



Tim Flood, fired from the Eastern League for attempting to disorganize the umpire's interior mechanism is leading the American Association in batting, at a 400 clip. They do say that the bafeul glare once turned upon the umpires is now concentrated upon the ball.

The Milwaukee Sentinel says: The Johnson-Fitzsimmons fiasco adds another disgraceful exhibition to the many that have been pulled off recently in the prize ring. The fight never should have been allowed. It was un-called for and disgraceful right from the start. In the first place, a match between a negro and white man is in itself undesirable. In the next place, it is a shame to allow a man of Fitzsimmons' age to fight in the ring. Everyone who knows anything about athletics, prize fighting, and the like, knows that age is inexorable. It is the one thing that training science can not overcome, and it is certainly sure that a man over 40 years of age can not fight against youth and science. In addition to all this, it was perfectly apparent that Fitzsimmons' arm was in no shape for fighting, and, altogether, a more inevitable match never was permitted. It is a lowly shame that men are always found who are willing to let matches of this sort be made. It is too bad that some fighters need to get into such a match to have it shown to them that they are all in. Jim Jeffries seems to be a wise one to retire before he is ingloriously licked.

Roger Bresnahan got a good lot of sympathy from the baseball public on account of his recent sad experience and in the general interest taken in his case some of the accidents to other players were forgotten.

When one stops to consider the proposition, it is simply remarkable that more players are not seriously hurt. The chances for accidents are numerous in every game that is played, and yet, in all the history of ball, comparatively few players have been injured so seriously as to retire from the game. A goodly number have been knocked out, as Bresnahan was, and yet, in comparison to the number of players and chances the percentage is wonderfully small. Possibly the most familiar example of this sort of accident to us of the west is that which befell W. H. Watkins of Indianapolis, who was hit in Cincinnati by "Wild Bill" Wiedner. Watkins' hair turned gray in one night after the accident, and his career as a ball player was ended.

Those who have never stood up to the plate and watched the incoming of the erratic curves and shoots of some wild-eyed pitcher can hardly appreciate the full danger of the situation.

AUSTRALIANS WIN THE DAVIS CUP

Tennis Trophy Captured After Warm Contest With the Holders.

London, July 23.—The Davis Cup, the coveted international tennis trophy, has passed into the custody of Australasia.

Norman E. Brookes, Australasia, defeated the English defenders of the cup at Wimbledon today in three out of four single matches as against a double and one single match to the credit of A. W. Gore and H. Roper Barrett, who represented the United Kingdom.

There was intense excitement among the spectators this afternoon when Gore, defeating Wilding, made the score two points all, but all hopes of the Englishman retaining the trophy were quickly dispelled when Brookes and Barrett came together for the last play, the rubber game. The Australian had matters all his own way from the start and never gave his opponent a look-in.

In the first singles, A. W. Gore defeated A. F. Wilding three sets to one. The scores were 3-6, 6-3, 7-5 and 6-2.

The fate of the cup then hung on the last single between H. Roper Barrett and Norman E. Brookes. Brookes won in three straight sets. The scores were 6-2, 6-0, 6-3.

SASBALL ANOTHER FOR THE CRESCENTS.

The Crescents and a team representing the Spring Bed and Mattress Company played a fast game of ball on Carling's Heights Monday night, the former winning out by the close score of 6 to 5. Owing to darkness the game was called at the end of the seventh inning. Batteries—Crescents, Smith and Beech; Spring Bed and Mattress Company, Davis and Boxall.

FIRST SULPHUR MATCHES.

In these days of rapid progress it does not take long to make an appliance old-fashioned and out of date. Not more than twenty years ago the match was considered an innovation of a daring and dangerous type. The conservative still clung away with his steel and flint, holding the sulphur-dipped stick in fear and trembling. One Robert Gibbs tells the story of the first match he ever saw. A schoolboy who had visited London brought back with him, besides his school bag, a box of matches, a box of the newly-invented matches. He exhibited them to his wondering mates, and, as a great favor, presented one to Gibbs. The boy took his prize home, struck it in the chimney, and sleepily watched the surprise of his mother.

"Now you may throw away the tinder box," he said.

"No such a thing," responded the prudent woman. "Matches which light themselves will find no place here. Why, some night we might be burned in our beds! Give me the tinder box."

