News by Wire

HERE

NEWS OF THE SPORTING WORLD

EDITED BY WAGNER

THERE

Local Situation

STAHL WAS BIG JOKE DURING HIS NEW YORK DAYS

BUT RED SOX MANAGER PROVED HE COULD COME BACK.

(By Edward Lyell Fox.)

Boston, Mass., Oct. 19.—Ten years ago a rangy, black-haired young man, straight as a young pine, stood in the coacher's box and watched the University of Illinois wins a base ball championship. Scarcely an emotion seemed to move him as the men he had led, inspired as a college captain can do, rose behind him, and, breaking into a volley of unexpected hits, brought to pretty Galesburg another trophy of the field. Only a smile played about the corner of his mouth as a thick-legged youngster from the woods tore across the plate with the winning run. Then Stahl was gone.

Those swarming, rioting undergraduates who would have hoisted him on willing shoulders and gone forth upon a procession just such as the Caesars began, could find him nowhere. Quiet, unemotional, Stahl would have none of it, you see. Like a shadow he had stolen from the field, vanishing at the first sight of victory. So did Garland J. Stahl lead a team to his first championship.

The years have passed and set the stage in the vale of the Fenway—set it with a sky of cobalt-blue, a wind from the sea, that straightening drooping banners sent them snapping from their poles. And on all sides of the Fenway the ugly skeletons of the stands, things of wood and air-bare in great places with deserting spectators enclose it from the world.

Within these walls a climax of men was occurring, an awful drawn strain the like of which I had never seen before—not even at Indianapolis that red day in May, when men went mad behind the steering wheels and smoking racing cars from the track. For the teams of New York and Boston had come down to the last ditch—the last inning of the last game—with the worlds series at the stake, and as the gray Giants scattered to their posts in the field, as the Red-legged men of the home team came running to the dug-out, massing for the last attack, a tall, straight, broad-shouldered man, bent down among them, talking hastily: and he was Stahl, the same quiet, unemotional Stahl of Illinois—perhaps his face a little wrinkled, his hair beginning to gray at the temples, but he was leading his team to a second championship.

In the past it was for the tradition of a college, for spirit, for the swelling ambitions of youth, now it was for money (almost $3,000 more to his players if they won.) Yet, although tradition had gone from his life, spirit and ambition were still there. Not more than that, a deep-laid vengeance had come into it, a desire to see New York beaten, taken down. New York, which, when Stahl had done his best for its Yankees, had poured abuse on his head, calling him "Joke," instead of "Jake," and now "Joke" Stahl was about to take a world's championship from them.

I watched him as he stood there on the lines, silent, unworried—just as he had stood that day at Galesburg a decade ago. I watched him as, turning to the bench, he waved Wood into shadows and sent the fair-haired Engle to bat in his stead. I saw the great Mathewson, master of his art, swing the loose body of him backward and, springing forward, release the ball as from a catapult. I heard the crash of Engle's bat, saw a white speck mounting toward the blue heavens, saw it reach the crest of its arc, hover uncertainly and begin to fall. And Stahl was disappointed, for at the bottom of the arc was Snodgrass, sure death on a hit of this sort. But, standing there, far afield, his back to the bleachers, his face to the setting sun, Snodgrass trembled. An unformed realization of this moment came to him; what if he dropped the ball now descending so lazily, what if the easy catch turned into a miserable error; what if it did and the runner should subsequently win a world's championship in the tenth inning, mean a loss of more than a thousand dollars to each of his mates.

Then the strain told. In a trice his frayed nerves had parted; down bolted the ball, looking big and white, difficult to hold in a basket, let alone a small glove of leather, and the heart of him gone. Snodgrass thrust up his hands only to see the ball bounding from them, go rolling over the grass down by the first base coaching line. The heart of another man pulsed rapidly, for Stahl had scented victory and found it red. How he waited there in a pause of uncertainty as his next man went out you may imagine. Always he kept watching the sturdy Engle, now leading off second; the great Mathewson, somewhat nervous, perhaps about to fail; Mr. Mathewson, whose skill alone held off the triumph that must be his. Still but one was out, and with the Giants giving signs of breaking there was a chance that one run—enough to tie—perhaps two, then victory would come, and, believing in his team, Stahl waited.

