

WHO WILL BE SERIES HERO?

Each World's Series Has Developed an Idol of Base Ball—Who Will It Be This Year?

RED SOX HAVE TEN VETERANS

By FRANK G. MENKE. NEW YORK, Oct. 2.—Who will rise up from seeming obscurity and become the world series hero of 1915? Practically every world series since the serious business began in 1903, has produced somebody who rose to the heights and became the idol of base ball.

Last year, you'll remember, it was Hankerson Gowdy. Before the series began Hank was figured as anything but a contender for the title. It was Gowdy who, with a bat, saved the White Sox from being eliminated in the first game for the Braves in the tenth inning, when it seemed hopelessly lost.

Gowdy hit for an average of .545 in that series, which, in ancient Bostonian, can be classified as some hitting. Whitey Robe starred in 1906. It was "Whitey" Robe who was the brightest star in that 1906 White Sox against Cubs series. Robe was looked upon as a substitute third-sacker. He was shoved into the game because there was no one else to play at the time.

Robe was considered the weak member of the White Sox infield, yet it was Robe whose wonderful finding saved the White Sox pitchers time and again, and it was the great batting of Robe that paved the way to the White Sox victories.

Baker the 1911 Hero. Frank Baker assumed the role of hero in the 1911 series. Baker always was a slugger, but he jumped into everlasting fame by winning one game of the series with a home run belt and following it up the next day with another circuit smash that gave the Athletics another victory over the Giants, and clinched the world's championship for the Philadelphia.

In 1913 It Was Joe Bush. "Bullet" Joe Bush got his name and picture into nearly all the papers during the 1913 series because of the wonderful game he pitched against the Giants. Just a year or so from the bushes, the "bullet" tackled the Giants in the "turning point" game of that series and, after a bit of wildness in the first inning, due to nervousness, settled down and pitched in a remarkable manner.

Box Retains Many 1912 Stars. Time and the oblong and flowing tides of base ball have dealt rather kindly with the Red Sox. Ten of the twenty-two men who were on the Red Sox roster when they battled in the 1912 world series still remain—and these ten were among the brightest stars in the Boston lineup.

Thirteen Have Gone. Of the thirteen who have gone the seven following participated in the series: Jake Stahl, who managed the club and played first base during that series, and who has passed out of base ball since he was deposed as manager of the club in 1911.

Steve Yerkes, who played in brilliant fashion at second base, and now is performing for the Pittsburgh Federals. Clyde Knipe, utility infielder and pinch hitter, now with the Buffalo Federals.

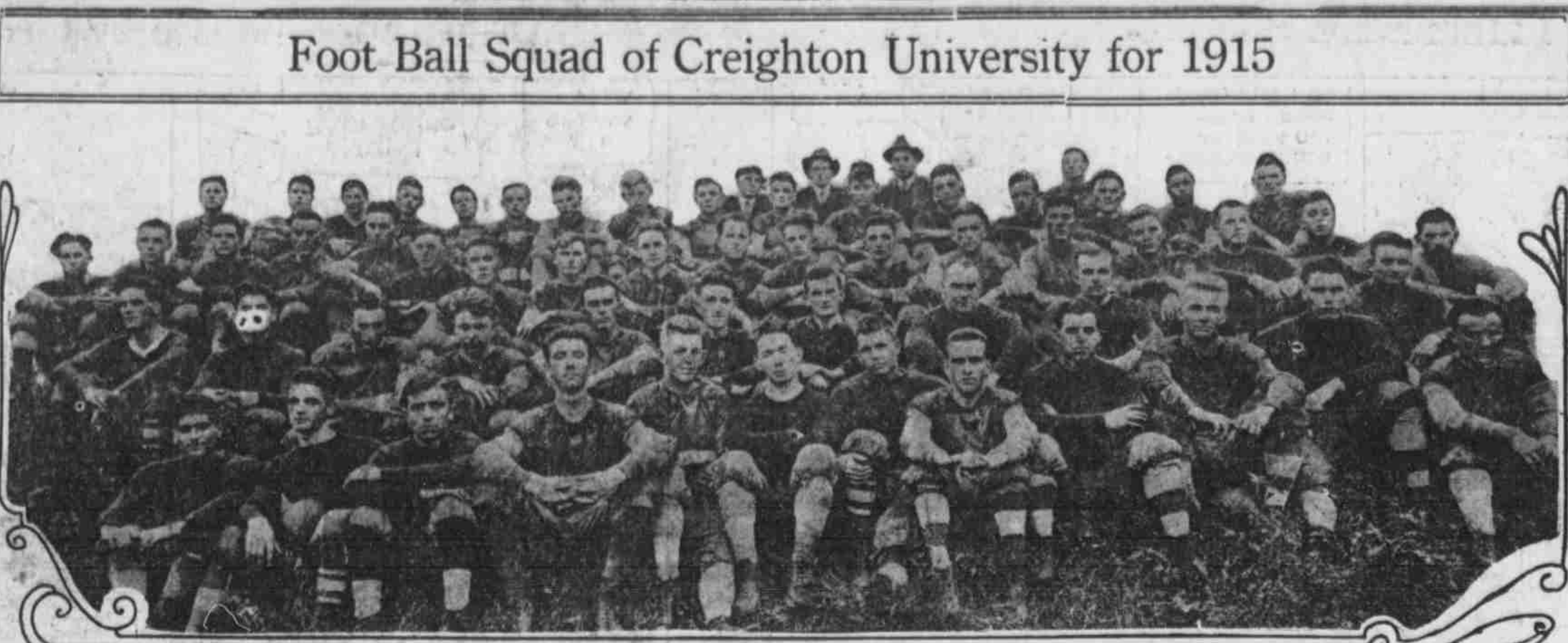
High Bedient, whose pitching greatly aided the Sox in capturing the highest honors of base ball, is now with the Buffalo Federals.