A Salem, Mass., newspaper of June, 1883, speaks approvingly of one of the inhabitants of its town:

"Notwithstanding the convenience of these dangerous little articles which are in almost everybody's hands, but which, with all their charms, bid fair to prove a heavy curse on the community, we learn there is one man in Salem, a respectable tradesman who keeps a store where we should generally expect to find such things, but who has never sold them or allowed them to be used on his premises. He sticks to the flint, steel and tinder; he shows his wisdom in so doing. How many more can say as much?"—Yonke's Companion.

IT REACHES THE SPOT.—There are few remedies before the public today as efficacious in removing pain and in allaying and preventing inflammatory disorders as Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. It has demonstrated its powers in thousands of instances, and a large number of testimonials as to its great value as a medicine could be set before you for B. H. is for sale everywhere.

POP GEERS LOSES BIG PACING EVENT

Reproachless, Starr Up, Beats Out Favorite for C. of C. Stake.

With races up to the standard in every way, the Blue Ribbon at Grosbe Point opened yesterday afternoon with the Chamber of Commerce \$5,000 stake for 2:13 pacers. The Horseman and Spirit of the Times \$3,000 stake for 2:14 trotters, and a 2:18 class trot with a purse of \$1,500.

The surprise of the day was the failure of Dan S. Geers' candidate in the pacing classic. Dan S. was selling at 60 in the early pool, with Hidalgo 50. Later they were both 60 but Dan S. continued to rule the public's choice. The other prices were Bonanza 20 and the field 35.

Dan S. did succeed in getting into seventh place in the first heat, but after that he was distanced. Hidalgo was third in the second heat but never had a chance to win.

In fact not a favorite in the betting won his race. Gentle H. sold for 50, with Quintell 40, as compared with Silver Band 20, Fedora's Athol 12 and the field 10 in the Horseman stake. Dr. Ives was the even money favorite in the slow trot. Gentle H. came the nearest winning of any favorite, taking second in his event. Dr. Ives, driven by the great Geers, was never better than fifth in the 2:18 trot.

George Starr did some pretty driving with Reproachless to win the C. of C. The little black mare was ninth in the first heat, which was won by Bonanza. Al Thomas won this mile with the three times starter very handsly, holding third on the outside and coming strong in the stretch. Leland Onward came from the rear and took a second in this heat, while Major Mallow was third.

In the second heat Tommy Grattan set the pace and led to the half, when Leland Onward took a slight lead. Reproachless took the lead on the upper turn and won nicely.

The third heat was all to Reproachless early. George Starr drove a very pretty race and the little mare responded bravely. Bonanza gave her a race, but she had the speed and the strength, and won. Bonanza won second for the third time, having taken that position in the pacing classic both in 1935 and 1936.

Hopkins drove a beautiful race with Fedora's Athol, in the first heat of the 2:14 trot. He might have taken the lead on the back stretch, but saved his horse for a strong finish, when he drew up steadily, and won nicely. Quintell set the pace from the start.

Fedora's Athol sold for 50 against 30 for the field at the start of the second heat. Hopkins set the pace to the upper turn when his horse broke. Gentle H. taking the lead to the finish. But for three breaks he made, Gentle H. was set back into second position, Fedora's Athol winning the heat. Tom Moore was third.

Tom Moore was drawn from the 2:14 trot at the start of the third heat on account of lameness. J. M. Jun, took an early lead, but did not last, being passed at the first quarter by Quintell. They came into the stretch with Fedora's Athol leading after Quintell broke. Gentle H. then forged ahead and won easily, securing second.

The first heat of the 2:18 slow trot was won by Carlo Amos, Myron McHenry's show horse and blind trotter, broke at the 3-4 pole. Amos led until he broke, when he dropped rapidly to fourth. Coming strong under whip, Amos put him in second by a neck from Red Bird.

The second heat of the slow trot belonged to Carlo all the way, Dickerson setting the pace and never being in danger. McHenry kept the blind Amos in second the whole distance. His try for a victory in the stretch was ineffectual. Lauretta was third.

Carlo took an early lead in the final heat of the day and started to have the field distanced until DeRyder brought up Wild Bell when the winner of the race broke on the upper turn. It was Wild Bell's race from then on. Sarah Hamlin also passed Carlo and took second. The Bellini gelding repeated his stride, however, and was given third, with Amos, that came strong in the last quarter, fourth. Summaries:

Horseman Stake, 2:14 trot, purse \$3,000.

