

Latest Sport Gossip at Home and Abroad

Sport Page

Hockey, Curling, Baseball Basketball, Football, Ring

HOW THE BROTHERS WARD SECURED THE BROOKLYN TEAM OF FEDERAL LEAGUE

DID NOT TAKE LONG TO GET IN THE DIAMOND SPORT WHEN OPPORTUNITY CAME ALONG

Robert B. and George S. Ward, owners of the Brooklyn team of the Federal league, are two of Pittsburgh's finished sport and business products. They began their business career in Pittsburgh and here made their debut in sport.

Robert B. Ward, the eldest, aged 61, was the first to bring the Ward name into the limelight. He was the son of Hugh Ward, and came to Pittsburgh from New York, as a young man. He opened a bakery in the East End, in Pittsburgh, and every morning before attending school would distribute bread throughout the city on a little wagon. His early life was not an easy one. He had very little time to spend on the ball field, but what he had he made use of and became an amateur star.

George S. Ward, aged 45, attended and graduated from Fifth ward school and also entered the baking business, establishing a small shop on the North Side. When the R. B. Ward's business grew larger, he took George with him and the two operated in the East End successfully for many years under the name of R. B. Ward and company. Later the Ward-Mackey company was formed.

George Ward also became a back lot artist and established a record that surpassed his brother. But they were not able to devote much attention to the great American sport, their business commanding most of their time.

It has been said by some of Robert Ward's old chums that he was an excellent ball player in every way except running bases, for they say that when he got on base he would begin figuring how he could increase his business and forget about the game, and as the result he very seldom rounded the sacks.

A Funny Story
They tell a very funny story about "Bob". It was a Saturday afternoon and "Bob" had left his shop in care of a relative. He was pitching. The game was evenly matched and the game had run 10 innings. "Bob's" team was in the field. There were three men on base and the poorest hitter of the other side was at bat. "Bob" had managed, without much trouble, to put two strikes across and the catcher had just returned the ball. "Bob" wound up. He was just bringing his arm around to deliver the ball when he happened to notice a balloon sailing up in the sky.

Immediately a business idea struck him and he stopped his delivery. The idea was a good one, that of sending up balloons with the name R. B. Ward and company upon them, and which he later did, securing good results, but nevertheless that idea was a fatal one for "Bob's" team. The umpire called a balk ball and the batter was sent to first base forcing the man on third home, and winning the game. "Bob's" stock as a ball player took a decided

slump, but his receipts at the shop took a nice little "rise."

"Bob" continued the season as the star pitcher for the team and by excellent work in several games managed to redeem himself. His team was declared the champion of the back lot scrubs of the vicinity.

That season ended "Bob's" career as a ball player. His business had grown to such an extent that it required all of his time. Just as he closed his career, his younger brother, George, began to attract attention.

George was also a pitcher, but he was never charged with pulling any "Barry" tricks like "Rob." The North Side was George's stamping grounds and the North Side has produced quite a few players of national note.

George's team was composed of an aggregation of youths that knew nothing about rules, being instructed to hit the ball and run, and if they did not like the umpire's decision to—well to win anyway.

A Little Dodge
A little piece of strategy which George pulled off in one game on the North Side is still talked about.

The home team was playing an aggregation from the West End, a team that had a reputation as being great ball players and better fighters than they were ball players. It looked bad for the home team, because if they lost they game they would have to fight and the huskies of the other side looked as though they might be better fighters than the home team.

George was rather unnerved by the prospect of probably losing both ways and his pitching was rather wild. The visiting team piled up a score of runs in the first inning.

The home team came to bat and found that the pitcher of the visiting team was also nervous and they found it easy hitting him. When the ninth inning ended the score was 20 to 20.

The visiting team was at bat. The first three men up singled and the heavy hitter of the team was sent to bat. George had a long conference with the catcher, who was seen by some to hand something to George.

George returned to the pitcher's box and looked back at second. The runner was playing away off base almost begging George to throw, and thus give the runner on third a chance to score.

George deliberately raised his arm and threw. A white sphere left his hand and was seen to sail far over the second baseman's head, the fellow on third started home yelling. The other players on the home team began calling George names not fit to print here. Just as the runner was heading for the home plate, George raised his arm and threw a ball to the catcher, who caught it and tagged the runner out.