Now, Speaker stood tapping the plate; a cool, dangerous figure—that brought confidence to Stahl, and abruptly the confidence was justified, for something white had ashed into right and Engle ploughing up the dirt and had beaten the ball in a race for home. So did the climax come, a stage set as by Belasco, the red-legged forms of Yerkes and Speaker ready to dart from third, from second; the great Mathewson faltering in the box, the quiet Stahl watching his every move. And, now going to pieces as Snodgrass had done, thinking no doubt of the $30,000 blunder that had been made behind him, Mathewson lost control; the grinning Lewis trotted to first on balls. Still the expression of the tall, dark-haired Stahl never changed. The bases were full, one was out—but a run needed to win the greatest prize in base ball, and Stahl glanced curiously at the New York bench. Not an emotion of the situation had taken him—this man who the year before had retired from base ball only to find the game's call too strong for him. Maybe he thought of that day at Galesburg as he stood there serene, cool with the stands in tumult behind him, the set face of McGraw visible behind the dug-out rail—a face furrowed with uncertainty and dread.

Maybe Stahl smiled, as, following Gardner's long liner to right, Yerkes came racing home, a tense sprint with $30,000 as the prize; maybe he did; I couldn't see him. Still, as with arms folded, he turned to walk quietly from the field, it wasn't hard to imagine the glow in his cheeks, the sweet and quiet triumph in his eyes—"good old Jake," whom New York called "Joke" and Boston termed a wise leader, who had won four.

SATISFACTION COAL
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M'CANN AND OWNER FREEMAN TALK ABOUT MANAGERSHIP

No Change in Leader of Bridgeport Club for Next Season

(By Wagner.)

The rumors regarding a change in the management of the Bridgeport baseball club were set at rest last night, when Owner John H. Freeman came to this city and had a conference with Manager McCann. After a long talk in which the affairs of the past season were fully discussed, McCann agreed to take charge of the club next season.

This clears up much of the mystery that has surrounded the club's affairs and gives McCann a chance to go out and sign some players for 1913. Although Owner Freeman and Manager McCann are on very friendly terms it was known that the owner was not satisfied with the way things went last season.

He made no secret of that fact and although he never at any time said McCann would not return here, the attitude of Owner Freeman caused various rumors to be circulated. "I am satisfied that the poor showing of the team was not due to any fault of Manager McCann's" says Mr. Freeman. "He did the best he could under the circumstances and the fact that he finished third with a pitcher and catcher playing in the outfield shows that he can keep plugging under discouraging conditions."

"After making a careful investigation I am convinced that the team's slump was due to the fact that some members of the team did not give the club their best services. There was a lot of indifferent playing and those players won't get much consideration from me next season."

The indifference to which the owner referred was undoubtedly displayed by those who were mixed up in the Tom Crook feud. Crook was in bad with several players among them being Jack Spratt and Freddy Gibbs. This dissension demoralized the team and put Bridgeport out of the running at a time when it looked like a pennant contender.

McCann was not anxious to take charge again unless conditions were to be different from last season. He wants to be boss of the squad for he realizes that no manager can win games if another man, as in the case of Crook last season, wants to be leader.

Crook is a good individual player but from the time he became ambitious to succeed McCann, the club went to pieces.

McCann points with pride to the fact that he has been here three seasons. That is a better record than any other Connecitcut league manager can show.

SEND SIMMONS TO ROCHESTER CLUB

FORMER NEW HAVEN STAR TOO SLOW FOR NEW YORK AMERICANS.

George "Hack" Simmons, second baseman for the New York Highlanders last season, has gone back to the minors. President Farrell of the Hilltoppers announced yesterday he had sent Simmons back to Rochester, the team from which Farrell procured him late in 1911. Simmons proved to be too slow for the big leagues, though a fair fielder and batter.

Had Simmons not fallen down in his batting at the end of the season Farrell might have retained him as a substitute infielder. Simmons batted over .300 in the first two months of the season, but his average fell to .234, showing that he hit below a .200 clip in the latter half of the campaign.

Simmons was originally procured by the Highlanders as a substitute infielder, but the failure of Earl Gardner to deliver last spring compelled Wolverton to use Simmons as his regular guardian of the midway sack. Simmons had had trials with the Giants and Tigers, but failed to stick with either McGraw or Jennings.