Philly Fans Are Sore on Connie Mack. NEW YORK, Oct. 2.—Speaking of the floundering Athletics and the lousy place they occupy in the annals of the American League pennant race, W. M. Gilliam, sporting editor of the Philadelphia Press, says:

"The world loves a winner and has little time for anyone who lays down. No one can deny that the manager of the champion Athletics cut this season. It was within his power to give Philadelphia another American League pennant, but he broke up his powerful nucleus and started to build anew. Presuming on the prestige of previous pennants won, he offers insult to patrons of his club by dispensing of his star players and presenting them with a makeshift team which proves unable to successfully cope with even the weaker members of the circuit. Hopefully, last, the champion Athletics of 1915 will come to be remembered as a monument to Connie Mack's folly."

BIG HORSE SHOW IN NEW YORK IN NOVEMBER

NEW YORK, Oct. 2.—Premiums amounting to \$20,000 have been announced by the National Horse show association for its thirtieth annual exhibition at Madison Square Garden on November 6-12 and 1,000 owners of show horses throughout the United States and Canada will this week receive the prize lists which have just been issued to give them all particulars of the 148 competitions in which they can participate through horse breeding, harness, trotters, saddle horses and ponies.



Foot Ball Squad of Creighton University for 1915

Moran Spurns Title of Miracle Man, but Phils See First Flag

George Stallings was the miracle man of 1914. Now they are calling Patrick J. Moran the miracle man of 1915, but Patrick J., with whom modesty is a virtue, scorns the title of miracle man and says that he is not called that. And yet Patrick J. Moran is the miracle man of them all; he has given the Phils their first flag in thirty-two years in the history of the National League.

Moran is really an unassuming chap and he is sincere when he asks that the title originally attached to Stallings be relegated to the canny. But Moran will not escape the description, for he is a miracle man if there ever was one. Wright, Irwin, Shetline, Zimmer, Dugger, Murray and Doolin, acting as managers of the Phils since 1911, never delivered the goods as did the genial Irishman who a few years ago ran but a second-string catcher on Frank Chance's wonderful Cubs. Wright, Shetline and Doolin got as far as second base during their careers, but it remained for Moran to assemble a team of champions, start them on their great spurt as he did on July 17 and plot them down the line to the pennant.

Pat's History a Romance. The history of Pat Moran is little known to the average fan. But it is as much of a romance as that of Alexander, Baccetti, Cravath and the other top-notchers assembled under the 1915 miracle man's leadership.

