

LATEST NEWS OF THE WORLD OF SPORTS

Coverpoint's Philosophy

The attempt to bribe Umpire Klem and Johnstone to throw the famous New York-Chicago game failed. It is well for the good of the game that this was made known, for it establishes beyond question the fact that the big game is on the level. It is worth a lot to know that.

This Canada Cup riot is developing more heartstone sailors than ever was. All they know is that there is a row on, and, by jinks, our side must be right, and the Yanks wrong. It's a grand sport.

Boston is building a magnificent hockey rink. It will be one of the finest in America.

The six-day grind has ended, and another grand uplift to sport must be recorded.

The local hockey teams will commence practice this week, and as all the candidates are in pretty fair trim they should soon be going at top speed.

It is too bad Herb Clark and Chad Toms had to leave Toronto. Good hockey players are so scarce in that town that when they get a real one it takes some time for them to get used to him.

Tom Phillips has come forth from his dug-out and has signed up with Edmonton for the Jaunt east after the Stanley Cup. He is getting a great salary, some \$1,600 and expenses. He expects to be paid in No. 1 Manitoba hard, and three parts of the town.

Even money rules in Australia on the Burns-Johnson fight. Somebody must be boosting the "coon's" chances. The "Yellow Streak" will get his in plenty.

As a salary booster this Stanley Cup is the greatest thing in sight. As a developer of true love of sport it is also immense. Not yet.

"Jawn" L. Sullivan was granted a divorce from his wife on the grounds of desertion. Nobody but the judge seemed to blame the woman for doing it.

The cotton batting whiskers take their place in the dispatches at this time of the year to explain tragedies. A few days ago it was "Mistaken-for-a-deer" that did duty.

In these days the letter-carrier has something on the six-day bike riders in the way of endurance trials.

President Castro of Venezuela, with \$60,000,000, it is said, is in Europe and is probably now in the hands of the tourist hotelkeepers, who will gently separate him from his encumbrance.

A Hockey Practice Set for Tonight

It is confidently expected that the intermediates will make their first appearance on the ice at the Princess Rink between six and seven this evening. Arrangements have been made for the rink for these hours, and the event is looked forward to with no little interest. As yet, the consideration of the relative merits of the players has been largely guesswork, save in the case of those players who are well known in London. But tonight the new men, of whom much is expected, will have a chance to show what they can do. There will not be a hard practice, ing.

Moran-McFarland Win the Grind

New York, Dec. 12.—Floyd MacFarland, the veteran bicycle racer of California, won the sixteenth international six days' race for the team of MacFarland and Moran at Madison Square Gardens, and set a new distance record. Rutt, of the Rutte-German-Holland team, finished second, and DeMare, of the Demara-Hill combination, the former of California and the latter of Boston, was third.

The final sprint of one mile was between the representative of these teams, which were on equal terms as to distance covered, the others withdrawing to give them a clear track. The three teams that took part in the final dash covered 2,737 miles and 1 lap in 142 hours, which is 3 miles and

Longboat Objects to Referee Hurst

New York, Dec. 12.—There is danger that the Longboat-Dorando race at Madison Square Garden next Thursday night will be called off.

Representatives of the two men have yet been unable to agree upon a referee, and will come together again tonight for the purpose of selecting a referee. If Tom Longboat won't agree to Tim Hurst, the race will be called off. Dorando agreed to Hurst. Flanagan, Longboat's manager, wants Francis Nelson, of Toronto, but Pat Powers, the promoter, told him that it would be Hurst or no race. As Longboat needs the money, Flanagan will probably accept Hurst.

Longboat's officials are all from Toronto. His judge will be W. J. Little. J. J. McCaffery, president of the Toronto baseball club, will hold the watch. Dr. Wilson will look out for the Indian's health, and Lou Marsh will be his attendant.

Dorando will have the same men with him who acted in his race with Hayes. His brother will be his chief adviser, and the Chevalier Barott will be a judge. The Times' Club of New York will supply the watch-

Tomorrow night Tom Longboat will have a chance to show whether he is ready for the discard or whether he can still hold his place, by defeating Dorando. Tom Flanagan is none too optimistic.