ONE TICKET FOR HARVARD CONTEST

The Yale ticket department has issued graduate application blanks for the Princeton game at Princeton, November 16, and the Harvard game at New Haven, November 23. Applications for the Princeton game close at 6 p. m. November 4; for the Harvard game at 6 p. m., November 6.

The shortage of tickets for the Harvard game last fall which resulted in the throwing out of 1,000 names has led to a change in the method of allotment this year. For the Harvard game no "borrowed applications" will be received. That is, every graduate must apply in his own name for his own tickets with the implied understanding that they are for his own use, and not to be turned over to friends.

Furthermore in order to put a premium on the scaling of seats to the exact number personally needed by the applicant, applications calling for a single seat will be allotted first of all. Following these will come applications for single seats where two applicants have pinned their envelopes together, signifying that they desire their seats together.

Next will be allotted all applications calling for two seats, which is the maximum to be allowed on any one application. It is hoped that by this method enough graduates will be tempted to sacrifice quantity to quality so that all who apply will be able to get some kind of a seat. The method will assure every man who is content to ask for one seat only of seeing the game while there is always the possibility that the applicant for two may find himself among those drawn for exclusion if the final analysis shoul show more applications than tickets, as last year.

For the Princeton game the old rules hold. Each graduate may apply for three tickets and there is also a "borrowed application" form on which those who wish to lend their applications may so signify. Personal applications will be allotted first, it being the desire to give the best seats to Yale men and the supposition being that "borrowers" are not Yale graduates. In general the smaller the number of tickets asked for the better the allotment. Cheering section tickets are limited to one on each name and blanks may not be pinned together. For the Harvard game the graduate cheering section is abolished.

WHITE SOX WIN TITLE FROM CUBS

SLAUGHTER NATIONAL LEAGUERS IN FINAL GAME AND CHANCE QUITS FIELD.

Chicago, Oct. 19.—The Chicago American League team won the city title yesterday afternoon, handing the Cubs one of the worst trimmings the West Side talent ever received. The score was 16 to 0. The White Sox started to make a runaway race of the game right off the reel, scoring one run in the first inning and two more in the second. In the third round they put eight tallies over the plate on nine hits. The final resule of the series was four games to three.

Ed Walsh pitched for the American Leaguers, and held the Cubs to five hits. The Cubs used five pitchers. Of this number Fred Toney, who finished the game, was the only one who showed any class. Only one hit was made off him.

Lavender started the game, but was hit so consistently that he gave way to Smith. Reulbach was quickly sent to relieve Smith, and then Leifield, the southpaw, was rushed to the rescue. After the Sox had piled up sixteen runs, Toney was sent in. He succeeded in stopping the slaughter, but at that the Sox had grown tired of running the bases and took things easy in the rest of the game.

The lop-sided score left a bad taste in the mouths of the fans, and many are saying the Cubs quit. It is a fact that the West Siders did not show any fight such as they displayed in the previous games. On the other hand, it is argued that ball players are not going to quit when a victory would have meant several hundred dollars more in each man's pocket.

But despite all arguments to the contrary, the slaughter caused all sorts of adverse comment here. Many bugs insisted that the Cubs were trying to get even with Murphy for his aspersions of the team during the recent controversy over the drink clause, which the Cub boss will insist upon being inserted in each contract.

Lavender started on the firing line for the Cubs and was hammered for three runs in two innings. Charlie Smith was the next victim. The Sox touched him for three straight hits and then Reulbach was hammered for eight runs in the fourth inning. Leifield was next. The Sox continued their bombardment, making three runs in the fifth. Toney then came on and the Sox got only one more hit in the rest of the game.

Walsh pitched magnificent ball and the only chance the Cubs had for anything that looked like a run was after the game was lost, and then Walsh didn't let one of them cross the plate.

The slaughter so disgusted Manager Chance that, after the fifth inning, he went to the club house with the four pitchers who were knocked out of the box, and four substitutes, donned his street clothes and went home.

The first two games of the series resulted in ties. Then the Cubs won three games, but the Sox came back and took four in a row.

CONNIE MACK HAS PRAISE FOR STAHL

"Jake Stahl, the leader of the Red Sox, is the man who turned the trick for his team," said Connie Mack, of the Athletics. "He had two guesses, he made them both when he sent Hendrickson and Engle up to bat for Bedient and Wood.

