbed the managerial reins for the Chicago Sox.

James McAndrews and Richard Klesane have looked pretty sweet handling the indicator during the championship debates to date.

Credit is due Lloyd Johnson, the main spring of the Booster league, for the harmonizing manifested by said league during the season.

Huhatka, the leader of the Southeast Improvement club base ball team, would like to meet a team regardless of class. Call Tyler 1042.

As soon as Luckett took hold of the Madras, they started to climb the ladder. He will hold the reins from the jump off next trip.

Any real good foot ball players that would like a try-out with a Class A organization, call Frank Quigley at Douglas 2254, or Webster 2245.

If some team wants a good backer for next season they would do well to communicate with William Stevens, manager of the Omaha Express company. Douglas 2244.

Last Monday Manager Pennell of the Mandy Lees was called on to set a team together to represent in a tournament to be staged at Hamburg, Ia., on the following day.

Here is hoping Edward Spelman, the local product, makes good with Milwaukee of the American association. The home guards wish him all the success in the world.

The Luxus copped 100 rocks from the Greater Omaha league. The Alamitos glommed \$5 bones. A group named Blunks and Ducky Holmes' crew muddled a quarter of a century.

From North to South. Manager Eberfeld of the Chattanooga Southern league club announces the purchase of Pitcher Shooker of the Ottawa team of the Canadian league.

STIEHM LOSES THREE STARS

Chamberlain and Abbott Do Not Return to School and Cameron Has Trouble with His Studies.

HAS ONLY FOUR VETERANS

By JAMES E. LAWRENCE.

LINCOLN, Sept. 18.—(Special).—The first four days' practice of the Cornhusker foot ball squad of 1915 has made clear one thing and that is Jumbo Stiehm has a man-sized job on his hands in developing a gridiron machine which will duplicate the records of the eleven representing the University of Nebraska in the last two years. Starting with the best prospects since the lengthy mentor took charge of athletics at the Cornhusker school, an unlooked-for series of incidents has deprived Stiehm of much of the veteran material on which Cornhusker supporters were banking so highly.

Stiehm had expected to lose Haultigan, Potter, Ross and Howard from his wonderful 1914 eleven. Cameron ran amag of the scholarship committee, when Stiehm was expecting him to lend much strength to the line in the pivot position. Then Abbott, who has played brilliantly at guard, failed to return and there is little chance the David City lad will alter his decision, as the board of regents abolished the forestry department in which Abbott was taking a course.

The most serious loss which faces the Cornhusker coach just now is the failure of Chamberlain to return. Chamberlain was ranked with the best backfield men in the west last season—his first year on the varsity and with his weight and speed experience, Stiehm had confidently expected him to set a merry pace for the western collegiate foot ball circles.

To add to Stiehm's troubles, Dr. Engberg of the scholarship committee has rearranged the schedule of a large number of the freshmen foot ball men so that they have classes during the practice hour in the afternoon and the freshmen squad consists of but thirteen members—the smallest in the history of the university.

Rasmusson and Bails were placed at ends by Stiehm in practice last week, but it is conceded they will have to fight it out with Ted Riddell, the old Beatrice High school star.

The veteran Corey and Shaw, a recruit from last year's freshmen squad, started in at tackles. Kostzky and Dale, at guards, are both recruits from the freshmen eleven of last year. The veteran Shields is playing center, his old position, before Stiehm made a guard out of him.

The fight for quarterback is between Cook, Kelly and Caley. Cook is the old Beatrice High school boy, who won high honors in high school foot ball two years ago.

At the half Stiehm is using Captain Rutherford and Proctor, the ex-Omaha high man, with Porter and Jimmy Gardner of Omaha as a starting line. Chamberlain returns, Rutherford and Chamberlain will undoubtedly remain at halves. For full-back there promises to be the prettiest fight of the season. Doyle, the last year's fullback, must compete with Ottopik, the David City boy, but the dopesters are giving it to the latter. Ottopik is a big man, weighing 175 pounds, is fast and hits the line like a ton of brick.

Prospects are good for strong teams at both schools. Coaches Patton and Mulligan have promising material to work on. A number of veterans are back and all in all a game between the two Omaha schools should prove a thriller.

The South Side High students seem more inclined to bury the hatchet than do the Central students. The South Sideers have already applied for the Thanksgiving day, which is at present open with both schools, and it would seem that a fitting way to wind up the season would be by a game for the high school championship of Omaha.

Crawford of Wahoo Always Fit, Declares Tuthill, Tigers' Trainer

By DAMON BUNYON.

"OF all the athletes I've ever seen anything to do with—base ball players, foot ball players, fighters, track men, and all the rest—I think the greatest for keeping himself in physical trim is that old boy up there at the plate," said Harry Tuthill, trainer of the Detroit Tigers, and of the Army foot ball team, at the Polo grounds yesterday afternoon.