The world is said to be in the grasp of a powder trust. It looks like an effort to prevent Ran Johnson shooting in the Canadian wilds.

President Roosevelt is going to sue certain members of the Ananias Club for libel, and the next thing we will know Jas. A. Sullivan, of the A. A. U., will be asking for a million dollars damage to his spotless reputation, because Henry Labouchere called him a liar. Jeems is great.

While Venezuela may be in hard straits, it is not a circumstance to what is happening at Hamilton, Ont., over the Tiger hunt.

Tom Phillips has only signed up for the Stanley Cup games, but may play in Ottawa for the E. C. H. L. A. series. That is, if the Ottawa gents come along with the money.

"Ty" Cobb now comes through with a story that he is a prizefighter referee. The last time out Ty was a millionaire by marriage or something like that. We won't forget you, Ty.

This is the season of the year that every real ball tosser quits the game for good. A larger number than ever has quit up to date, and will remain so until March 1.

A report from San Francisco says the turf outlook in the west is dark. It has not been bright for, lo, these many days.

After all is said and done, John L. Sullivan, at this date, cuts a sorry figure with our own T. Burns. Tommy may not be there with the rail poling and the long talk, but he is handy with the business instinct, and knows a few things besides uppercuts.

Water polo, by command of the Governor-General, is the newest thing in Montreal. And just watch Hamilton come back with the gold medal, the Lieutenant-Governor.—Toronto Telegram.

Happy Harry Howell, a pitcher, we believe, is quite prominent in the social columns these days. He owes his latest piece of prominence to his alleged discovery in St. Louis of grand opera as a cure for dyspepsia. Risking the chance of being accused of pulling something by the hair, we shall venture that if the St. Louis brand of grand opera can cure dyspepsia, the real thing ought to be strong enough to send the longest of long necks, the tuberculous and other hitherto regarded unquerable maladies.—Chicago Tribune.

M'Graw Swaps Roger for Three Cardinals

Deal Put Through Which Sends Breshnahan to St. Louis.

New York, Dec. 14.—What is undoubtedly the most important trade so far disclosed in connection with the next National League playing season, came to light today with the announcement by Stanley Robinson, owner of the St. Louis Cardinals, that he had secured Roger Breshnahan, star pitcher of the St. Louis Cardinals, in exchange for Pitcher Raymond, Outfielder Murray and Catcher Schiele, the last named now of Cincinnati. The thought to complete the exchange and secure the turning over of Schiele to New York, Mr. Robinson will turn the trade into a three-cornered deal whereby either Karger and Fromme or Karger and Lush will go to Cincinnati.

Manager McGraw of New York, later confirmed the announcement and terms stated, adding that the deal was closed at noon today in this city.

COURT LONDON LEADS IN CARPET BALL RACE

The standing of the teams in the Canadian Order of Foresters Carpet Ball League is as follows:

Won. Lost.	
Court Victory	5 2
Court Defiance	4 2
Court Eclipse	4 4
Court Orient	3 4
Court Robin Hood	3 4
Court Middlesex	2 9

While Court London City is still in the lead, three teams are pressing it close, and the race for the trophy promises to be very even. The games have been discontinued till after the Christmas holidays, as it is too busy a season for many of the players to get off, and it is desired that the trophy-winner shall be decided strictly on the merits of the teams as they stand.

NO INTERMEDIATES FOR WOODSTOCK

Woodstock, Dec. 12.—Though this city has been exerting every energy to get an intermediate as well as a junior hockey team on the ice this year, at the present date there seems very little prospect of success. The showing of the intermediate team in the past has not roused any great enthusiasm over the project, and though the players are to be had, it is doubtful if the financial backing can be obtained. The prevalent opinion seems to be that it is better to put all the junior team a success.

energy available into making the

holders, and A. L. Copeland will be chief scout.

A delegation of sporting men is expected to make the trip from Toronto. It is rumored that the Canadians will bring down a good-sized pile to wager on their favorite. The betting is even money. The sports and betting figure why he should be an equal choice with the conqueror of Hayes.

ODDS FAVOR THE ITALIAN

The New York Sportsmen Send Over Large Sum to Wager on Dorando.