Fedora's Athol (2:14), ch. s., by Palo Alto Chimes (Hopkins)..... 1 1 2

Gentle H. (2:14), br. s., by Gambetta Wilkes (W. McDonald)..... 4 2 1

Silver Band (2:14), blk. s., by Col. Cochran (McGuire)..... 7 4 2

Quintell (2:14), b. s., by Acc-tell (James)..... 2 6 7

J. M. Jun, (2:14), br. h., by Robin (Hall)..... 3 7 6

Marchal (2:14), b. h., by Margrave (Cox)..... 6 5 5

Doctor Charlie (2:14), b. g., by Temple Hope (Gahagan)..... 8 8 8

Lilly Stranger (2:14), b. m., by Stranger (Curry)..... 9 9 4

Tom Moore (2:14), b. g., by George W. (Coats)..... 5 3 dr

Time—2:11½, 2:11½, 2:11½.

Chamber of Commerce, 2:13 pace, purse \$5,000.

Reproachless, blk. m., by Di-rect Hal (Starr)..... 9 1 1

Bonanza, b. g., by Alfonso Vin-cent (Thomas)..... 1 10 2

Leland Onward, b. h., by Game-Onward (T. Murphy)..... 2 2 4

Major Mallow, b. g., by Box-Elder (Mallow and Snow)..... 3 4 6

Hidalgro, b. g., by Warren C. (L. McDonald)..... 6 3 5

Lady Batch, b. m., by Dan-Patch (Custer)..... 5 6 8

Tommy H., b. g., by Delmarch (Nuckolls)..... 8 9 3

Billy Seal, b. h., by Gentry's-Treasure (Cox)..... 11 5 9

Shaughran, b. h., by Ananias

(Name)	Time	Place
Requisition, b. g., by Expedition (Cunningham).....	10 11 10	
Dan S. b. s., by Greystone (Geers).....	7 dis	
Tommy Grattan, b. g., by Grat-tan (McGuire).....	4 7 dr	
Time—2:07½, 2:06½, 2:06½.		
2:18 trot, purse \$1,500:		
Carlo, blk. g., by Bellini (Dick-erson).....	1 1 3	
Amos, b. g., by Red Eagle (Mc-Henry).....	2 2 4	
Wild Bell, b. g., by Wild Nut (DeRyder).....	4 4 1	
Red Bird, b. m., by Pastolus (Brennan).....	3 5 7	
Lawretta, b. m., by Heir-at-Law (Saunders).....	7 3 5	
Sarah Hamlin, br. m., by Dare-Devil (Packer).....	6 7 2	
Dr. Ives, b. g., by Onward Silver (Geers).....	5 6 6	
Sunline, ch. h., by Sunland Clay (Marsh).....	8 8 8	
Baron Arnold distanced for running. Guy Pilot was scratched. Time—2:11½, 2:11½, 2:12½.		

THREE STRAIGHT FOR THE NAPS

Young Clarkson Holds the Senators to a Single Scratch Hit.

At Jersey City	At Newark	At Buffalo	At Providence	At Baltimore	At Rochester
Jersey City.....	Newark.....	Buffalo.....	Providence.....	Baltimore.....	Rochester.....
Won. Lost. P.O.	Won. Lost. P.O.	Won. Lost. P.O.	Won. Lost. P.O.	Won. Lost. P.O.	Won. Lost. P.O.

At Cleveland	At Washington	At Baltimore	At Rochester	At Montreal
Cleveland.....	Washington.....	Baltimore.....	Rochester.....	Montreal.....
Won. Lost. P.O.	Won. Lost. P.O.	Won. Lost. P.O.	Won. Lost. P.O.	Won. Lost. P.O.

At New York	At Chicago	At Philadelphia	At Boston	At St. Louis
New York.....	Chicago.....	Philadelphia.....	Boston.....	St. Louis.....
Won. Lost. P.O.	Won. Lost. P.O.	Won. Lost. P.O.	Won. Lost. P.O.	Won. Lost. P.O.

At New York	At Chicago	At Philadelphia	At Boston	At St. Louis
New York.....	Chicago.....	Philadelphia.....	Boston.....	St. Louis.....
Won. Lost. P.O.	Won. Lost. P.O.	Won. Lost. P.O.	Won. Lost. P.O.	Won. Lost. P.O.

At New York	At Chicago	At Philadelphia	At Boston	At St. Louis
New York.....	Chicago.....	Philadelphia.....	Boston.....	St. Louis.....
Won. Lost. P.O.	Won. Lost. P.O.	Won. Lost. P.O.	Won. Lost. P.O.	Won. Lost. P.O.

At New York	At Chicago	At Philadelphia	At Boston	At St. Louis
New York.....	Chicago.....	Philadelphia.....	Boston.....	St. Louis.....
Won. Lost. P.O.	Won. Lost. P.O.	Won. Lost. P.O.	Won. Lost. P.O.	Won. Lost. P.O.

