

STALLINGS AND HIS HOODOO

Only Menke Says Stallings Has Many of Them and They Bring Constant Worry.

FEW TALES OF INSIDE STUFF

By FRANK G. MENKE. NEW YORK, Feb. 27.—The score was 2 against the Braves. This was in a game played in Boston in the summer of 1912. It was the ninth inning. Two men were out and the Braves had a man on first and another on second.

"Hap" Meyers, the husky Boston first sacker, walked to the plate. A long hit would either tie the score or win the game. "Hap" let the first one pass and bunted the second. He was thrown out by at least ten feet and the game was over. The Braves had lost.

"Hap" is terror over a possible rescue from Manager George Stallings, sneaked into the clubhouse. Stallings was there, enshrouded in deepest gloom. Baseball never knew a harder loser than Stallings. But Stallings never said a word to Meyers then, and Meyers dozed out of the clubhouse and went home thinking Stallings had overlooked that hunt-out.

But Stallings hadn't. The next morning found Stallings at Meyers' home. Meyers had just gotten up.

"Hap," said Stallings, "I want to know why you bunted with two out and two on bases."

"Well, you see, boss," explained "Hap," "I thought I'd double-cross the other fellows."

"Double-cross 'em?" asked Stallings, puzzled.

"Yes. You see they were looking for me to hit it out and I thought I'd catch 'em asleep with a bunt."

"Oh, that's it, eh?" said Stallings. "Thought you'd double-cross 'em, hey? Well, you didn't double-cross them, but you did double-cross me. I've spent the whole night trying to figure out why you bunted. That's the reason, eh—wanted to double-cross the other fellows?"

"Yes, that's it."

"Well, lemme tell you this, 'Hap' Meyers," and Stallings poked a menacing finger at his big first baseman. "If you ever again try any of that double-crossing stuff there'll be a funeral in this particular neighborhood. Good day—double-crosser." And Stallings walked away.

Stallings' superstitions are that if he mixes his team if there is anyone in the box that looks directly into the Braves' dugout. To prevent this, Stallings always requests the home club not to sell that particular box.

The clubs usually grant Stallings' request, but it sometimes happens that some folks in the grandstand wander into that box. Such an event took place in Philadelphia.

Stallings saw that the intruders were looking curiously into the Braves' dugout. The game was close. Stallings wanted to win it—and here he was being flanked by the interlopers. Stallings jumped to his feet and yelled some orders to a number of utility players.

Two minutes later six of the ball players rushed into sight dragging the huge tarpaulin that is used to cover the diamond on rainy days. They pulled the canvas over to a point between the box and the Braves dugout.

"Lift her up now" commanded Stallings. And the players did, completely shutting off the view of the persons who had wandered into this "reserve" box and were "piping off" the Braves.

Would They Throw Water on Fans. Some time later a similar intrusion occurred in another city. Stallings gave orders to hoist the tarpaulin, but the tarpaulin was looked up somewhere and couldn't be located.

"Well, get 'em away—and get 'em away quick," commanded Stallings, pointing to the interlopers in the box.

"What'll we do?" asked Oscar Dugery, utility man for the Braves and one of the official "shooters" of the undratable.

"Bust their noses—douse 'em with water—do anything you want—but get 'em away before they hoodoo us," yelled Stallings, growing more excited every moment as the parties in the box continued to stare at the Braves in their dugout.

Dugery rushed away, got a bucket, filled it with water and hustled back. But his "hosing" services were not needed. The intruders evidently had taken the hint and left the sacred box while Dugery was hunting for the bucket.

Missouri Valley High School Meet to Be Abandoned

The annual Missouri valley interscholastic track meet may be abandoned this year. This event has been held annually at Kansas City for a number of years, but now a movement is on foot in the Missouri city to discard the meet and hold a meet in which only the high school athletes of Kansas City may compete. The movement has been started by athletic authorities in the Kansas City high schools.

It is asserted in Kansas City that the Missouri valley meet has been nothing but a Kay See affair, as athletes from that city have always topped all of the big events. Some Kansas City high school has always won the event, and between the several high schools nearly all of the trophies remained in Missouri. The K. C. men declare the other Missouri valley schools—Omaha, Lincoln, Des Moines, St. Joseph and the like—are getting tired of the monotony and no longer take the interest in the competition as before.

