

LATE NEWS AND VIEWS FROM SPORTING WORLD

CONNIE MACK IS A
DISAPPOINTED MAN

Numerous Collegians who Reported to Him, Fell Down Hard.

"I must admit that I am greatly disappointed," said Connie Mack, manager of the Athletics, when asked how he was progressing with his building up process. "I thought last spring that I would have a pretty fair ball team by this time, but I counted my chickens before they were hatched. The numerous collegians who reported to me in June fell down hard. They were not in good physical condition, and they had been so busy with examinations that they hadn't played for several weeks. I had received such glowing accounts of the doings of these young men on the ball field that, naturally, I expected excellent results. But I was really shocked when I saw how poorly they performed. Lawry, the university of Maine player, didn't have much of a chance to show anything because he sprained his ankle soon after reporting. He may turn out well as soon as he is in proper shape. Why did I go after college players? Because the best players in the minor leagues today are those who have been dropped out of the major leagues. It is hard to find young players of natural skill who can be developed into stars. I know what I am talking about. This is why you have just as much chance to pick up a first class colt in college as in the bushes.

"Why have we lost so many games this year? Because we have been playing against seven teams in the American league each of which still has a chance to win the pennant. When the season opened I said my team would finish last, but that the other seven teams were evenly matched. Seems to me I had the right dope!"

"You may not believe me, but I really felt sorry when we won those two games from the Yankees on Saturday," continued Mack, with a smile. "We started the Browns on their recent winning streak by losing every game in St. Louis. We did the same thing for the White Sox when we dropped eight in a row in Chicago, and the Tigers also took a new lease on life when they saw how easy we were. So when we arrived in New York on Saturday we expected to start the Yankees on another climb.

"I firmly believe that if the Yankees had not experienced frightful misfortunes they would have won the pennant. Donovan had the right kind of team to accomplish this feat—splendid pitchers, fast fielders and base runners and reasonably good hitters. Col. Ruppert and Capt. Huston have done so much to benefit the American league that they deserve to have a pennant winner. They are high class sportsmen and game sports. I hope the Yankees can finish in the first division. They still have a chance!"

Mack, in discussing the National league race, declared that he hoped the Brooklyn would finish on top. He said that Ebbets and Robinson had played fair with everybody, and that they were entitled to success.

WELSH IS FAVORITE.

Denver, Aug. 21.—Supremely confident that Charley White will win the lightweight championship title from Freddie Welsh when the pair meet in their twenty-round fight at Colorado Springs, Labor day, Nate Lewis, White's manager, is here to take charge of White's training. Although most fight fans believe White's only chance to win is by a knockout, Lewis doesn't agree with them.

"In the last ten rounds, should Freddie win he received," asserted Lewis. "If the fight goes the limit Welsh will finish so nearly out there will be no question as to the winner."

Welsh shows great improvement after his two days' road work, and even at this stage is close to the weight limit. Freddie has engaged Teddy Chavez, Denver's flashy feather-weight, as sparring partner, and will do most of his preliminary boxing with the Mexican.

Welsh has been made a 6-to-5 favorite in local betting.

MCGRAW BELIEVES
SMITH A GOOD ONE

Manager of the Giants Thinks Columbia Pitcher is Another Mathewson.

Manager McGraw of the Giants thinks he has a second "Matty" in George Smith, the Columbia pitcher, who made such a successful debut. Here is what McGraw says:

"Those of you who remember 'Matty' of fifteen years ago undoubtedly will be impressed at the striking resemblance of Smith and the greatest of all pitchers. Then a youngster, tall, shrewd, strong and carrying no superfluous weight, 'Matty' was burning up the league with the fast ball and a drop curve. His poise was as much an asset as his ability to throw the ball past the batters.