"There is an old saying that a manager of a ball club has only one guess, the world has all the rest. Had Hendrickson failed to hit, then the fans would have figured it this way: There, he has taken out a great young pitcher, who was going great, and what good did it do? Again, had Wood been hit hard the fans would have claimed that Stahl blundered in pulling Bedient from the game. Then Engle batted for Wood, and had he failed and the pitcher, possibly Ray Collins, had been clubbed, again Stahl would have been censored. Yes, Stahl took a long chance, the logical one to be sure. It took a game manager to go through with it; he did and he deserves the credit.

"Bedient made good, that was his first gamble. Hendrickson made good that was his second chance, then Wood made good; that was his third chance; then Engle made good, that was his fourth chance. If you ask me who won the series, who deserves the credit, I'll say J. Garland Stahl, manager of the 1912 world's champions the Red Sox, was the mighty man."

ITALIAN DEMOCRATS PLAN STATE WIDE ORGANIZATION

Branch of National League to Be Established Here—Big Meeting In New Haven.

A Connecticut branch of the National Italian Democratic League of New York will be organized in New Haven tomorrow with a large number of representative Italians from all parts of Connecticut as well as others from New York city in attendance.

The mass meeting will be called to order in Music Hall, New Haven, at 12, noon, by State Organizer Ralph T. Borino. Chief among the speakers will be Joseph N. Lo Medico of New York, the president of the National League. Mr. Lo Medico is an exceptional orator, and his address will be awaited with keen interest. John B. D'Amico, secretary of the national organization also will speak.

Bridgeporters who will attend as delegates from the local Italian Democratic organizations, are Sebastiano Vecchione, candidate for selectman, L. N. Mainiero, Anthony Voccola, A. Mannino, R. M. Pacelli, F. M. Volpe and P. Altieri, editor of La Stampa. Invitations have been extended to

JOSEPH N. LO MEDICO
Head of National Italian Democratic League.

former Mayor Buckingham, Mayor George M. Landers of New Britain, and Frank Kenna of New Haven to make addresses.

Under the auspices of the state organization meetings will be held in various cities and towns for the benefit of the Italian speaking voters, to whom the issues of the campaign will be unfolded by men who will discuss them in their native tongue.

Prior to the formation of the state organization a meeting will be held in New Britain tonight. A highly successful Italian rally was held in Meriden last Thursday evening.

Next Thursday evening at Savino's hall in Pembroke street a big rally will be held here and on Sunday evening at the Scenic theatre in East Main street another big meeting is scheduled.

BIG FOOTBALL TODAY

Yale at West Point and Penn Grapples With Brown

New oYrk, Oct. 19—Most of the big football elevens had hard games scheduled for this afternoon. Interest centered largely in the Yale-Army game at West Point, the soldiers having defeated Eli in the last two games. Yale, with eight new men in the lineup, for today, was fearful of the outcome, but Army, with Devore, the great tackle, was not confident. Yale hopes rested in Flynn, the new fullback, who is said to be a second "Ted" Coy. Army depended on Hobbs, a sensational halfback.

Harvard and Princeton expected little trouble with Amherst and Syracuse, respectively, but other big elevens were in hot water. Pennsylvania, following the defeat at the hands of Swarthmore, journeyed to Providence for a contest with the strong Brown University eleven. Penn rooters were not sanguine.

Navy, after losing to Lehigh, took on Swarthmore, today, and expected another beating. Cornell, following defeat by Oberlin, anticipated another trouncing by strong Penn State.

No championship games were booked in the west, although some good fights were expected. Chicago was favorite over Iowa and Michigan was picked to win from Ohio State. Minnesota, after losing to South Dakota, was not confident of beating Nebraska. Indianapolis and Illinois were runnersup, scheduled for their annual battle at Urbana. Illinois was favorite.

JACK JOHNSON DENIES HE HAS BEEN SHOT

Chicago, Oct. 19—A rumor was current today that Jack Johnson had been shot.

Over the telephone at his cafe, Johnson said:

"It is all nonsense, that's another one of those lies they have been telling about me. I'll have something to say later about this and some other things."

STATE BRIEFS.