Toronto, Dec. 14.—There is two thousand dollars of Dorando money at the King Edward Hotel. It is a little commission from New York. The man with the yellowbacks came to town Saturday and wants to bet that amount at even money. In New York the odds are 2 to 1 and 3 to 2 on Dorando, but this wise guy figured that in Toronto, the Indian's home town, even money or better could be secured.

Preparations are being made by some local sportsmen to cover this sum. There will be a lot of real Italian money to bet on Dorando, too. An Italian wholesaler on York street has \$750 subscribed by his countrymen to wager on Dorando, and there will be more today.

Eck Not Training Indian

The first letter from Tom Flanagan since the Indian's defeat in Philadelphia arrived this morning. It was sent to Lou E. Marsh, of the Irish-Canadians. It reads: "Am handling Longboat myself, and I am sure he will show up better than he did in Philadelphia, and that won't be saying much. We will do no business with other athletes until after the Dorando race. He is rounding into shape and ought to win Tuesday, though 26 miles is a pretty long race for him in his present condition. The Smallwood trimming did him a world of good. He has settled down to work. He is getting rid of his boils gradually."

The letter indicates that Tom Eck has been dropped as trainer.

OLD COUNTRY SOCCER SCORES

London, Dec. 14.—Following are the results of games in the British Association Football League on Saturday:

Bradford C. 4, Woolwich A. 1	Blackburn R. 2, Bolton W. 2
Chelsea 1, Newcastle United 2	Sunderland 0, Bristol City 2
Nottingham F. 1, Preston N. E. 1	Aston Villa 0, Middlesbrough 2
Sheffield U. 4, Manchester C. 0	Bury 2, Liverpool 1
Everton 1, Sheffield 0	Barnsley 3, Bradford 1
Blackpool 3, Gainsborough T. 0	Chesterfield 4, Birmingham 3
Glossop 1, West Ham 2	Clapton O. 2, Oldham A. 0
Derby County 2, Grimsby T. 1	Hull City 5, Wolverhampton W. 1
Leeds C. 1, Bolton W. 2	Tottenham H. 4, Burnley 2
Norwich City 6, West Ham U. 3	Watford 1, Brighton and Hove 1
Bristol R. 2, Crystal Palace 2	Coventry 1, Brentford 2
Southern 1, Luton 0	Millwall 1, Swindon 1
N. Brampton 1, Portsmouth 1	Northampton 1, Exeter 0
Reading 2, Leyton 1	Southampton 0, Plymouth 2
Wales 0, Australia 5	Oxford 5, Cambridge 5

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THE TURF

Winners Saturday.

Oakland, Dec. 12.—Winners here today were: Mabel Hollander 11 to 20, Fullerton 5 to 1, Capt. Kennedy 25 to 1, Madman 20 to 1, Be Thankful 8 to 1, Roseben 11 to 20.

CASPAR WHITNEY ON YANKEE SPORTS

Says Kicking and Beating the Rules Are the Two Bad Habits.

New York, Dec. 14.—Commenting on the American idea of sport, in Outing, Caspar Whitney said recently:

There are two bad habits of the American in his play, that are unhappy enough at home, but are certain to result in unfortunate friction when he is brought into contact with foreigners—these are (1) his disposition to "kick" at decisions, and (2) his training to beat the rules.

Smartness.

We in America understand the American. We know that his "kicking" and his endeavors to be too smart for the rule makers are by no means evidence of dishonest intent. To him such tactics represent one means of "getting there." Thus it has come about that to beat the rules, to protest adverse decisions, to disregard the minor regulations of the game—are so characteristic of us and so widely in evidence as to have become a byword with sports outside of the American sportsman. In honest fact, the American sportsman is the fastest fighter, and the gamest loser in all the world; the best sportsman on earth, when he is a sportsman.

Now, there is nothing the matter with the "get there" spirit, per se; it is the spirit of the land that has made us what we are—a spirit which, let us hope, will never be quenched; but it needs direction. It requires control in our sport as it does in our business.

At the Olympic Games.

A letter from an American, who was intimately connected with the late games, to me says, in referring to the English medals: "They look with distrust upon us."