At New York	At Chicago	At Philadelphia	At Boston	At St. Louis
New York.....	Chicago.....	Philadelphia.....	Boston.....	St. Louis.....
Won. Lost. P.O.	Won. Lost. P.O.	Won. Lost. P.O.	Won. Lost. P.O.	Won. Lost. P.O.

At New York	At Chicago	At Philadelphia	At Boston	At St. Louis
New York.....	Chicago.....	Philadelphia.....	Boston.....	St. Louis.....
Won. Lost. P.O.	Won. Lost. P.O.	Won. Lost. P.O.	Won. Lost. P.O.	Won. Lost. P.O.

At New York	At Chicago	At Philadelphia	At Boston	At St. Louis
New York.....	Chicago.....	Philadelphia.....	Boston.....	St. Louis.....
Won. Lost. P.O.	Won. Lost. P.O.	Won. Lost. P.O.	Won. Lost. P.O.	Won. Lost. P.O.

At New York	At Chicago	At Philadelphia	At Boston	At St. Louis
New York.....	Chicago.....	Philadelphia.....	Boston.....	St. Louis.....
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At New York	At Chicago	At Philadelphia	At Boston	At St. Louis
New York.....	Chicago.....	Philadelphia.....	Boston.....	St. Louis.....
Won. Lost. P.O.	Won. Lost. P.O.	Won. Lost. P.O.	Won. Lost. P.O.	Won. Lost. P.O.

At New York	At Chicago	At Philadelphia	At Boston	At St. Louis
New York.....	Chicago.....	Philadelphia.....	Boston.....	St. Louis.....
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At New York	At Chicago	At Philadelphia	At Boston	At St. Louis
New York.....	Chicago.....	Philadelphia.....	Boston.....	St. Louis.....
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At New York	At Chicago	At Philadelphia	At Boston	At St. Louis
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At New York	At Chicago	At Philadelphia	At Boston	At St. Louis
New York.....	Chicago.....	Philadelphia.....	Boston.....	St. Louis.....
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At New York	At Chicago	At Philadelphia	At Boston	At St. Louis
New York.....	Chicago.....	Philadelphia.....	Boston.....	St. Louis.....
Won. Lost. P.O.	Won. Lost. P.O.	Won. Lost. P.O.	Won. Lost. P.O.	Won. Lost. P.O.

At New York	At Chicago	At Philadelphia	At Boston	At St. Louis
New York.....	Chicago.....	Philadelphia.....	Boston.....	St. Louis.....
Won. Lost. P.O.	Won. Lost. P.O.	Won. Lost. P.O.	Won. Lost. P.O.	Won. Lost. P.O.

At New York	At Chicago	At Philadelphia	At Boston	At St. Louis
New York.....	Chicago.....	Philadelphia.....	Boston.....	St. Louis.....
Won. Lost. P.O.	Won. Lost. P.O.	Won. Lost. P.O.	Won. Lost. P.O.	Won. Lost. P.O.

At New York	At Chicago	At Philadelphia	At Boston	At St. Louis
New York.....	Chicago.....	Philadelphia.....	Boston.....	St. Louis.....
Won. Lost. P.O.	Won. Lost. P.O.	Won. Lost. P.O.	Won. Lost. P.O.	Won. Lost. P.O.

At New York	At Chicago	At Philadelphia	At Boston	At St. Louis
New York.....	Chicago.....	Philadelphia.....	Boston.....	St. Louis.....
Won. Lost. P.O.	Won. Lost. P.O.	Won. Lost. P.O.	Won. Lost. P.O.	Won. Lost. P.O.

At New York	At Chicago	At Philadelphia	At Boston	At St. Louis
New York.....	Chicago.....	Philadelphia.....	Boston.....	St. Louis.....
Won. Lost. P.O.	Won. Lost. P.O.	Won. Lost. P.O.	Won. Lost. P.O.	Won. Lost. P.O.

At New York	At Chicago	At Philadelphia	At Boston	At St. Louis
New York.....	Chicago.....	Philadelphia.....	Boston.....	St. Louis.....
Won. Lost. P.O.	Won. Lost. P.O.	Won. Lost. P.O.	Won. Lost. P.O.	Won. Lost. P.O.

At New York	At Chicago	At Philadelphia	At Boston	At St. Louis
New York.....	Chicago.....	Philadelphia.....	Boston.....	St. Louis.....
Won. Lost. P.O.	Won. Lost. P.O.	Won. Lost. P.O.	Won. Lost. P.O.	Won. Lost. P.O.