Berlin—Joseph Brown of New Britain met Raymond Brown of Hartford, both riding motorcycles, and now both are in the hospital as the result of the collision.

Tolland—For filling August Kohler and Edward Meredith full of bird shot when he caught them hunting on his land, William Harold has been held under $6,000 bonds for the Superior court.

Collinsville—Wojciech Golda, 24, in the United States four months, fell down an elevator shart of the Collins company and was killed, his skull being fractured.

NEAL BALL OF BOSTON RED SOX GETS BACK HOME

Local Boy Who Is Member of World's Champions Praises Giants

(By Wagner)

Neal Ball, the local boy who is a member of the Boston Red Sox, champions of the world, arrived home late this afternoon from Boston. He and Mrs. Ball made the trip by automobile and said they had a fine time on the road. In accordance with their custom for the past five years, Mr. and Mrs. Ball will spend the winter with Neal's parents-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. George Clark of Connecticut avenue.

The ball player was well pleased with his luck at being connected with a world's champion team not only for the glory but also for the financial returns. He had a check for $4,024 and a few cents, which is his share of the proceeds of the world's series with the Giants.

"I was treated fine by the Red Sox" said Neal, "Manager Stahl is a fine man to work for and all the players like him. I know I was pretty lucky to go from Cleveland to Boston in mid-season and then get in on the big money. But that's part of the game.

"The games were the most heartbreaking I ever saw. So much depended on the result that the players were all keyed up. The New York papers claimed we quit after the Giants won a couple of games but that isn't true. The Red Sox didn't quit. It was simply a case of the pitchers going to pieces.

"When a club gets five or six runs from your pitcher as the Giants did against O'Brien and Wood in the Monday and Tuesday games, why the beans are spilled. The Boston players were in there doing their best but the Giants had too much of a lead. One thing they have to give the Sox credit for and that is steadiness. The boys, in contrast with the Giants, stayed on the ground all the time and that quality gave us the series."

"The Giants deserve a lot of credit. They are a brilliant, hard hitting team but it was simply a case of some of their players cracking under the strain. My finger that was injured in the latter part of the season, isn't well yet. Manager Stahl put me in to bat in one game just so I could say I was in the series but I couldn't hold a bat and I took my three swings."

Next week Mr. and Mrs. Ball will crank up their auto and take Mr. and Mrs. Clark on a trip to Pennsylvania where they will visit relatives in Scranton. Neal says that world's series money will buy a few gallons of gasolene for the car.

KID WILLIAMS DEFEATS COULON

BANTAMWEIGHT CHAMPION LOSES ON POINTS TO WIHRL-WIND FROM BALTIMORE.

In a bout that fairly bristled with speed and cleverness on the part of both contestants Kid Williams of Baltimore gained the honors over Johnny Coulon, holder of the bantamweight title, in ten rounds at Madison Square Garden, New York, last night. The Baltimore youngster, showing the best form he has yet exhibited forced the going from the start, and with his speed, strength, and aggressiveness kept the champion on the defensive. At the close of ten rounds the honors belonged to the youthful Southerner, but the margin of victory was not very great.

Both boxers entered the ring below the bantamweight limit of 116 pounds, so the bout carried a championship aspect, though the title could not change hands except through a knockout. Coulon carries his title today for the reason that no decisions are allowed in New York State. Johnny entered the ring last night much below his usual weight, the ringside weighing in showing him at 111 1-2 pounds in ring costume. Williams weighed 115 1-2 pounds.

From the start there was no sign of nervousness on Williams' part such as might be expected from a youngster of limited experience in the ring when opposed to an old master and seasoned campaigner like Coulon. Williams bore an air of seriousness all the way. He showed no inclination to give ground or to be feinted into openings which Coulon was trying repeatedly to force him into. All through the bout he showed good judgment, let Coulon feint until his arms were tired, and when he was ready to lead, he did so. The bout was such as might be expected from a pair of speedy veterans rather than a youngster against a champion.

Coulon, although outpointed, showed that he still is a pastmaster in ring science, and he made up in ring craft much of what he lacked in strength. His showing was hardly up to the standard of his other bouts of late years and it created the impression among those who saw the bout that Coulon's star is setting. He fought hard all the way, showed flashes of brilliancy at times that made Williams appear at a disadvantage, but they were only flashes. Against the strength and steady attack of the Southerner Coulon could not keep up the work well enough to stay in front. He gave the best he could, and the best was not enough.

