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THE GREAT LAUDER WON TWO "SHULLINGS"

Cost of the Caddies and a Can of Salmon
Were Included in the Golf Bet

London, Oct. 1.—That was a great game of "golf" played at the mid-sunny club, Richmond, in which Harry Lauder demonstrated his superiority over Little Tich. The game was a media hall star of brilliance, at the final game by the close score of 101 to 100. Bogy for the course is something like 75, so it will be seen the stars played some golf.

The game had peculiar humors. In the first place it was for the championship of the Palladium. There were side stakes of two shillings, as divulged accidentally during the play, and an added premium of "the cost of the caddies and a tin of salmon."

Yet the affair was quite serious business. Little Tich was the challenger and his many friends were delighted to see him shape well, yet for all that, the Scottish comedian won by three up and one to play.

The preliminaries were cheerful enough. Rev. George Adam, who secured Lauder's recent accession to the pulpit at his Bristol church, was appointed chaplain for the match. The golf secretary scored neatly at the expense of both Lauder and the "meester."

The comedian was introducing the parson to the secretary. "I tell you who he is, so that you may be on your guard," said Lauder.

"Oh, I don't suppose he'll say anything that will shock me," returned the secretary, and Mr. Adam enjoyed the joke as much as anyone.

Tich insisted that a big boy which one of the caddies was carrying contained Lauder's supply of new balls to replace those he would lose in the course of the game.

"Gladiators, enter the arena," exclaimed Tich, as the players were submerged in the decorum of the ancient game.

The match was played level, and the caddies' view, at the close, was that Lauder's handicap would be 12, and his opponent's 14. Little Tich found it impossible to drive a long ball, but kept a good line, while Lauder generally looked his long drives. Most of the bunkers on the course, however, were found by both players.

Little Tich started the homeward journey well, and took the lead at the eleventh, but, in his own words, he became demoralized by his advantage and his game fell away badly. He fouled many shots, and Lauder won four consecutive holes to become dormy three.

At this stage the Scottish comedian treated the spectators to an "improvisation," while Little Tich gave them one of his inimitable dances. Then Lauder divulged that there were two shillings on the match, and that his friend "would drop dead if he lost."

Advertise in
The Daily News

RIVALS IN THE GREAT WORLD'S SERIES

Brown, Most Dependable of Connie Mack's Young Pitchers, May Oppose Jeff Tesreau, McGraw's Giant Spit Ball Pitcher

Carroll Brown, the sterling young pitcher of the Athletics, and Jeff Tesreau, the Giants' spit ball pitcher, will probably face each other in the world's series.

There isn't much chance for comparison between them, although Brown has won more games for the Athletics this year than Tesreau has won for the Giants. Both are far above the ordinary, and if Brown can stand the strain of a big series should put up a stiff battle when called upon.



TWO WORLD'S SERIES LIME-LIGHTERS, BROWN OF THE ATHLETICS AND TESREAU OF THE GIANTS

SPORT TALK

News of the Sport World condensed and a few ideas on local conditions

WONDERFUL SPEED JOHNSON'S ASSET

WASHINGTON PITCHER CAN GET A MOMENTUM ON THE SPHERE THAT IS AMAZING

The terrific speed of Walter Johnson has been a seven years' wonder. Since the day he left the mountain fastnesses of Idaho to bear the standard of the Washington Club, he has been the sensation of the baseball world. The gaping crowd have been revived before their eyes those deeds of medieval romance where a single champion defied an army. They have seen a master pitcher who alone beat back with his unaided arm the free assaults of seven Major League clubs, which, whether they were humble losers or world's champions, bowed alike before his might.

What is the secret of that man's awful speed? From coast to coast the public recognizes in him the successor of the long-remembered Rube. They recognized his vast superiority to other pitchers of the type, but do not explain wherein that superiority lies. We have set ourselves the task of solving this enigma. We have taken Johnson because he is acknowledged leader of his class, have considered him not so much as an individual as the best example of a type. In analyzing as we propose to do this man's unparalleled skill, we shall be led to discuss one of the most fascinating chapters in all pitching art. The importance of such investigation cannot be overestimated. For pitching is the cornerstone, the firm foundation of all the bewilderingly complicated superstructure of the national game.

The pitcher's arm is a mere mass of useless bone and muscle dangling from his shoulder. The pitcher's brain is everything. His arms are nothing."