Immediately a cry was sent up by the visiting team that George was using two balls. He said no. Just then the center fielder threw a white sphere into the diamond. It was a peeled potato. After several minutes of arguing

the umpire called the runner out and the other side took the field. The home team scored a run in this inning ending the game. George, to this day, refuses to tell where he got the potato, or the idea.

That season practically ended George's baseball career, as he joined his interests with his brother.

After closing their careers as baseball players, Robert and George began managing teams, the many years of which will fit them to efficiently head the Brooklyn team.

Their First Team
The first team they took over was a little scrub team in the East End, near the bakery. They fitted the boys up in suits and all necessary regalia. The team was a winner, too, and was a great advertisement.

They kept this team together for three seasons and it was considered one of the finest amateur teams in the city. About this time they changed the firm name of Ward-Mackey company and the two men began traveling between other cities, resulting in the establishment of bakeries in the New York, Cleveland, Boston and Providence. Their traveling kept them away from baseball and the team disbanded.

The Ward brothers have held boxes in Forbes field ever since the large grounds were thrown open. They likewise hold boxes in the Polo grounds. In the Pittsburgh factory the Ward brothers have organized several teams among their employees and they contest yearly for a large silver cup. Last season steps were taken to form a league among all their plants and is expected to become a reality this year.

The story of how Robert and George Ward took over the Brooklyn team is an interesting one and not generally known. It was the baseball spirit that brought about the deal.

One day, a few months ago, Robert Ward was traveling on a train from Pittsburgh to New York. On the same train were Charles Weegman, a big restaurant man, of Chicago, owner of the Chicago team, and principal owner of the Federal league, and James A. Gilmore, of Chicago, president of the Federal league. Both men were good friends of Ward and the three commenced talking.

The conversation drifted from subject to subject until finally it struck baseball. Ward asked Weegman, "What interest have you in baseball?" Weegman answered, "Well, it is a pastime and a profitable one from a business standpoint." They talked for a few moments more about baseball and when Ward left the train he asked Gilmore and Weegman to call upon him when they came to New York. A few days later both men called and ten minutes after entering Ward's office closed the deal for the Brooklyn team.

Both brothers are now married. Robert lives at Wyckhyll, N. Y., and his family consists of three daughters and four sons. The sons are all fans. George's family consists of three sons, two of which are considered ball players of ability.

BASEBALL PARS

Jeff Tesreau is the latest of the Giants to take up golf. Jeff still refers to his clubs as "sticks" and calls the shafts "handles."

Catcher Ed Sweeney, having found himself on the Federal league blacklist because of his alleged attempt to hold up the Feds for a big piece of money, had nothing left in sight so he "came to terms" with Frank Chance.

Catcher Chick Cotter, formerly of the Chicago Cubs and later with Indianapolis, has been taken on by Manager McGraw for a trial with the Giants, the Indianapolis club to get Catcher Elmer Johnson in exchange. John McGraw is showing much uncertainty concerning his catching staff.

John M. Ward, business manager of the Brooklyn Federals, admits that the park in Brooklyn will not be ready for games before the first of June at the earliest, and that the Brooklyn team would have to be kept on the road until then.

Manager Frank Chance may be chipper and singing, but he's still there with the heavy hand. Pitcher Ray Caldwell was fined \$50 the other day for breaking training rules, and the riot act was read to him in addition in pure Chance English.

Manager Jennings, of the Tigers, in an interview in the south, says that the only team that will be able to give the Athletics any trouble this year is the

DR. DEVAN'S FEMALE PILLS Reliable medicine for all Female Complaints. 25¢ a box, or three for \$1.00, at drug stores. Mailed to any address on receipt of price. THE SCORSELL DRUG CO., St. Catharines, Ontario.

PHOSPHONOL FOR MEN Restores Vitality for Nerve and Brain; increases "grey matter"; a tonic will build you up. 25¢ a box, or two for \$1.00, at drug stores, or by mail on receipt of price. THE SCORSELL DRUG CO., St. Catharines, Ontario.

Sold at ROBERTSON'S DRUG STORE

White Sox.

Hal Chase's play to jump to the Federals turned out to be more or less of a flivver. At least, he showed that he is rapidly losing his grip as an artist at the grandstand stuff.

Joe Jackson is a regular plutocrat. He skips to the Nap training park each day in his grand, new seven-passenger machine. He also travels back to the house in the same machine.

