

Latest News From
Far and NearAttell and Moran Fight a Draw
Go for 25 Rounds of Fierce MillingEnglishman Most Aggressive and
Had a Shade on His
Opponent.

[Associated Press.]

Colma Arena, San Francisco, Cal., Jan. 1.—Owen Moran, champion feather-weight of England, today fought 25 rounds to a draw with Abe Attell, champion of America. Moran was strong and aggressive, quick as a flash, and kept after Attell all the time. Attell had plenty of opportunity to show his cleverness in keeping away from the rush of the Briton.

Attell seemed to lack force in his punches and found it difficult to land a blow on a vital spot. Moran's eye was blackened and his nose bled, but the punishing blows to the stomach and the swings to the jaw were missing. Moran's game was to lead with either right or left and then close in. In the clinches he fought viciously, but did not do Attell much harm.

Fight After Gong.

The final round was most exciting. Moran seemed to take on a new lease of vigor, and with head down waded into Attell, swinging rights and lefts. When the gong rang for the close both men kept on fighting fiercely. Referee Jeffries had to separate them. Jeffries' decisions were received with approval.

There came near being no fight owing to the fact that Moran was two ounces overweight. Attell had to be paid \$250 for the surplus two ounces before he would consent to go on.

Moran's manager stated that the Briton had found it extremely difficult to get down to weight, and at 11 o'clock this morning was compelled to do two miles of vigorous road work. While interesting, the contest was not particularly exciting and did not come up to the standard of a championship battle. Between 7,000 and 8,000 persons witnessed the contest.

Close Fight.

Referee Jeffries said that the fight was so close that he found it impossible to give a decision in favor of either man. He thought that Attell had slightly the better on points, but not sufficiently to deserve a decision. Although the sun was shining brightly Manager Coffroth altered his plans in order to cover the arena with canvas. At 2 o'clock the huge tent was entirely spread over the arena, thoroughly protecting the spectators and photographers from the sun and cool air. Willie O'Neill and Willie Farley, who fought a ten-round preliminary, entered the ring promptly at 1:30 p.m.

O'Neill was given the decision at the end of the tenth round of the preliminary. He earned the decision by cleaner hitting.

Moran Presented.

Moran was first presented to the crowd by Announcer Jordan as the "English crackerjack champion." He was wildly applauded.

Attell was introduced as the "cleverest boy in the world and America's feather-weight champion." Attell was freely cheered. Tommy O'Donohue, of Philadelphia, wired a challenge to the winner, as did also Spider Morrissey.

Ed Kelly, of Buffalo, jumped into the ring with a challenge. Frankie Neil issued a challenge to Attell. Several other minor lights also challenged the winner.

The principals, after Referee James J. Jeffries had been presented, posed for the photographs.

Time was called at 2:52 p.m.

Fight by Rounds.

Round 1.—They shook hands, Attell leading first with a left. Attell sent a light left to the face and they clinched. With one arm free Moran scored a light blow to the face and crossed with a pretty right to the head. The men broke from a clinch carefully, and Moran shot a wicked left to the face and they mixed it at close range, without result. Moran missed a right swing and Attell crossed with right to the face and then shot his left quickly to the same place. They sparred carefully, and Moran swung two rights over the kidneys. Attell hooked a wicked left to the head and Attell had a very slight advantage of the round.

Round 2.—Attell came up proving game and smiling. He missed a left and then jabbed left to the face. Moran missed hard left hook for the stomach and then brought two lefts to his opponent's face. They fought at close range, Moran facing his man to the ropes. Both landed lefts to the face, and as they fought to the center Moran drove his left to the face. Moran was the aggressor, fight a draw.

They exchanged lefts to the nose, a thin stream of blood flowing from Moran's nose. Attell jabbed Moran with left and right to the face and a moment later staggered Moran with a left wallop to the face. The bell rang, but apparently the fighters did not hear it and they had to be pried apart by Jeffries.

Attell to the Ropes.

It was Attell's round. Attell gave a fine exhibition of clever ducking.