Of course, they did, and I honestly do not see how we can blame them. They have had several bitter experiences with American smartness, from the special rifle trial which we slickly won, to the long jump, to the work of our runners. They do not know us well enough to understand that our smartness does not go to the length of the stolid dishonesty which we show on view in their own club track athletics.

Slickness.

We do things in Wall street that would put a man behind the bars if he was not ranked as being smart. The slickness which enters into high finance has a tendency to creep into sports. The mad passion for money-making, the highest expression of one's endeavors, one's brain, one's skill, is reflected in athletics by the passion for victory which ignores sport for sport's sake. Among average Americans there is no love for the sport itself. It is increasing among a portion, but the majority have only the one thought of winning. And this is not to say anything against that spirit, but to express gratification at the growing number of the men who do have the sporting spirit, and to explain why it is that the English distrust us. Add to this, that no people in the world so constantly and so conspicuously air their soiled linen in public, and there will not be so much cause for wonder that Englishmen look askance at athletes who so repeatedly befool their own nest.

TOM PHILLIPS WITH EDMONTON

States Positively That He Will Only Play in the Stanley Cup Matches.

Vancouver, Dec. 14.—Tom Phillips, the highest-priced hockey player in Canada, has accepted the terms of the Edmonton Club to play in matches against the Montreal Wanderers for the Stanley Cup.

Phillips, who leaves for the east today, states positively that he will only play in the Stanley Cup matches, returning to Vancouver again in January.

MAXIM SEES MENACE

Sir Hiram Says Promiscuous Aid is Ruining Workmen.

London, Dec. 14.—"Unless measures are taken to prevent the widespread degeneration of the English working classes, caused by the operation of poor law and by promiscuous charity, this nation's downfall seems inevitable."

The striking statement was made today by Sir Hiram Maxim in the course of an interview. Sir Hiram was commenting on Thomas A. Edison's recent observation on the inferiority of London workmen, which are being discussed in the newspapers here now.

AMERICAN BACK FROM TRIP OVER ROUTE

Roosevelt Will Take.

London, Dec. 14.—John J. White of New York sailed for home yesterday on the Baltic. He has been hunting in Africa with Rev. Dr. Rainsford, of New York. The two covered much of the ground which is included in President Roosevelt's itinerary. Mr. White said:

"Dr. Rainsford and I sailed last April over the same line, the President will take, then travelled over the Uganda Railroad to Nairobi, where we got our outfit, and then continued 150 miles by rail. After that we headed for two plateaus, 7,000 feet above the sea, where we enjoyed excellent shooting. We got ten lions and seven elephants also. One lion that I bagged was said by the natives to be the best one that has been shot in the plateau region. I had a very narrow escape with him. It was only a matter of a couple of seconds whether I got him or he got me."

"My second best prize was an elephant with eighty-pound tusks, and he also gave me a close call. These other close shaves were followed by what the natives called a sunstroke, which kept me in bed for a week and from which I didn't really recover until I left the country."

BULL-FIGHTER INJURED.

Mexico, Dec. 14.—Rafael Gana, a famous Mexican bull fighter, was fatally injured in a fight at Puebla yesterday. He was caught by the fifth bull, the horns of the animal penetrating the abdomen.

"BURNS HAS NOT BEATEN ANYONE"

"Therefore," Says Johnson "No One Knows What Kind of a Man He Is."

Jack Johnson has arrived safe and sound at Fremantle, Australia, and, according to the Daily News, of Perth, Western Australia, says:

"I have chased the 'liddle' chap from his nest in 'Amurka.' I followed his 'liddle' footsteps to Paris, chased him over to the 'Big Smoke,' and then succeeded in chasing him to Australia."

"A bluffer he is," answered the black in a quiet, even, sonorous tone, "and yet, the man who has called me quitter. He is the man who is going to play for my body all the time and win out."

The black gave a mischievous grin, and held his head above his head significantly. "And am I going to keep my hands above my head, so, while Burns is playing for my body? No, sir! I have been fighting sixteen years now, and I reckon I know more about the game than any other man. I am a larger man than he, and I am cleverer," added Johnson.

Bouquets for Lili Artie.