So said Ed Walsh, the master of one of the most baffling deliveries the game has ever known. The Spitball King has overworked himself to the point of physical exhaustion. He has grown old in the harness, old before his time. The public, which appreciates loyal service has a warm spot in its many sided heart for Walsh. It has a wholesome respect for the man who throws himself into his task without reserve; who gives to the work before him his last ounce of nerve and strength. "A pitcher's mind is everything. His arm is nothing." True and not true, Mr. Walsh. A dangerous half truth, the most deceptive of errors. We have to your superior insight into baseball. We never expect to know the game as you know it. And we will take issue with you on this very point. No amount of brain will ever make Mat McGrath, the great weight thrower, a champion sprinter. No fire of genius or ambition will

transform Alf Shrubbs into a professional strong man. Brain is good, great, indispensable. A pitcher needs it as few men do. But all his brain can do in his profession is to make the most of the physical mechanism at its disposal. No amount of brain struggle can lengthen the pitching arm by a single inch or alter its shape, materially from its normal form.

In the broad glare of the sunlight, with no object near to accentuate its flight, the speed of Johnson's pitched ball is a terrific thing. But to properly appreciate that speed stand beside the mighty twister when he is working within four walls. I stood beside him once as he was hurling the ball against a massive steel plate at the end of a gunshed. In the shadows of this structure the whirling sphere smoked through the murky air at a speed that seemed beyond the utmost possibilities of human strength. The spectator awed by this mystifying exhibition of force could not help but wonder: "Where does it come from? How can he do it?"

In seeking first-hand information, consult the man himself. And so I questioned Johnson. But he knew no more than any one else whence came this wonderful gift. He knew he possessed abnormal speed. He was conscious of the power within him, but understood that power no more than I. "My speed always has been good," he said, in his quiet way. "It is natural to me. I am faster than I used to be. That comes from practice. But I have always had a lot of speed."

That was all he could tell me—a meagre story, hardly a step in the right direction. I looked at Johnson. I studied him. I spent hours in his company. I noticed that he was not over-energetic in his movements. Rather sedate, rather quiet, not the least little bit flurried ever, was Johnson. There is in his character the masterful calm or arctic seas; which the Norwegian explorers to push across the unknown Atlantic to the shores of the western world. But there is also about the man a slumberous force like that which thrilled the blood of the Vikings as they long ago swept northern Europe with devastation and death. It is this latent power which is so strangely belied by Johnson's unobtrusive, almost dilatory movements. But let him stand upon the pitching mound and all this is swept away in a moment. Then he is the real Johnson, the lion roused from rest, as the age-old influences of his warlike ancestors stir in his mighty frame. There is terrible force, a whiplash strength whereby he imparts to his pitched ball a greater velocity than any other man who ever stood upon the earth.

I sat in the lobby at a New York hotel. Johnson sat beside me, a thoughtful, almost said look on his face. I noticed that, although he was erect in his chair, his arms were crossed in his lap before him. A singular attitude, perhaps the only

manuever that would strike the observer. Fold your own arms in that position. It is hardly comfortable. It would not be the position that an ordinary person would assume in repose. The only person who would find it comfortable is a person with abnormally long arms. "Pretty long arms, Johnson," I ventured, looking at them. "Yes," he said, and smiled; "I guess I have the longest arms of any one in baseball."

This was the first intimation of the secret, the first important step in its solution. I noted other pitchers. I observed that with almost no exceptions pitchers who were noted for their speed had shorter arms; in some cases even too short to correspond with their height. The fact was certainly suggestive. It could hardly be mere coincidence.

What gives the pitched ball its speed? There can be but one answer. All the momentum is imparted by that sweep of the hand from the instant when the motion begins to the instant when the ball leaves the fingers on its flight across the plate. This is simple, clear, conclusive. Push a barrel in front of you on the ground. If you give it a sudden kick with your foot it will roll a certain distance. If you give it a long, hard push, it will roll much further. The same simple law applies to the force behind a baseball. Other things being equal, the greater the sweep of the hand that drives it, the greater the speed with which it will travel. As the pitcher swings his arm to deliver the ball the hand that holds the sphere roughly passes through the arc of a circle. His shoulder is the centre of that circle, his arm the radius. The longer the radius the longer the arc, according to geometry, or, in plain baseball language, the longer the arm the longer the sweep of the hand as it makes the delivery.

For this law to hold true the long armed pitcher must go through the motions of delivery in the same fraction of a second as the short armed pitcher. Probably pitchers vary in the time of this sweep, but that is not important. The vital point is this: There is no inherent reason why they should vary. The long armed pitcher can move his arm through the sweep or the throw as fast as the short armed pitcher. And since his hand describes a larger arc, actually travels through a greater distance, the inexorable result is that he gives the ball a greater velocity because of that added length of arm.

Johnson has an extreme reach from tip to tip of his outstretched hands of 78 1/2 inches. Vean Gregg has a reach of 77 inches. Ed Reulbach can extend his open palms a distance of 78 inches. So can Slim Sallee, while Cy Falkenberg has a reach of no less than 79 1/2 inches—a full inch overtopping Johnson. Does this damage our theory? Not at all.