"The oftener I look at Smith the greater trouble I have in convincing myself it is not 'Matty' of 1902. Built along similar lines and resembling 'Matty' greatly in features, Smith to me is the 'Matty' of this generation. His position on the mound, his delivery and his cool aloofness also remind me of 'Matty'. Added to this Smith delivers a fast ball with the free and easy motion of 'Matty', and he has a drop ball that I am convinced can be made the equal of the famous 'Matty' fadeaway. Never before have I seen a young pitcher in which I have so much confidence as I have in Smith. He has every natural advantage and is certain enough about himself to make a great pitcher. 'Smith has one delivery that 'Matty' never was able to master, and that is a slow ball. In his trout against St. Louis Wednesday, Smith delivered this ball to Rogers Hornsby, the young batting star of the Cardinals, and Hornsby could do nothing but amazingly watch the ball float over the plate for a strike. If Smith possesses as much confidence as I think he does he will make a great pitcher and should be a big help to the Giants soon."

WEALTHY CONTRACTOR
BUYS CLEVELAND CLUB.

James C. Dunn, a wealthy Chicago contractor, is the heaviest stockholder in the Cleveland club. He is a baseball fan and also a sportsman. John Johnson, president of the American league, induced him to buy the franchise from Charles W. Somers, the man who financed the circuit when Johnson and Comiskey decided to join with the National league for the golden gate receipts. Somers, a real sportsman and one of the most popular men in baseball, was driven to the wall a year ago. Jim Dunn handed over \$500,000 for the Cleveland club, and then appointed Robert McRoy, a smart baseball man, vice-president. Dunn announced that he would follow McRoy's advice and would not interfere with the running of the team. McRoy first re-engaged Pohl to manage the Indians—a wise move. Then he asked Dunn to put up \$50,000 for Speaker, another shrewd play. The Indians opened the campaign with a bang! They soon took the lead and the Forest City went wild! Dunn has kept his hands off with the result that the Cleveland club will probably make \$150,000 clear on the campaign and perhaps \$75,000 more if the Indians take part in the world's series.

O'LEARY BROKE HIS LEG.

Darby Kelly, manager of Johnny O'Leary the Canadian lightweight champion, in a telegram to the sporting editor of the Buffalo Enquirer filed immediately after the bout with Johnny Dundee, states that O'Leary is suffering from a broken leg, sustained when he tripped over the canvas. He adds that he is in a Boston hospital and may never fight again. If O'Leary's injuries are as serious as all that it is most regrettable. He's a game boy, and it is most unfortunate that he should be injured so severely at this stage. He had four big bouts arranged, but will have to call them all off. A despatch from Boston says that O'Leary did not recover consciousness until about an hour after he was carried into his dressing room, and that he was then rushed off to a hospital.

BASEBALL IN THE BIG LEAGUES

AMERICAN LEAGUE.

Boston 7, Cleveland 3.

Boston, Aug. 23.—Boston won the first game of the series with Cleveland today, 7 to 3. The score: Cleveland—20001000—9 1 3 Boston—00020415—7 13 1

Batteries—Boehling, Coveleske, Gould, Kletter and O'Neill; Leonard and Carrigan, Cady.

Detroit 10, Philadelphia 3.

Philadelphia, Aug. 23.—Detroit had an easy time winning today's game from Philadelphia, 10 to 3. The score: Philadelphia—40010050—10 14 1 Philadelphia—00000030—3 7 1

Batteries—Cunningham and Spencer; Williams, Sheehan and Pichnich.

New York 5, Chicago 4.

New York, Aug. 23.—New York made it three out of four, winning by a score of 5 to 4. The score: Chicago—00020010—4 3 2 New York—00010045—5 10 4

Batteries—Russell, Faber and Schalk; Moerridge, Fisher and Walters.

St. Louis 5, Washington 4.

Washington, Aug. 23.—St. Louis and Washington split a double-header today, the visitors winning the first game, 5 to 4, in ten innings, and losing 4 to 2, in the second game. The score: (First game) St. Louis—12100000—5 6 1 Washington—00012000—4 9 1

Batteries—Knob, Davenport and Severid; Shaw and Henry.

Washington 4, St. Louis 2.

(Second game) St. Louis—0002000—2 9 3 Washington—0000121—4 9 1

Batteries—Plank and Severid; Johnson and Henry.

(Called on account of darkness).

NATIONAL LEAGUE.

Pittsburg 2, Philadelphia 1.