It must not be presumed that this utterance was delivered in a boastful spirit. They were the well-balanced sentiments of a man quietly convinced of his superiority, and Johnson quivered himself as he spoke. What a man he looked! His great stature, mostly evidenced in the splendid pair of shoulders and the hanging arms, simply appalled one. His commanding presence added a glamour to his physical being. Standing over six feet in height, and apparently tipping the scales at about 150 stone, one can easily imagine this black man as a champion heavyweight. And the first impression that comes to one is the fullness of a little Canadian measuring 6 feet 7 inches dancing around trying to get behind the defense of Johnson, as he is.

The least belligerent part of the man is the face. It is a strong face, without any of the characteristics of the trained prizefighter. Kindly nature dances from a rather small pair of black eyes, and when he smiles, why one can hardly imagine him capable of arousing the fighting instincts incidental to the ring.

"How does Burns want it?" continued Johnson, relatively. "Does he want it fast and willing? I'm his man in that case. Does he want it flat-footed? Goodness, if he does, why, I'm his man again. 'I have,' added Johnson, 'come a long way to do it. I've behind my important business engagements in London, and I will have to renew them on the first of February next year.'"

"McIntosh's financial terms suit you?"

"Yes, I would have fought Burns under almost any conditions, but Sam here (indicating his manager) didn't see why 'Taimy' should have so much of the lolly, and that is why he didn't snap at the first offer."

Burns Hasn't Beaten Anyone.

"My dear man, no one can say what sort of a man he is, for he hasn't been up against anything good and hard. I think Burns is a good 'liddle' old fellow, and has got brains, but he hasn't beaten anything yet."

Johnson was informed that Jim Jeffries had been approached in reference to refereeing the fight on Boxing Day, but had opened his mouth too wide.

"What did they want to ask 'Jeff' for?" answered Jack. "I would never agree to allow that man refereeing over me. He has always been very bitter against me, and wouldn't fight me even if I beat his brother. Guess Jim was sore over that, and he's never forgiven me. When he was offered the better part of a \$50,000 purse to fight me, he came up with a sarcastic way. Talking of referees, I calculate that Nathan, of Queensland, will suit me well enough. I know he is a small man, but I don't think that counts a cinch. A baby could referee. Both Burns and I are good boxers, and we'll offer the referee's touch and call every call, because we know when we are fighting wrong. But I object to McIntosh arranging for a referee without consulting me."

"Do you think Burns is the next best boxer after you?"

"Hard to say," said Johnson, as he slipped away at a cup of strong coffee. "But I am very much inclined to believe that McVey might rank second. McVey is liable to beat any man living. I beat him, but I had to fight three times before I knocked him out."

"I suppose you have heard Burns is settling in Australia?"

"More rot! Why, he has been going to settle everywhere. First it was in Canada, later in Paris, then in England, and now in Australia. Bah! All paper talk."

TELLS OF AFRICAN HUNTING

American Back From Trip Over Route Roosevelt Will Take.

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BOILS, CARBUNCLES, ABSCESSES.

Druggists refund money if DR. FORTY'S ANTISEPTIC HEALING OIL fails to cure any case, no matter how long standing. The only Household Surgical Dressing, 25c.

Lord Is a Comer.

Harry Lord, the Boston third sacker, was far from the best man in that position in the American League this year, but the day is coming when he will adorn the top. He seems to be a natural ball player and displayed

great mechanical skill in playing third this year.

He is faster than any man playing that position in the American League, and when he acquires experience he surely will be the star guardian of the third. This year he made nearly twice as many errors as Ferris did, and in fewer games at that. His strong point was in killing drives along the foul line. Where he was shy was in fielding bunts and tagging the runners. Good old Bill Coughlin! For years now the best ever, he showed this year that he was nearly all in, and it is admitted in Detroit that in all probability some younger man will take his place next year. He seems to have lost his ginger, and he failed to get even close to hits that ordinarily he would have eaten up. No longer can he be considered even among the four best third basemen, despite the fact that the averages give him a good record.

FERRIS RIVAL FOR BRADLEY

The Brown Third Baseman Is Thought by Many Fans To Be Nap's Equal.