While it is true Kansas City has won most of the honors in recent years, other schools in the valley occasionally give them a run for their money. Whether the other Missouri valley schools will ask that the annual event be continued is a matter of conjecture, but it is probable no strong effort will be made to stage further meets if the Kansas City people wish to abandon them. So it looks very much as if the interscholastic Missouri valley meet is a thing of the past.

Street Car Men Have Formed Ball Team

The Tenth and Pierce street division of the Omaha & Council Bluffs Street Railway company have reorganized their baseball team for the 1915 season and will play independent clubs either in or out of the city. James Gorman was elected president of the organization, L. D. Turner, manager, and E. D. Quackenbush, captain. The players are Baughman, Doyle, Kistenmacher, Schulte, Lopp, M. Davis, Klancy, Friborsky and Nelson.

WILLARD HAS EVEN CHANCE

Expert Ringside is of the Opinion that the White Man May Win the Title.

GIBBONS-M'GOORTY MIX NEXT

By RINGSIDE. NEW YORK, Feb. 27.—This story is written with the assumption that meantime nothing crops up to hinder Jack Johnson and Jess Willard from engaging in their proposed forty-five-round battle for the world's heavyweight championship at the Jai-Alos race track next Saturday afternoon. If nothing goes amiss, the bout will go through as per schedule, but should unforeseen circumstances prevent the staging of the titular contest, it would be transferred to Havana, where the Cubans are at present being initiated into the vagaries of the ring game.

Assuming once more that Johnson and Willard are permitted to go through with their maneuvers next Saturday, it behooves us to place before the boxing jury convincing evidence to show that Jess Willard has an even chance of defeating Jack Johnson, thereby retaining for the Caucasian race the world's heavyweight crown, which has been tilted from Johnson's alabaster brow since that memorial day of December 26, 1908, when Johnson beat little Tommy Burns into submission in fourteen rounds in faraway Australia.

Casual followers of matters pugilistic have scoffed at Jess' ability to cope with the once mighty Senegambian. We herewith produce some facts that seem to give the giant Kansas couchpuncher at least an even chance with the "saguro" champion.

The more salient facts are these:

Willard is Younger.

Willard is ten years younger and is generally accredited with being able to deliver a more powerful blow than Johnson. Also, Jess weighs twenty pounds more than the black, but whether this will be an advantage of a detriment remains to be seen.

Then, again, Willard towers something like five and three-quarter inches above Johnson, who is no filippation, and the white boy has the enormous reach of eighty-three and one-half inches, as compared to Johnson's seventy-six inches.

Delving still further into the "dope," Willard has never been knocked out, or even knocked down during a ring encounter, while Johnson has sensed a knockout. And anyone that has ever caved in under a sleep-inducing wallop will tell that they never overcome the apprehension of suffering another knockout.