He pointed to Sam Crawford, right-fielder of the Tigers, who stood swinging a heavy bat—hands close together at the very tip of the small end—legs straddled well apart, and his burly shoulders drawn well back; an attitude that is the embodiment of the greatest batting form, so far as driving power is concerned, that is known to base ball.

"I've been handling athletes of one kind and another for over twenty-five years," continued Tuthill. "I was with some of the greatest fighters the ring has ever known, including Jim Corbett; George McFadden, a boy who never got all the credit he was entitled to; Young Corbett, and scores of others. I was with the Glubs for four years, during which the club had some of its greatest ball players, and I've seen all kinds of foot ball players, good, bad, and indifferent; but I never saw a man following an athletic pursuit that I consider in Sam's class for constant physical efficiency.

Lived by the Clock. "In the eight years I've been with the Tigers, I don't believe I've used a spoonful of alcohol on Sam. He is always fit. He lives by the clock. He is invariably in bed at an early hour, and up early. He knows what to eat, and how to eat it, and I don't suppose he knows what any form of dissipation means. As a result he is today as valuable a player as there is in the game, even though he is in the fifteenth year of his big league service."

"You know," said Harry, thoughtfully, "you can't really train a ball player. He is not preparing for one fixed event. He is a fighter, but for a campaign that lasts over six months. Therefore, if you give him a course of training such as a

booster, or a foot ball player undergoes, he would soon be physically stale. You cannot make him follow out any particular lines of diet during the playing season, and work he does in an ordinary game is sufficient to keep him in proper trim.

"Of course there are a lot of things that a ball player should not do during the playing season; things that are bound to hurt him physically, but not doing those things is a matter that is up to the ball player himself. If he wants to keep in condition, he can do it; if he doesn't want to, no amount of training will benefit him.

Sam Cares for Himself. "Crawford is a man who looks after himself, and the result is shown in his long career of usefulness. His eye is as clear as a boy's. He can drive a ball farther than any man in the game. John J. McGraw or any of the other men who took the trip around the world, will tell you that during one of the games in Oklahoma, on their way to the coast, Crawford made a drive that probably stands as the world's record in any kind of ball game.

"Ty Cobb is a fellow who requires a little more attention from a trainer than Crawford, but usually his calls on me are due to injury received in base running. Ty is such a desperate base runner that he often acquires 'siders,' or sores along the hips and legs, from hitting the ground. He may have one of these sores as big as your hand, but that never stops him from reopening it on his next slide. I suppose he is the most scarred-up man in base ball.

Matty No Bother. "When I was with the Giants Matthewson gave me little trouble. In fact I can't recall now that I ever did have to look after him, save for one occasional rub. As a general proposition, real great ball players need a trainer's services very rarely. They always keep themselves in good condition, and that's probably the reason why they are great. It's the buster who is always wanting something done for him.

"It's a cinch to train foot ball players, or at least, a cinch to keep them in condition. I've had to deal with the West Pointers are accustomed to discipline. At the beginning of the foot ball season they give a pledge they will not do any of the things proscribed by the training rules, and the trainer's bother is all over. He knows that the pledge will not be broken. Naturally, it is a pleasure to work with those kind of boys.

About the Boxers. "The fighter with any intelligence is easily handled when he is pointing for a bout. He knows he has to do his part. Follows like Frank Erne and Jim Corbett and Joe Gans scarcely need trainers.

"Young Corbett had a hard time getting into condition because he took on fleesh so easily. Many a time when we were working in San Francisco readying up for the McGovern and Britt fight, I've sent the kid out through Golden Gate park at 10 o'clock at night with a sailor's storm outfit of oilskins and a sou'wester hat, besides flannel bandages and sweaters.

"It's easy enough to put on fleesh, but it's mighty hard to take it off." Tuthill went on. "Give me a naturally skinny fellow in preference to a fat chap, because I'd rather try to build 'em up than build 'em down. The best way in the world to take off fleesh is by road work, but even then it is pretty hard.

"Crawford is now around 35 years of age, concluded the trainer. "His legs are in good condition, and his eye is unimpaired, so I should say he will be good for big league service for from five to ten years longer. I think he will surely go as long as Wagner or Lajoie.

"Beginning in 1901, he has hit above .300 for ten years, and will probably make it eleven this year. He missed that mark in 1904, 1905 and 1906—three years in a row—then he came back and slugged well above it the next three years, dropping behind in 1910, and coming on again strong the next four.

"And, mark you, in eight of those years I have never known him to require the services of a trainer for a sore muscle, or anything of that nature. He's in a physical class by himself is Sam Crawford, the old Wahoo Walloper."

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