Pittsburg, Aug. 23.—Pittsburg took

four out of the series of five games from Philadelphia by winning a six-inning contest here today by a score of 2 to 1. The score: Philadelphia—000010000000—1 6 9 Pittsburg—000000001000001—2 8 1

Batteries—Riley and Killifer; Burns; Kandelner, Evans and Schmidt.

Chicago 7, Brooklyn 6.

Chicago, Aug. 23.—Chicago hammered Dell and Cheney for an early lead in today's game, and Brooklyn could not overcome the advantage, despite several determined rallies. The score was 7 to 6. The score: Brooklyn—002000501—6 14 4 Chicago—22100007—7 11 1

Batteries—Dell, Cheney, Appleton and J. Meyers; Lavender, Packard and Elliott.

(Other National games not scheduled.)

INTERNATIONAL LEAGUE.

Montreal 7, Newark 3.

Montreal, Aug. 23.—The Royals had an easy time defeating the Indians here today, 7 to 3. The score: Newark—11001000—3 8 1 Montreal—210210108—7 14 1

Batteries—Smallwood and Egan; Cadore and Madden.

Toronto 3, Providence 5.

Toronto, Aug. 23.—A fierce onslaught on Baumgartner in the first inning of today's game with the Providence Grays netted the Leafs seven runs and drove him to the shower. Billard prevented further scoring until the eighth, when Toronto squeezed over another run, winning the game, 5 to 3. The score: Providence—102010100—5 9 1 Toronto—00000001—3 11 1

Batteries—Baumgartner, Billard and Yelle; Brady, Thompson and Kritchell.

THE FIGHT FOR POIZERES
VIEWED BY AN AEROPLANE

The man in front of me with the tight-fitting cap sat motionless. The engine beneath me trembled and quivered ever so gently. But above me the lurid sky was torn and rent into a thousand pieces; death light missed me with a scream of chargin, and the earth jumped up and shook me.

In a few minutes I was going up and beyond to join the howling devil overhead. Wondering whether they would catch me and kill me made me a little nervous, so to reassure myself I glanced round at the frail thing that was to take me there. Just two graceful, curving wings, cunningly fashioned; just a wasp-like body tapered delicately in front and behind; just a pulsating, jumpy engine—that was all! That was all the machine. And in front of me an iron-jawed nerveless man sat waiting. On him rested all responsibility. He was the hand that would guide us through the tortured realms above; his was the cool and collected brain that would not shrink at death. And as I looked at him I felt reassured.

Plains of Picardy.

The engine whirled louder and louder and then jerked and coughed. The shattered trees and the ghastly piles of bricks and mortar moved back behind me with ever-increasing speed. The figure in front leaned forward slightly and reached for a shining lever. I averted a little in my seat. The ground fell away beneath me, and the bits of trees and the muddy lanes and the big grey motor-torries away to the left grew smaller and smaller. The engine roared and clattered now, and the wind whistled wickedly past my ears. My head was going up and up, higher and higher, and my stomach was left far away below. I was just on the point of shouting stupidly to the pilot to take me down again when he leaped back and handed me a piece of paper. I reached out a nervous

hand to catch it, and the wind, with a shriek of laughter, tried to snatch it away. I gripped the pilot's hand and he pushed the paper into mine. And before the wind tore it to ribbons I read—

"Attack on Pozieres just coming off. Rather interesting."

Higher we flew and yet higher, till the plain of Picardy was stretched out like a map beneath us.

Long, dark wrigly lines ran east and west, never quite parallel, but all ways in the same general direction. And in and out of them and between them fainter lines zigzagged and twisted in a bewildering maze.

Red Ruin.

Then began an spiral descent. Round and down—round and down, always falling, always turning. Things began to take on new shapes. The wrigly lines became trenches, and the red splashes and the dark green dabs looked more like villages and woods. The din of battle roared suddenly above the noise of the engine, and the pin-point flashes became larger and more brilliant.