Round 3.—Moran sent Attell to the ropes with a left hook to the stomach and they wrestled to the center of the ring. Moran sent Attell's head back a foot with a straight left to the jaw and the latter looked a bit worried. Attell began talking to Moran and the men exchanged a bit of sharp talk as they fought to a clinch. Moran drove his right to the chin. Attell planted two short arm left jolts to the face. Moran swung his left to the head and the men seemed unable to break from a clinch. Moran had a slight lead in this round. Both men displayed marked cleverness.

Round 4.—Attell jabbed left to the face and they hugged each other. Attell claiming that Moran was holding, Moran devoted most of his attacks to the stomach, but Attell covered up with great cleverness. Moran missed right and left for the face and Attell swung his left lightly to the head. Moran sent Attell's head back with a straight left and smiled at the Californian's attempts to retaliate. An ineffectual mix followed and Attell hooked two rights to the stomach and as he clinched, smiled at his seconds with a confident air. Attell got in a short arm left to the face and the bell clanged on a comparatively even round.

Betting now 10 to 5 on Attell.

Attell's Round.

Round 5.—They sparred for half a minute and Abe jabbed a left to the face. Then followed a mix. Moran getting his right to the head. Attell reached Moran's face with left and they clinched. Attell put a left to the head and then uppercut with right to the jaw. Attell drove another, straight left to the jaw. Attell's round.

Round 6.—Moran rushed Attell outside the ropes, but Attell's wonderful elusiveness enabled him to wiggle back to the ring unharmed. It was an even round. In round 7 Attell was cheered for his quick work. They were locked in an embrace and he bell rang. The round was characterized by constant clinching.

Moran wasted his strength in in-fighting in the eighth. It was a tame round, with honors even.

Attell had a slight advantage in the ninth round, during which little harm was done. Round 10.—No hard fighting was done in the tenth round. The fight up to this time was practically even.

The eleventh was an even round. Attell appeared a trifle worried in the twelfth. Moran's right swing to the jaw in this round was the best blow of the fight.

The thirteenth was tame, Moran having a shade the better of it. In the fourteenth round Attell warned Moran for holding while Jeffries pried the fighters apart. Attell struck Moran several times after the gong rang. We saw, and he hissed by the crowd. He was reprimanded by the referee as he took his seat.

Both men displayed some clever ducking and footwork in the fifteenth, although Moran's left eye was swelled as he went to his seat.

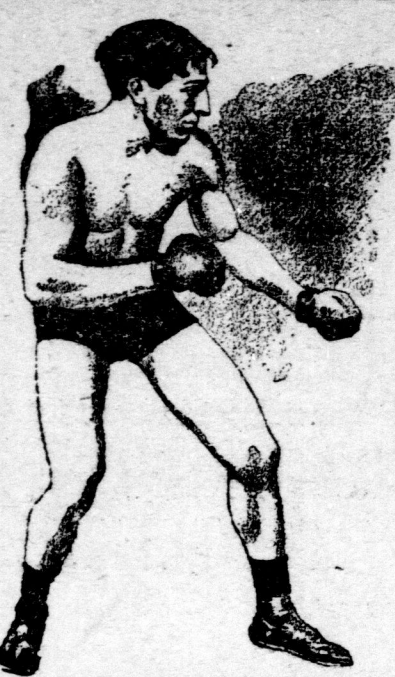
In the sixteenth round Moran sent Attell against the ropes with a straight left to the jaw, and in the seventeenth round, which was replete with severe fighting at close range, Moran had the better of Attell.

Attell had a good lead in the eighteenth round, and landed some damaging face and body blows, particularly a right jolt over the heart, early in the round. Moran had the better of the nineteenth round, with a stinging left to Moran's nose, started the blood afresh in the latter part of the twentieth round.

In round 22 Moran fought Attell to the ropes, landing a left to the body and pushing Attell about the ring. Breaking from a clinch, Attell unintentionally struck Referee Jeffries, which provoked considerable merriment.

Again in the twenty-third round, Moran landed a stinging right to the face, and the usual prying apart, with no damage. The pace slowed up considerably also in the 24th round, although neither looked tired.