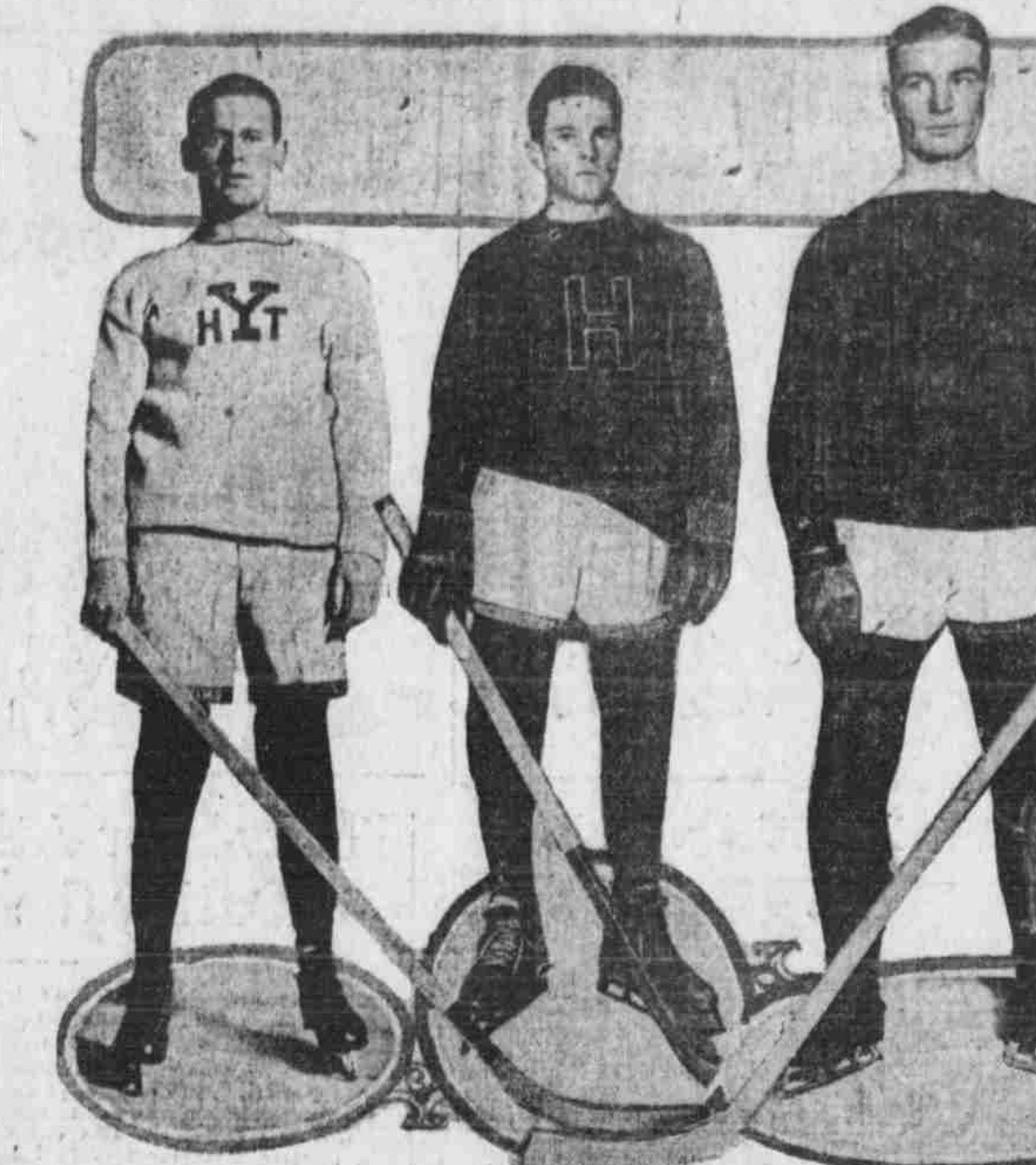
While the class of opposition Willard has confronted during his few years in the ring has been only mediocre, it is nevertheless a noteworthy fact that he has knocked out twenty-seven of his last thirty-eight opponents, Johnson, on the other hand, has put away only fifteen adversaries in his fifteen years in the boxing game.

It is also a fact that Willard does not know his own strength. He has killed one man with a punch. "Bull" Young being the unfortunate victim of Willard's death-dealing right uppercut, the blow with which Jess hopes to beat Johnson.

Willard has every natural advantage, but is sadly lacking in three essentials—experience, generalship and skill. And these are the factors that may cost him the fight.

To Follow Different Plan. The attenuated Willard, before leaving

Captains of "Big Three" College Hockey Teams



NEW YORK, Feb. 27.—Hockey is claiming more than its usual share of attention in the athletic and sporting world this season, probably because of the many high calibre players on the ice this winter. The photograph shows Captains Mike Sweney of Yale, Clavin of Harvard and Peacock of Princeton. Although earlier in the season the Crimson had been selected as sure intercollegiate

champions, the Blue now is rated as the best bet, because of its defeat of McGill university of Montreal, after the Canadians had trimmed Harvard. his terrific right uppercut to bring Johnson down. Jess has a faculty of stepping quickly inside of a left jab and lift his right to the head or body. It was this blow, which traveled less than two feet that settled Young. Jess seldom used the blow in training bouts, for fear of hurting his sparring partners. The backers of Willard point to the fact that Johnson has never met a man the size of Jess, and they say that the sight of such a fellow in front of him will intimidate Johnson. Willard's game has never been thoroughly tested, but it will surely be given a severe trial next Saturday afternoon. In short Willard's chance for victory lies in his stamina and his man-killing punch. Johnson will be there with all his vaunted cleverness, and his smashing right uppercut, and it will be a battle worth seeing if all is on the "up and up."