Moran was born in Pittsburgh, Pa., which little city also turned out Jimmy Callahan of the White Sox. Moran's dad got him a job as a textile toiler. Pat went to work for the Bozell mill of the American Woolen company at West Pittsburgh. But Moran's love of the diamond was not smothered by the grinding labor of the textile mill, and every spare moment found the future great with a base ball in his hand.

After turning up the sandlots of New England, Pat was signed in 1904 by the Boston Red Sox.

It is quite likely to happen. For these reasons it is probable that the big Kansan will not arouse as much enthusiasm as Jeffries did, although, as a matter of fact, Willard may be a better man than the Californian was.

In the lighter divisions there is no one in sight who stands out as a flaic marvel. Apparently Johnny Ertle, the St. Paul tannan who now claims the title of that division, is a little better than a fair second tier. From all accounts Williams was winning easily when he delivered the foul blow that is the basis of Ertle's claim to the honors. While Williams undoubtedly still is supreme in his class, it is apparent that he has done his best work. The Baltimore blonde's one chance to achieve unusual distinction came when he encountered Johnny Kilbane at Philadelphia last spring.

Among the lightweights Charley White, Ted Lewis and Johnny Dundee still continue to show improvement, although none threatens to become great enough to compare favorably with the old favorites. Lewis has plenty of speed, but no other quality that stands out. He owes his success entirely to the fact that he can hop around the ring so fast that no one has been able to catch up.

Dundee is still too light to make much impression on the heavier men of a division, and White seems to be unable to overcome his dislike for forcing matters in a way that would make his hitting count as it should. While Ritchie is probably the most satisfactory prospect among the lightweights, he is a good boxer and a good hitter, and as game and aggressive as a mar can be, but for all that he has not won as consistently as a really great fighter should.

J. Evers Has Nice Contract This Year

Second Baseman John Evers of the Boston Braves receives \$10,000 a year salary and is under contract for 1915 and 1917. In addition to his salary his contract calls for an additional \$2,000 if Boston wins the pennant, \$1,500 if the team finishes second, \$1,000 if it gains third place and \$500 for fourth place.

American League Averages

Table with columns for Club, Batting, and Pitching averages for the American League. Includes teams like Detroit, Boston, Chicago, etc.

The Hypodermic Needle

TEMPUS FUIGIT. I remember, I remember, A year ago today, The Boston Braves were leading in the National fray. They had a man of miracles, George Stallings was that man, But now those wondrous miracles Are worked by Pat Moran.

Federal League Averages

Table with columns for Club, Batting, and Pitching averages for the Federal League. Includes teams like Brooklyn, St. Louis, Cincinnati, etc.

National League Averages

Table with columns for Club, Batting, and Pitching averages for the National League. Includes teams like St. Louis, Cincinnati, Philadelphia, etc.

Catarth a Blood Disease

Because Catarth affects the nose and throat, causing sores in the nostrils, stoppage of air-passages and gathering in the throat, it has been common practice to treat Catarth by lotions, washes and sprays applied to these parts. This mode of treatment is entirely wrong. It cannot give permanent relief, and it is liable to irritate and aggravate the trouble. Catarth cannot be trifled with. If allowed to run on it will disease the bronchial tubes, settle on the lungs, the stomach—indeed it is a very serious disease. Don't treat it locally. The fact that it causes headaches is proof that it is caused by impure and diseased blood. The one treatment that has proved effective in the treatment of Catarth is S. S. S. It

TRIBUTE TO JOHN W. COOMBS

Story of Man Who, After Months on Sick-Bed, Came Back and Pitched Fine Ball.

REAL MIRACLE MAN OF GAME

PITTSBURGH, Pa., Oct. 2.—This is the story of the real "Miracle Man" of base ball. The story of the bravest of the brave. The story of John W. Coombs. It is not a maudlin yarn that calls on the high heavens to cry out in the passing of a hot-headed athlete, who but for base ball would have dwelt in happiness around the village cracker barrel or driven a coal wagon. It is the story of a man of education and refinement as well as physical capabilities, who was swept from the heights of his chosen profession, which happened to be base ball, to the utter depths, through an accident that nearly cost him his life; who then had the courage, after an illness of two years, to take up his work where he left off, and rise again to the heights; who probably more than any single man is responsible for the Brooklyn club of the National League being among the first three in the pennant race.