The perfect man, so physiologists have taught us, has a reach exactly the same as his height. Actual reach if far less important than comparative reach. That is to say, a 70-inch reach would be small for a six footer, while a reach of 62 inches would be large for a man but five feet high.

We have seen that Johnson's reach is great, actually being topped only by

Cy Falkenberg. If we glance at the figures comparatively the only intelligent way of studying them, we shall see Johnson's superiority.

Cy Falkenberg has a reach of 79 1/2 inches, but the human obelisk has an altitude of no less than 77 inches. His excess of reach then is 2 1/2 inches above normal. Slim Sallee has a reach of 78 inches, but the Hockinsport portlander surveys the world from an elevation of 75 1/2 inches. Gregg has a reach of 77 inches but he is 6 feet 2 1/2 inches. Christy Mathewson has a reach of 76 inches, full three inches beyond what it should be normally. Walter Johnson is 6 feet 1 inch and has a reach of 78 1/2 inches. Here we see a variation of no less than 5 1/2 inches. This is a variation from normal verging almost on deformity. It is the greatest we have ever seen in the case of a pitcher. Ed Reulbach has a reach of 77 1/2 inches and a height of 6 feet 1 inch. His excess reach is 4 1/2 inches. It is only necessary to add that in his prime Reulbach was the speediest pitcher in the National league.

Part of this extreme reach is taken up by breadth of shoulder, part by the nonpitching arm itself and we will gain a more direct insight into the situation. The figures briefly are as follows: Length of pitching arm: Gregg, 32 inches; Sallee, 32 inches; Reulbach, 33 inches; Falkenberg, 33 inches; Johnson, 34 inches.

CANADIAN BREEDER SELLS HIS STRING

States he Cannot Compete with the Americans in the Business

New York, Oct. 1.—Charles S. Campbell, one of Canada's best known owners and breeders of thoroughbreds, has confirmed the rumor that he would give up breeding horses in Canada and in future take up the breeding industry in the United States. This action is a protest against the prevailing Canadian customs conditions, under which Campbell considers that he cannot compete with the American neighbors in the breeding business.

Campbell will sell the majority of his horses, particularly those which he usually winters in Canada. He will select a few mares from his string of brood mares and ship them to Capt. W. T. Presgrave at Salesbury, Md., where they will be bred. Of the racers he will retain such horses as Corn Bloom, Lindesta, Bwana Tumbo and one or two others which he has always wintered at the farm in Canada.

The horses to be disposed of will be offered at auction within a short time, so that they will have passed out of the ownership of Campbell previous to the time for going into winter quarters. The retirement from the breeding industry in Canada is to be regretted. Campbell has for some years been among the leading owners in Montreal, and has won the King's Plate and Provincial Nursery. His stable was the greatest string at the spring meeting at Blue Bonnets and at the spring meeting of the Connaught Park Jockey Club at Ottawa.

The horses owned by Campbell, which have usually been wintered in Canada, have always been looked after by Trainer Allan Bulcroft, while those wintered in the United States are under the care of Capt. Presgrave.

Campbell pointed out the many advantages gained by the Americans over the Canadians in importing horses from England through the customs house, and stated that it was through this and the now numerous registrations required in Canada that he was retiring from the industry in Canada.

THE WORST EVER

The worst bonehead play I ever saw occurred in Canton, O., in 1907, when I was a member of the Evansville club of the Central league, says Walter Pollard. I made a hit, was sacrificed to second, and went to third on a passed ball. The next man up walked and immediately stole second. The next batter up smashed a

hot one directly over second base on a low line. I started for home, but saw the centre field might catch the ball, so jumped back to third and waited for the catch to score on the throw in. The runner on second, however, thought there were two out and came tearing home from second at the crack of the bat. He had no eyes or ears except to touch third and race for home. He touched

third all right, and me, too, for he hit me—a terrific broadside and we both went sprawling ten feet into the coaches' box, knocking the wind out of both of us. The centre fielder made a shoestring catch, but dropped the ball, but recovering it immediately tossed it to the Canton third baseman, who walked over and tagged us both out while we were still on the ground.

"THE STRUGGLE" Kalem 2 reels

A powerful story of Capital and Labor, with the principal scenes set in a great iron mill. It involves Masterson, the mill owner; Mooney, his domineering superintendent; Jimmy Blake, a worker; Maggie, his sister; and "Bat" Thomas, Maggie's lover. The workers, smarting under Mooney's driving, go on strike. The mill is fired and "Bat" and the others figure in some thrilling rescue work. In the end, Masterson proves that his heart is in the right place and makes the hit of his career by announcing "Bat" as the new superintendent.

The Tenderfoot Hero

A Western ranch story in which the poor abused tenderfoot establishes himself in the good graces of the cowboys by exposing the schemes of a Mexican gun runner and saving the life of an innocent man.

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