There was no stage of the bout when either boxer was in distress, and nothing like a knockdown occurred. In fact, neither boxer received a blow hard enough to make him stagger. Not a drop of blood was shed by either. It was a high class exhibition of scientific boxing between the boys, who rank at the head of the bantamweight division, and produced as much clever work as could be crowded into ten rounds.

FORMER BRIDGEPORT CURATE PROMOTED

Rev. Thomas J. Dunn, Who Was Assistnt to Late Rev. J. F. Rogers, Made Pastor of St. Joseph's at Willimantic.

Portland, Oct. 19—Rev. Thomas Dunne, who has been pastor of St. Mary's church here for eleven years, will preach his farewell sermon tomorrow morning. Father Dunne will not leave Portland to go to Willimantic to assume charge of St. Joseph's parish until next week Thursday. He came here from Cromwell and during his stay here he has wiped out a debt of $7,500, which was paid a few years ago through his efforts. He will have charge of 3,000 parishioners in his new charge, and a hospital is also connected with the church.

Father Dunne's successor will be Rev. Dr. Farrel G. Martin. He was born at Garrison, N. Y., 51 years ago. His elementary studies were made at Norwalk and Brooklyn, N. Y. He comes here from St. Cecilia's parish, Waterbury.

WANT ADS. CENT A WORD.

RED SOX SHOW GENEROUS SPIRIT

MAKE GIFTS TO CLUB EMPLOYES AFTER GETTING WORLD'S SERIES MONEY.

Boston, Oct. 19.—The members of the Boston Red Sox, champions of the world, stepped up to the captain's office yesterday and received the bundle of change to which they were entitled for beating the Giants. Secretary Bruce of the national commission, sent Manager Stahl of the Sox a check for $88,543.44 and Jake thereupon gave each player a check for $4,024.68.

The Sox showed their generosity by making presents to several of those who had helped them.

They made up a purse of $500 for Joe Quirk, their trainer; presented $500 to Assistant Secretary Edward Riley; $175 to Jerome Kelly, the ground keeper; made cash gifts to other employes at the office of the club; deposited a fund, said to be $1,000, in trust for Jerry McCarthy, the mascot, in addition to purchasing him a year's supply of clothing, and sent a diamond studded watch fob to Eddie Cicotte, the former Red Sox twirler, now with the White Sox.

HORACE FOGEL TO BE EXPELLED

NATIONAL LEAGUE MAGNATES DECLARE PHILADELPHIA PRESIDENT WILL BE BLACKLISTED FROM BASEBALL.

Philadelphia, Oct. 19.—Horace Fogel, president of the Philadelphia National League club, is to be expelled from that organization and practically blacklisted by organized baseball. The stockholders of the club have been told that they must prepare for this or one other alternative.

The alternative is the sale of the club. The stockholders are now ready to part with their holdings, chagrined that Fogel has put them in this position. It is said that the Elliotts' interests are particularly sore at the turn affairs have taken. Two syndicates are known to be forming to take over the stock of the club. One of them is composed largely of capitalists with unlimited means at their disposal, and are ready not only to pay a good price for the club, but also to strengthen it.

Through all the difficulties that the club has passed the fact that the owners have got to rid themselves of Fogel is the thing that is uppermost in the minds of the men who are interested in organized baseball. The Elliotts say that they have received an offer for their stock, but they will not mention figures as yet. William Elliott said:

"My lips are sealed at this time. I am not ready to talk. An offer has been made, but it is not time to discuss what we are going to do. When we are ready we will talk, but not until then."

In the meantime the Meyers syndicate, which is practically close to President August Herrmann, of the Cincinnati Club, is busy, and it is freely predicted that these German bankers will be the new owners of the club by the time the National League meets in New York on Nov. 26.