In the 25th round the men shook hands and rushed to close quarters, Moran jolted Attell's head with a short arm left to the jaw. They wrestled again, and then Moran whipped a pushing right to the body. They fought viciously at close range, both landing telling rights to the face. The referee parted the men with the difficult task of telling them to stop. Moran then sent a wicked right to the face, and they mixed it, wrestling and punching wildly. Moran forced his man to cover in a last desperate rally, but could not put Attell out. The referee pulled the men apart and declared the fight a draw.



Abe Attell, champion feather-weight of the world, who was fought to a standstill, by Owen Moran, champion of Great Britain, yesterday, at San Francisco.

See what I mean? Take, for instance, yourself. You've done some wrestling. When your opponent grabs hold of your wrist you pull back. You resist him. You do not go forward. Take a fellow, now, who has wrestled as long as I have. Wrestling has become a second nature to me. "I put on the gloves, we'll say, and deliver a punch. Instinctively I draw back before hitting. The blow loses its force and makes me look slow. The fighter whips one loose and never hesitates. If I could overcome that one weakness I would gladly tackle some of the big fellows. I keep practicing all the time and yet am afraid to go too far because it might mar my work as a wrestler. I still have my ambition to meet Hackenschmidt, you know."

"No man can be a great wrestler and a great fighter at the same time. Muscular development hasn't anything to do with it. It's the habits you get into."

BIG STAKE EVENTS
WILL BE CLOSEDThe Total Value of Big Turf
Events Is Trifle Under
\$600,000.

New York, Dec. 31.—The greatest closing of stakes in the history of racing in America will take place next Thursday when, under the agreement between the three great clubs that control racing at the Sheepshead Bay, Brighton Beach and Gravesend tracks the entries for the big events of the season will be closed. A total of 60 stakes for the spring meetings and prizes will be closed on that day. The total value of the stakes is estimated to be only a trifle under \$600,000.

H. R. LITTLE FIRST
IN THE HUB RACE

H. R. Little, son of Col. Little, was the dark horse in the annual New Year's Day Hub poolroom race. The start was made shortly after 10:30 yesterday morning, and the winner made the distance, some four and a half miles, in 27:30.

Little set the pace from the start, and was never headed. Empey came a close second, and it is said will protest the race, owing to the fact that Attell had been to have been at school at Toronto for some time.

J. Langley finished third, with R. Ashford fourth.

The course of the race was out Dundas street to Adelaide, to Oxford, to Wharfcliffe road, to Dundas, and back to the starting point.

The starters were as follows: A. Ashford, J. Langley, Andrew Little, Sid Ellis, Oswald Empey, Sam Harris, Ed McKany, H. R. Little, R. Meyers, E. Meyers, A. Little, A. Impla, A. Ashford, Chas. Meyers.

The contest was a well-fought one, and the promoters, Messrs. Wheatcroft and Patrick, are deserving of much credit for helping to boost local sports.

Next year it is confidently expected that the entry list will be much larger. The fact that the contest was not run under the sanction of the C. A. A. U. kept out many good local runners.

STRATFORD MIDGETS TRIM WOODSTOCK

The Stratford Junior Midgets trimmed the Woodstock Intermediates yesterday at Stratford by a score of 10 to 4.

Lack of ice for practice was given as an excuse for the losers' poor showing. The attendance was small. The teams: Woodstock—Goal, Smith; point, Scott; cover, Fasine; rover, Berlett; center, Newman; right wing, Sutherland; left wing, L. Richardson.

Stratford—Goal, Redge Rankin; point, Richards; cover, Ramsay Rankin; rover, Frank Rankin; center, Dorland; right wing, Dunbar; left wing, Shalton.

Dave Forbes acted as referee.

HAMPS NOW LEAD CHALLENGERS
WIN SECOND OF THE IDEAL SERIES

The Champs came back yesterday and handed the challengers a fruit-on the Ideal Alleys, by 192 pins, giving then a lead of 79 points in the series.

Bert Glover and "Billy" Bell were among the absent, but that made no difference to the champions, who bowled like true winners.