Four years ago, pitching in the world's series against Christy Mathewson, Coombs tore the lining out of his side. How serious an injury it was, was not at first realized. Coombs declares he pitched for four innings in agony and didn't let anyone know. It happened in the sixth inning. He went out in the ninth with the score tied.

This injury necessitated a serious operation. Coombs was led to base ball in 1912. In 1913 he went south with the Athletics, feeling fit and ready to take up his work again. He contracted typhoid fever. It took him until early summer to recover from this disease. Then he made one trip west with the Mackmen, but he was not fit and retired to his old home in Maine to recuperate.

On Back for Months. He was ever again at a base ball bat just to exercise one day when he felt something catch in his back. He did not pay much attention to it at first, but that evening a high fever developed and he called a physician. His case was diagnosed as pleurisy, but finally proved to be apical typhoid. It is a disease that a victim never recovers from. From late summer until after Christmas Coombs lay on his back in the hospital. He had weights strapped to his head and legs. He was a helpless cripple. When he was finally able to get out of bed, he had to wear braces. It seemed hardly possible that he would ever walk with freedom, let alone indulge in violent exercises.

He went to Texas, and for six months lived quietly in the Lone star state. In June, 1914, he first took off his braces. A year later he was a regular on the pitching staff of the Dodgers. Jack has won fourteen and lost ten games to date. His average is higher than that of his club.

He has shown the Dodger pitchers more than any of them, even Rucker, ever knew about fooling the batter. From the minute he joined the club in Daytona he has been Robbie's right-hand man. Matty has always been regarded as the last word in pitching as an art. He must yield to Coombs. Jack looms beyond him. He has less physically, yet is more effective.

Robb Marquard, discouraged, disheartened, apparently through, has turned to Coombs for guidance. "I have learned more about pitching from watching Coombs the few weeks I have been with the Dodgers than in all the years I was with the Giants," said the Rub. "If I do go south next spring with him, I think I can catch back."

The players aware of Jack's willbur Robinson, cannot say too much of him as a twirler or as an aid. "As fine a man and player as I have known in over thirty years in base ball," is President Ebbets' tribute.

Coombs joined the Athletics in 1906. He came to them from Colby college. He has never been beaten in a world's series game.

"Powers and Lave Cross started me right," said Jack in talking of his career the other night. "Powers was a great catcher. He caught me in that twenty-four-inning game I pitched and won. Doc had more to do with the victory than I did."

"When I came into the American League I made a study of three pitchers—Wm Young and Bill Dineen, both of whom threw overhand, and Eddie Ross, a side-arm hurler. From them I learned Cross and Doc Powers I learned all I know of pitching."

Such is the story of John W. Coombs of the Dodgers. He is one of the few men in base ball worthy of heroes. He is the real "miracle man" of the game.

McCahay Is Wagner of Jockey History

Joe McCahay is 27 years old, he's been a jockey for ten years and yet it seems to be a wonderful rider than earlier in his youth. And he weighs only ninety-five pounds.

McCahay is the Honus Wagner of the turf game. The average life of a jockey ranges from five to ten years, yet here is McCahay, after ten years of service, performing in better style than at any time in his career. If he maintains until the end of the season the winning average so far established, he will bring home for his employers more than he did in 1914, when his 824 mounts won \$12,848.

Oakland Has a Team. OAKLAND, Neb., Oct. 2.—(Special.)—Oakland has organized a foot ball team and will play the state within a game may schedule one by communicating with King Johnson, who has been elected to act as manager.

S. S. S. Drives It From Your System

Because Catarth affects the nose and throat, causing sores in the nostrils, stoppage of air-passages and gathering in the throat, it has been common practice to treat Catarth by lotions, washes and sprays applied to these parts. This mode of treatment is entirely wrong. It cannot give permanent relief, and it is liable to irritate and aggravate the trouble. Catarth cannot be trifled with. If allowed to run on it will disease the bronchial tubes, settle on the lungs, the stomach—indeed it is a very serious disease. Don't treat it locally. The fact that it causes headaches is proof that it is caused by impure and diseased blood. The one treatment that has proved effective in the treatment of Catarth is S. S. S. It