At New York	At Chicago	At Philadelphia	At Boston	At St. Louis
New York.....	Chicago.....	Philadelphia.....	Boston.....	St. Louis.....
Won. Lost. P.O.	Won. Lost. P.O.	Won. Lost. P.O.	Won. Lost. P.O.	Won. Lost. P.O.

At New York	At Chicago	At Philadelphia	At Boston	At St. Louis
New York.....	Chicago.....	Philadelphia.....	Boston.....	St. Louis.....
Won. Lost. P.O.	Won. Lost. P.O.	Won. Lost. P.O.	Won. Lost. P.O.	Won. Lost. P.O.

At New York	At Chicago	At Philadelphia	At Boston	At St. Louis
New York.....	Chicago.....	Philadelphia.....	Boston.....	St. Louis.....
Won. Lost. P.O.	Won. Lost. P.O.	Won. Lost. P.O.	Won. Lost. P.O.	Won. Lost. P.O.

At New York	At Chicago	At Philadelphia	At Boston	At St. Louis
New York.....	Chicago.....	Philadelphia.....	Boston.....	St. Louis.....
Won. Lost. P.O.	Won. Lost. P.O.	Won. Lost. P.O.	Won. Lost. P.O.	Won. Lost. P.O.

At New York	At Chicago	At Philadelphia	At Boston	At St. Louis
New York.....	Chicago.....	Philadelphia.....	Boston.....	St. Louis.....
Won. Lost. P.O.	Won. Lost. P.O.	Won. Lost. P.O.	Won. Lost. P.O.	Won. Lost. P.O.

NINE SECONDS FLAT FOR HUNDRED

Will the Sprinters Ever Pull Record Down to the Figure?

New York, July 23.—"Will any man ever run 100 yards in nine seconds?" As may be expected, the question, when put by an athlete to a gathering at the Irish-American Athletic Club the other night in New York, who productive of a hot debate. There was a fellow present with a mathematical turn of mind, who had often stood on the side lines, and watched the others run their blocks off in a nerve-racking century, and he ventured to think otherwise.

"Why," he said, "I don't see why some of you fellows can't do it. Just stop and figure it out. Now, a man running a hundred yards in ten seconds is covering the ground at the rate of ten yards a second. Now, to do a hundred in nine seconds he would have to cover only a yard and four inches more a second."

"Wow," roared Jim Teevan, before the words out of his mouth. "Just think what that 'only a yard and four inches' means to a fellow." And that's about how it stands. When a sprinter gets down to doing near even time it's the inches that count, and every extra means a mighty effort on his part. Few spectators who see an athlete tear down the path in a whirlwind dash realize under what strain he is forcing himself.

They see a man cover ten miles around 25:00, or a mile in 4:30 and marvel at it. "What a perfect piece of machinery he is!" they say, or "How can he punish himself so?" They do not stop to figure out that a man running a hundred yards can expend just as much energy as a man running a mile. The only difference is that the one pumps out his energy in a comparatively short time, while the other pours it out at a lighter pressure. One is a quick stab of pain, while the other is dull and prolonged.

Speed Steadily Improving.

When one is pondering on the possibility of a man covering 100 yards in 9:09 it must not be forgotten it was not many years back the question of a man doing the century in 9:10 was a rather startling proposition. It was not till 1870 that the 9:10 1-5 mark was reached. A. J. Baker turned the trick in that year, and it was not equaled until 1876. It was several years later that the 9:10 mark was reached, and it was not till 1890 that 9:10 was beaten.

To be sure, professionals were credited with sensational performances before that time, but the authenticity of the timing was doubted. As far back as March 4, 1870, F. S. Hewitt is credited with running 100 yards on the grass at Melbourne, Australia, in 9:09 3-4. It is said by some H. M. Johnson covered a century in 9:09 3-5 at Cleveland on July 21, 1880, and that Harry B. S. Dunlop equaled the time at Sioux Falls, S. D., on Aug. 23, 1888.

In the above instances the time is doubtful, but Pinner Dunlop's 9:09 3-5 at Boston on Sept. 2, 1895, may have been correct. The brother of Pouch Dunlop, the Harvard trainer, was a wonderful sprinter, and it is barely possible that he bettered the 9:10.

Johnny Owen, however, is probably the first amateur who ever officially covered a century faster than 9:10. Under competent timers Owen broke the tape in a 100 yard