Table titled 'Measurements of Johnson and Willard' comparing physical stats like age, weight, height, reach, neck, biceps, forearm, wrist, chest, waist, thigh, calf, and ankle for both fighters.

The Hypodermic Needle

By F. S. HURTER. He smote the sphere quite lustily, Was good for bingles, one, two, three, But now he's gone back to the farm.

Carl Morris and Tom McMahon are to fight in Pittsburgh. Everybody get ready to laugh out loud. As a suitable substitute for Jack Johnson and one who could give Mr. Willard a good match, we suggest Kid Williams.

By Any Athlete. The time's at hand, Oh, play the band, For we're again in luck, The training season is the reason, Now we grab free chuck.

We have about decided Bunk Congalton must pass up the distinction of being the slowest man in base ball. Judge Landis has him beat a mile and a half. In view of the recent court action regarding the Kansas City Federal league franchise we have only to say that base

ball is again running true to form. Willard has quit training for the big fight. Well, why not? Our idea of a waste of time is to introduce a bunch of punk pups before the final mill on the program.

Also the referee saying "may the best man win" when the best man was decided upon some weeks before. Goodby tin, Goodby Jess, You are in, An awful sin.

We consider the above our masterpiece. It is the shortest and we ever composed. If Havana accepts Jack Johnson in its midst much longer, we will consider the war of 1898 a failure.

Submarines may not be used in base ball, but the present situation would make one believe somebody had turned a whole flock of them loose. We understand that Freddie Welsh and Charley White really put on a fight at Milwaukee the other night. Which, in view of the former Vernon Castle sketches staged by that pair, must have been hard on the hearts of the fans present.

Little drops of money, In the athlete's mitt, Make him start to jump, Like a tom cat in a fit.

Mr. Herzog has now signed Red Doolin and Tommy Leach. It seems that Mr. Herzog is trying to take away from Mr. Cantillon the enviable record that latter gentleman spent years in making.

Bulletin—It has just been discovered why J. Franklin Baker quit base ball. He wants to duck the income tax.

COLUMBUS, O., Feb. 21.—Editor Needle, Omaha Bee: I am writing you these few lines to kick because I am not receiving any publicity. Just because Johnson, Austin, Marquard and these birds jump to the Federals and back again they get columns of space. I have jumped to the Feds six times already and back again each time. I think I ought to get at least six columns and a picture in the paper for that.

From where and back to where did you jump, Conny? That Johnson-Willard fuss Once more brings out a fuss, They have postponed the fight, Which is, we think, not right, For at that mill we scuff, And say let's call it off.

Curley's in Havana, Jones in Mexico, Ban Johnson's out in 'Erisco, And Gilmore's on the go, Tener is in Yorktown, Far away from here, The Yanks are now all settled With Ruppert and his beer.

The Feds have quit their raiding, The holdouts have come in, Wrestlers all are quiet—Howl no more for tin. And we're sublimely happy, As happy as can be. Oh, rats, our dream is broken, They've slipped some chess stuff onto me.

Goody in Society. Catcher Harry Gowdy, who it will be remembered, figured in the 1914 world's series, quite prominently, has gone to Palm Beach, Fla., to mix with the 400 for a couple of weeks before reporting to the Braves' training camp at Macon. It's tough to be a ball player.

Large advertisement for LUXUS COUPONS featuring various household items like Buick Roadster, Kimball Piano, Electric Vibrator, Electric Lamp, Electric Toaster, Dining Table, Kitchen Cabinet, and Chafing Dish. Includes text: 'The Only Beer With a Coupon Neck Label... FRED KRUG BREWING CO.'