AMATEUR FOOTBALL

The Pequot, Jrs. will play the fast Orioles Sunday at Wheeler's Lot. A fast game is expected, as both teams are fast and nifty. The Pequot Jrs. lineup will probably be: Goodman, l. e.; Weston, l. t.; Bentz, Dooley, l. g.; C. McGran and Maggorie, c.; Comeford, r. g. and r. h. b.; Olmstead and Delveccihio, r. t.; Goodwin and O'Neil, (Capt.); r. e., A. McGran, (Mgr.) and Clancy, q. b.; Bond, r. h. b., and R. G. Hayes, f. b.; Dolan, l. h. b. The Pequot Jrs. will practice Sunday morning at Pratt's Lot. All members please be on hand.

TAFT AT POLISH CLUB.

Cambridge Springs, Pa., Oct. 19—President Taft will be here, Saturday, Oct. 26, to assist in the dedication of the Polish National Alliance club. A telegram accepting the invitation was received, today.

QUALITY is more important than quantity. But in Fatima Cigarettes the simple, inexpensive package enables us to give you both 20 for 15 cents.

"Distinctively Individual"

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

WEST POINT ELEVEN MAY VISIT NEW HAVEN

Yale Anxious to Have Army Game on Home Gridiron in 1913.

(New Haven Register.)

After the game at West Point today a strong argument for the transfer of the annual contest between Yale and the Army to this city will be put up to the West Point officials by the Yale management, who are up against it harder than ever in their endeavors to provide tickets for the great number of Yale graduates who wish to see the game but are unable to get seats at West Point.

The Army sent down 2,400 tickets to Yale for the game this year, and of these 1,700 were claimed by the undergraduates of the two upper classes. The remainder went to the graduates. Some idea of the demand may be gained from the fact that there were three applications made for every ticket, and the management has already received many letters from graduates who demand that the game be played here, or in some place where there is sufficient seating capacity for all who wish to attend.

For the past two years the demand for seats at the game has increased four-fold, and now matters have reached such a state that something must be done. On Saturday the situation will be laid before the Army authorities and efforts will be made to dissuade them from their present ruling, which does not allow the Army team to play away from their own grounds with the exception of the annual game with the Navy at Philadelphia. The Yale management are sanguine that their efforts to transfer the game will be successful.

THIS DATE IN PUGILISTIC ANNALS

1908—Digger Stanley and Sam Kellar, both English, fought 20 rounds in London, Stanley winning the decision.

1909—Harry Lewis knocked out Dan Sullivan in the first round of a scheduled 12 round bout at Boston.

1911—"Harlem" Tommy Murphy won on points from Phil Brock in 10 rounds at New York.

1911—Battling Nelson had a little the best of George Alger in a 6 round bout at Augusta, Me.

KID M'COY "GENTLEMAN ADVENTURER"

III.

In an Indiana hamlet some thirty-five miles from Indianapolis, on an October day thirty nine years ago, the postmaster, justice of the peace, and dealer in dry goods, hardware, agricultural implements, groceries, drugs and medicines, notions, hats and boots and shoes became the father of a husky boy, and for several days the loungers around the general store smoked on the proud papa. The good cash customers got five-cent cigars, the best best in the case, while the slow pay, X to Z trade was regaled with three-for-a-nickel Old Carolina cheroots. Papa Selby named the boy Norman, which he considered an excellent moniker for a preacher, as it was already determined that the young hopeful should become a clergyman, another Moody or Beecher or Spurgeon. The boyhood of "Kid" McCoy was little different from that of the average country town youth. He attended the rural school, where he was a brilliant scholar, the facility with which he absorbed knowledge giving him plenty of time for sports and mischief. On winter nights, when the men of the town gathered about the red hot stove and spat tobacco juice thereon, their tongues wagging busily in between expectorations, the proprietor's son, in the intervals of selling Moon plug, read the illustrated weeklies which were the favorite of the rural "dees-tricks." Hoosiers are notably addicted to politics, and as a rule the loungers were conversationally engaged in saving the country, but often the talk turned to the exploits of John L. Sullivan, then in his prime, and to other lights of the pugilistic profession. On such occasions the Kid was an eager listener, and at a tender age he had decided, to the consternation of his deeply religious parents, to become either a pugilist, a baseball player or a billiard sharp. When he was so little that he had to stand on a box to make his shots he was the best man with the cue in the neighborhood, and he also played a heady game of baseball. The ministerial profession had no attractions for him, and he soon came to hasts the country community in which he was born. He determined to see the world—and he certainly has done so—from every angle.

WANT ADS. CENT A WORD.