Connolly and Lackie were tied for individual single score honors, while Graham annexed high aggregate, with 915 for five games. The scores:

Champions.		Challengers.	
R. Graham	160	C. Scott	166
B. Connolly	202	T. Dewan	179
C. Sheere	151	L. Lackie	177
W. Primeau	191	B. Finchamp	185
A. Sheere	168	B. Watterworth	165
	158		156
	885		823
	858		808
	902		798
	805		843
	830		4,088

LOCAL SPORTING INTEREST is centered at present in the result of tomorrow's O. H. A. hockey game at the Princess Ice Palace, between the Tillsonburg "Pan-Driests" and the Londoners.

Owing to the mild weather the local players have not had much opportunity lately of getting much practice.

Harry Peel will referee the contest, which, by the way, should prove worth while as early season contests go.

COPPER CLIFF MUST be a pretty sporty town to carry an O. H. A. intermediate hockey team without a rink. The players have to go to Sudbury to practice and play their games.—Stratford Herald.

That's nothing. Hamilton talked seriously (?) of foisting an eastern league baseball team on a potful of football bugs.

THE CHALLENGERS in Camp Watterworth were subject to a severe chill when the scores of yesterday's little skirmish were tacked up on the wall.

And now some of the champions are estimating that Billy Bell and Bert Glover, who were both absent, are hoodlows.

THE SCHEDULED MATCH at the Thistle Club yesterday morning was postponed on account of soft ice. In the evening a practice game was played.

TOMMY BURNS IS GETTING to be a regular cut-up at the merry game of writing. Here is his latest to a New York sporting writer:

London, Dec. 28, 1907. Dear Friend,—A few lines and a clipping from the London Sportsman, which shows how well I have been treated over here. It contradicts the stories printed in America that I have been unpopular.

I am matched with Jack Palmer 20 rounds at the Wonderland for Feb. 10. Some race-horse sport is backing him for £500, and we posted the £500 this afternoon, and the Wonderland people posted the same amount as a forfeit to pull off the contest. We are fighting for 80 per cent of the gross receipts, 75 per cent to the winner and 25 per cent to the loser, so that's pretty good. A little candy money for me. It's a shame to do it, but I'll have to take it.

I am also negotiating for a match with Jim Roche in Dublin, Ireland. I met Mr. Richard Croker, the famous leader of Tammany Hall, yesterday morning, and he made me an offer of a £1,000 purse, and £500 side bet. He said Roche would fight me, winner take all. I told him to make it a £1,500 purse and £500 side bet and he would be on. He thought his people would do that, providing I let them have full control of the moving pictures. I agreed if they give me two films of the fight. So he has written to the club in London and given them my terms, and I guess they will come through with the proposition. I guess the black is still posing that he made Jeffries retire. If Jeff would have got Johnson in the ring before he retired Johnson would have broken Dan Kelly's record of 9 3-5 seconds for one hundred yards. Kindest regards and best wishes for a merry Christmas and a happy new year.

Tommy has been studying the classics. He knows all about Dan Kelly's "cross-country" events.

TOM ECK, the famous bike-meet promoter, in a recent interview spoke as follows, on the question of Longboat's alleged professionalism:

"How about Longboat?" was asked him.

"Longboat," said Mr. Eck, "is a poor, unfortunate Indian. He was born on a reservation and brought up in ignorance. He never knew what an athlete was until some one got him to run in the Herald race. He never heard of such a thing as an amateur."

"He won that race and immediately became a wonder. They wanted him to run in races all over Canada and had him run races. He won the Boston Marathon and he won the Boston Marathon and he won the Boston Marathon."

"Longboat is as proud of these medals as any white man could be. He wouldn't sell one of them for a fortune, and he wouldn't lose one for the shilling medals and the ribbons on them appeal to him more than a mint of money."

"A protest was brought against Longboat because of his 'manager.' But the poor, ignorant Indian, he was turned over to the Y. M. C. A. in Toronto to run under their colors. He did for a while. But you know Indians. An whisky. Longboat drank whisky, and as that conflicted with the principles of the Y. M. C. A. they let him go. Then he joined a club."