The Cleveland Leader says: It is generally conceded that Bill Bradley and Hobe Ferris played the best ball of the third basemen in the American League during the past season, says Harry Edwards in the Cleveland Plain Dealer. Clevelanders all sway by Bradley and say that he is not ready yet to relinquish his crown as king of third sackers. On the other hand St. Louis rooters and many of the other towns claim that the former Boston man had something on the Clevelander during the last season.

There is no denying the fact that Ferris proved to be more or less than a sensation on the third cushion. For several years he had been regarded as a second baseman above the average, but when it was announced that Manager McAleer intended transferring him over to third base the wisecracks shook their heads and said:

"McAleer is making a mistake. Ferris' arm is not good enough to make the throw from third."

Nursed His Arm.

The season opened, Ferris humored his arm for a time, but managed to get the better in most every instance. As the weather grew warmer he became able to cut loose with all the speed necessary and made the throw as well as any third baseman in the league. He went through the campaign, playing 148 games at third base, accepting more chances than any of his rivals. Tannehill of Chicago, beat him in assists, but in putouts Ferris had plenty of margin. In addition, he led the third basemen of the league in fielding, his average being .952. Coughlin, Conroy and Bradley following in order. Bradley's average was .938. At the bat Ferris led Bradley by twenty-seven points, being excelled, however, by the Cleveland boy in sacrifice hits and stolen bases.

Thus on paper Ferris looks to have all the best of the argument, but should Cleveland offer to trade Bradley to St. Louis for Ferris, McAleer would be willing to throw in another player to clinch the deal. There is no better hunter than Bradley, and he is also better in a pinch with a safe drive. Ferris is also a time server, but not very useful when it comes to the ball down. Bradley is much the faster man on the bases.

In fielding Bradley excels in two ways. No other third sacker in the league can make those one-handed pick-ups with the accuracy of Bradley and in blocking off running the third Nap is almost alone in his class. Ferris, however, seemed to be stronger in going over the bag to knock down those vicious sizzlers along the line. Bill Coughlin, when with Washington, had the same knack of turning doubles into singles, but in the last two years had slowed up enough to find such feats impossible. In head work, every one will concede that Bradley is the superior to Ferris, the latter being clearly nothing but a mechanical player, one who loves the game and thinks of nothing else, but he never did possess the mental qualifications that Bradley does.

League Strong on Third.

The American League was fortunate in having a number of star fielding third basemen. When it comes to playing the sack and killing bunts, the league has a number of stars. Hobe Ferris of Washington has few rivals, but Joe Cantillon himself says that it is a crime to send him to bat. Lee Tannehill is of the same stripe. He is a grand hitter and game has shown few better—but is very weak at the bat. In fact, he made only 14 hits in 141 games this year. When he first joined the White Sox he looked to be a false alarm as a fielder, but he improved rapidly, and, outside of Bradley, it is doubtful if there is a more brilliant third baseman in the circuit or the country.

Clevelanders never will forget the wonderful play he made in the last game of the season here this fall, when he grabbed Hinchman's bad bouncer and shot the ball home to Salts and in time to retire Stovall and save Chicago from a disaster. Such plays are common for Tannehill, just as they are for Bradley.

Jimmy Collins used to be a wonderful third baseman. In fact, all departments of the game considered, he ranked at the top for several years. But it is now a case of "was" with Collins. No longer is it "He." He has seen his best days, and it would occasion no surprise if a younger man replaces him next year.

Conroy a Good Man.

For six or seven years "Wild" Conroy of the Yankees has been playing second, third, short and the outfield. He has never shown poorly in any of the positions, but third base is where he looks best. Place him with a winning team and he would crowd Bradley, Tannehill and Ferris for the honors. Most of the men on the New York team last year seemed to be content if they could sign their names to the club office twice a month. As a result it is no surprise that Conroy failed to distinguish himself. Nevertheless, if the Yankees were placed on the market he would be the one player that every other team of the league would go after. He is never really erratic, although he may have a bad day now and then. He is a good sacrifice hitter and baserunner, but during the last season was off in his batting. As said before, however, he would probably bat considerably better with a stronger club.

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