When we were only about 1,000 feet up I located Pozieres. Just a heap of blotchy red ruins it looked from my point of view. And all the time British shells were bursting all over it in little dark grey puffs. Then out of the smoke behind Pozieres, from the wrigly line of trenches that I took to be British, sprang a swarm of brown ants. And out of the smoke around Pozieres sprang a swarm of grey ants, and as I watched, enthralled, the two swarms, brown and grey, met. To and fro they swayed, fighting furiously as ants will when their nests are disturbed, their bayonets flashing cruelly red in the reflected light of the setting sun. And slowly, ever so slowly it seemed to me, the brown ants pushed back the grey. Then another brown line

swarmed up and then another grey. The crimson bayonets flashed faster and faster, and the whole plain of Picardy seemed to be bathed in red.

Now the grey ants' line is broken. They have fought well and stubbornly; the brown ants are irresistible. Some have pushed their way into Pozieres and some have been struck down by an invisible death which I knew to be machine guns. But the others fight on. A cloud of smoke obscures the battle. I raise my head and glance at the pilot. He seems to understand, although he does not look at me. He moves his right arm slightly and the machine dips downwards.

The earth rushes towards us at a sickening speed, and the roar of the guns grows louder. And suddenly with a jerk the earth stops its mad career, and we circle round and round serenely at an altitude of about 500 feet. The cloud of smoke has vanished, and I glance downwards. The ants have become men—the brown ones British wearing the Anzacs' wide-awake hats and the grey ones Germans.

Driven Out.

The trenches, the torn and tortured battlefield, and the village become quite distinct. But I watch the battle. In and out of the remnants of fortified cottages they rush, fighting like devils. Soon it becomes a series of conflicts between isolated parties, one or the other of which is eventually annihilated or taken prisoner. And gradually, but surely, the Germans are driven out. Inch by inch they give ground, retreating desperately. But however hard they fight or however well they contest a yard of ground, the Anzacs, unless overwhelmingly outnumbered, overcome them. Still lower we circle, until the fire from the German anti-aircraft guns becomes too hot for us. Bullets whistle shrilly past my ears and clatter sharply on the wings of our machine.

The earth races away this time and the din of battle grows fainter. Once more a cloud of blackish-red smoke floats over the scene, and for a few minutes I can see nothing. Then it clears away again and I look down. The men become ants once more. The battlefield resembles a map again. But where are the grey ants? . . .

GOOD RACES CARDED AT
MOOSEPATH LAST NIGHT

Colt Race and Matched Race Run off before Enthusiastic Attendance.

A good crowd turned out last night to witness the races at Moosepath. There were two events on the card, a colt race and a matched race between Victor and Billy the Kid. The colt race was taken by Rudy K in straight heats, while four heats were necessary to decide the winner of the matched race, Billy the Kid bringing home the bacon. The summary follows:

Colt Race.

Rudy K 1 1 1 1

Marion J 2 2 2 2

Happy Jane 3 3 3 3

Time—1.27, 1.31, 1.27.

Matched Race.

Victor 1 2 2 2

Billy the Kid 2 1 1 1

Time—1.14, 1.11, 1.13, 1.14½.

NO BALL GAME.

The Shamrocks will not play unless they are allowed McGowan, and the Thistles absolutely refuse to play if McGowan plays for the Shamrocks.

The Thistles say they are not in the wrong; the Shamrocks claim they are in the right, so the only one left to lay the blame on is McGowan. Why he was born a baseball player?

There is a grey moving mass far away to the north, but there are none in Pozieres. Pozieres is full of brown ants. And as I sit and grip the arms of my seat, a strange yet pleasing sound is borne upon the wind. It is wild and free and savors of a wild, free land. "Cool-ee!"

But it must be my imagination, for we are 1,000 feet up in the air and the engine is roaring its best. N. H. G.

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Bringing Up Father



HOW ARE YOU FEELING THIS MORNING, MAGGIE? WELL, I FEEL LIKE A COUPLE OF DOLLARS. IT SOUNDS LIKE A TOUCH. NO, YOU DIDN'T PAY ME THE DIME YOU BORROWED A WEEK AGO! IF YOU'LL LET ME HAVE THE TWO-DOLLAR PAY YOU BACK ON THE WORD OF A GENTLEMAN! WELL, ALL RIGHT—COME AROUND LATER AND BRING THE GENTLEMAN WITH YOU!

NEW

PROFIT TAKING
HAD EFFECT ON

Market Absorbed However, and Reports a Good

ines.

(McDOUGALL & O

New York, August 23

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