TORONTO BASEBALL fans are asking themselves whether Joe Kelly will make out as well as "Mike" Kelly did, and the answer is that he will do "like Kelly did."

SAM FITZPATRICK, JACK JOHNSON'S MANAGER, is telling a characteristic story of Philadelphia Jack O'Brien, the reformed pugilist.

Sam witnessed Jack's upsetting of Bill Heveron the other night, and after Bill had received his quietus, Sam went to O'Brien's dressing room. Street clothes.

Sam watched him tie his shoe laces and dexterously arrange a hot ascot tie. They didn't get a chance to talk with him, but it had been agreed that they should meet next day to make arrangements for Jack O'Brien's battle with Johnson.

O'Brien showed up next day, but displayed a right hand coated with iodine. "Too bad," said O'Brien, "I broke it on Heveron. My physician says I won't be able to box for weeks, maybe months. The pain was so excruciating that I could hardly stand after the battle."

But Fitzpatrick was from Missouri. "How the—how did you succeed in tying your shoelaces last night, and how did you manage to wrap that bib around your neck in that artistic style if your hand was broken?" And then came the answer that stamps Mr. O'Brien as individually supreme as champion excusermaker.

"Why, Mr. Fitzpatrick," he said, "you see in the excitement of being vindicated in the eyes of my countrymen, as I was winning last night's battle, I never thought of my injury."

Sam had nothing more to say.

Tommy Burns a Wise Head
Plays Foxy With Fight PicturesLearned a Few Things in Battle
With Squires—Allowed
Moir to Stay.

Detroit, Dec. 31.—If ever a human being deserves credit for having a wise head on his shoulders, Tommy Burns is the gentleman. He knew when he took on Gunner Moir that the theatrical side of the affair would appeal strongly to the public. He knew how the international feeling would make the fight pictures a big drawing card. So he set to work to make them worth while.

These pictures are now on at the Gayety theatre. They were shown yesterday for the first time to Detroiters. They are clear and aroused deep interest, not so much in the fighting itself, but in the manner Burns handled himself.

Last summer Tommy Burns was at the state fair grounds in Detroit exhibiting the Squires pictures.

"I made a sucker play," he kept saying as the pictures were being rolled off. "I should have let the fight go a few rounds so that the

It's all over too quickly. The public pictures would have been interesting, don't take to them the way they should. I wasn't taking any chances with Squires and finished him as quickly as I could."

Tommy learned things in that fight. When he got up against Gunner Moir he felt him out for just two rounds. Then he didn't go in and finish him as he ordinarily would have done. He was thinking of those Squires films. He deliberately set out to "act" a fight for ten rounds. And he did it to the king's taste.

Towards the close of the third round the shadow pictures show him opening up on the Englishman. He knocked him down with a shower of right and left blows to the head.

"I knew I had him, then," wrote Tommy in a recent letter.

From the third until the tenth round it was Burns' fight any time he wanted to take it. But he is in America. These pictures are now showing in about every city in the Union. They are attracting more attention than any of the recent fight films. And Tommy is making more out of the proceeds. He is making money faster and more consistently than any other ringster. And he is keeping it.

MIDGETS BEAT STRATFORD BY ONE

Stratford lost out by one point in the basketball contest with the Midgets at the Y. M. C. A. gymnasium yesterday. The score was 44 to 43.

The contest belonged to either team until the final whistle.

In the first half the visitors were in the spotlight, and looked like certain victors. At halftime the score stood 20 to 16, in favor of Stratford.

Captain Duffield, of the locals, however, gathered his somewhat scattered band together in the final session and won out by one point. The line-up: Stratford—Canston, Ward, forwards; Chandler, center; Preston, Neal, defense.

London—Duff, Wood, E. Glen, forwards; C. Duffield, center; N. Glen, Mel. Brock, defense.

Referee—L. Skinner.

First Sackers Can Be Made or
Broken By the Work of Pitchers

Detroit, Jan. 1.—A pitcher can make or break a first baseman. If the pitcher shirks and falls to the back of the sacker out in the fielding of infield hits, the latter is bound to be thrown off his stride and fail to cover the ground that he otherwise would, writes Henry Edwards in the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Naturally, a first baseman is supposed in these modern days to cover as much ground as possible. On a hunt he is expected to come tearing in. At other times he is expected to play as deeply and as far as the second base as is possible. With a slow fielding pitcher the territory that he will cover is limited.

Give him a pitcher like Joss and he will take more chances and play a deeper game, depending on the twirler to cover the bag in case the ball is down between first and second. Give him a pitcher like Jack Powell or certain members of the Cleveland pitching staff and he will be forced to keep much closer to the sack.

Good Fielding the Result.

"Jiggs" Donohue, of the White Sox, will admit that much of his renown as a cracking good fielding first baseman came as the result of the assistance given him by the pitchers of his club. White Sox, Altrick and Smith are among the best in covering the bag. Outside of Altrick not one of the four was naturally a star fielding pitcher, but each had it pounded into him so thoroughly by Charley Comiskey that he finally acquired the habit of doing his duty. He failed to hustle over to the cushion when a ball was hit to Donohue he heard from "Commy" in no uncertain tones the next morning when the Sox reported for practice.

Continual Coaching Did It.

As the result of this continual coaching by Comiskey, the Chicago pitchers led all rivals during the last season of the remarkable record of 133 putouts, twice as many as the pitchers of some of the other major league clubs had. White has 83, Walsh 35, Smith 29 and Altrick 26, Patterson and Owen, who pitched but seldom, having a speck. Of course, many of those putouts might have been catches of pop flies, but observation of the games played by the Sox in Cleveland brings back the knowledge that the Chicago pitching staff as a whole had the best of its opponents in respect to covering first base.

Next to the Chicago pitchers, the Athletic twirlers did the best work in this particular. Plank having 33 putouts and Waddell 16, the aggregate being 99.

The Cleveland corps of pitchers ranked third, but of the lot Joss was the only one to really have a good record in putouts, he having 21, Rhodes 13, Clarkson 10, Thielman 9, Libbard 9, Hess 6, and Berger 2.

Petty, of the Browns, were two good men to cover first, but Jack Powell had only two putouts in 32 games, while Glade had only three, and he pitched regularly, at that.

Al Orth On Top.

New York did not have a pitcher that had more than nine putouts, that honor going to Al Orth. Hogg had 7, Newton 6, and Kitson 4, while Joe Doyle was so slow that he got over to first in time to get but 5 throws from Hal Chase. Jack Chesbro was another who failed to show more than his record. Earl Moore, 3 putouts in 16 games, and the Yankees, had the same number.

Beer* Is No Mere Stimulant

Beer is not the choice of the drunkard, because it cannot stimulate enough—not enough alcohol in malt beverages to class them as intoxicants. But there is just enough alcohol in beer (less than in sweet cider) to induce the digestive system to do its work more thoroughly and quicker.

Most grown people—and women especially—find good beer good to drink with meals, because it not only has much food-value in itself, but renders all other foods easier to digest.

Your own doctor will probably tell you beer is good for you with your dinner and at bedtime.

*BEER is a term which covers lager, ale, porter, and stout, and, in the practice of distillers' business, includes beverages made under most of the names. From Ontario hereby (the best in the world) malt, hops, and pure water.

It is hard to keep down the activities of G. Edward Waddell. No sooner had the erratic southpaw reached Mobile than he started an agitation for an outlaw league. If the "Rube" does not look out he will get a slap on the wrist from the national commission, or, worse still, a letter from C. Webb Murphy.

Washington is hoping the American Association will invade Chicago, the reason for this solicitude being that the fans of the senatorial city believe that in this event Ban Johnson would find his way clear to bounce Joe Cantillon, who could not manage a team in good standing and he interested in an outlay team at one and the same time. Cantillon says the association is tired of being bossed by towns like Oshkosh and Battle Creek. If past records do not lie Joe was first heard of in Janesville, Wis., but that place does not boast of the occurrence.

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