A. G. Mills, once president of the National league, and a leading baseball historian, makes the interesting statement that the original demand for the reserve rule came from the players.

Catcher Wilson is with the Giants, but not the veteran Arthur who has joined the Federals. The new Wilson is Tom, who has been taken from the Galveston Texas league team for a trial.

It's a bum ball player who can't throw a fancy, check these days. Johnny Evers has one calling for \$25,000, bearing the signature of President Gaffney, of the Boston Nationals, and given Evers as a bonus, it is told, for signing with the Braves.

Shortstop Ray Chapman, of the Naps, said he would learn a new hook-slide or break a leg, and he did—break a leg. He will be out for a couple of months and the accident is a harder blow to the Naps hopes than all the damage done by the Federals.

The Portland club, of the Northwestern league, has signed a deaf and dumb Indian pitcher named Battiste, a graduate of a government school at Washington. Clark Griffith wanted to give him a trial last year, but he refused to turn professional at that time.

FLATTERY MADE COLE THE LEADER

REMARKS OF TEAM-MATES STIRRED HIM UP AND HE PUT HIS BEST INTO THE GAME

New York, March 31.—"King" Cole, the pitcher, who was rescued from the minors by the Yankees, who jumped to the Federals and then back to the Yankees, is the type of player who thrives on flattery. To change Cole with a pitcher takes the heart out of him, to let him believe you think he is a wonderful pitcher is to transform him into a real wonder.

When Cole joined the Cubs some years ago, Frank Chance, then manager of the team, soon learned that Cole was susceptible to flattery. Chance quickly "tipped off" the veterans on the team to his finding with excellent results. Whenever it was Cole's turn to pitch, some of the Cub regulars would manage to get within earshot of Cole and then edge in a few remarks about:

"Say, isn't that Cole a wonder?"

"He's a pitcher—a real pitcher—one of the best since Rube's time."

"The fellow who nicknamed him 'King' knew what he was about. That boy certainly is a king among pitchers."

Cole would overhear this and it made him bulge with pride, it made him pitch himself into the leadership of the league in that year 1910.

In some of his games, Cole, at times would show signs of weakening. This always was a signal for his team-mates, while sitting on the bench between innings, to carry on a conversation among themselves—but for Cole's benefit—something of this order:

"Those other guys think the King is wobbling—but the joke is on them."

"I should say it is," another would chime in. "They don't know the King. Why, that boy simply let 'em get a few hits and runs that last inning so they wouldn't be altogether ashamed to show their faces tomorrow."

"Right you are," would be the remark from another. "Watch the King next inning—he'll stand 'em on their heads."

All this would reach Cole's ears—and all this would cause an instant stiffening of Cole's backbone—it would stop the oozing of Cole's courage and send him back into the box a new man—and an unbeatable pitcher.

Cole had good curves and speed when he landed with the Cubs, but it was the flattery of his teammates that subtle, indirect flattery—that caused him to make the wonderful showing he did. He figured that his teammates thought him one of the greatest pitchers of the age—and he determined to show them that he was.

U. S. DIVORCE VALS IN ENGLAND
London, April 1.—A north Dakota divorce figured in the case of an American engineer in the divorce courts here today. Charles Walter Goodman, an American mining engineer, entered a petition for divorce from Annie Lucina Goodman. The petition was dismissed on the ground that his wife had obtained a divorce in 1904 in North Dakota and married William J. Lidley, a real estate dealer of New York.

SOME BALL STORIES

They told us what happened in Tokio town.

And the ways of the young Japanese; They spied about Pekin with more than a touch.

Of chopsticks and laundries and fleas.

They told us of Melbourne and Sydney, et al.

Of visiting ranches and such; And eke of the Cairo-cooked roundup of food.

That put Commy's stomach in Dutch.

They told us of Venice and Naples and Rome.

And the fanfare arranged with the pope; Of wonderful paintings they lamp on the way.

Attached to the usual dope.

They told us of London, of gulping down tea.

Of royalty there without stint; They told us what happened in Paris as well—

But I'm not gonna put it in print.

The happy-go-lucky southern negro is always satisfied. He doesn't know where he is going to get his next meal, but he never worries. He is always there with a laugh. The world is one big theatre for him. But he hates one thing. He will run from cold water as if it were vitriol. After a workout in the training camp of the Giants on one of the days which Marlin people call cold, young Williams, the Fordham boy, told one of the rubbers to turn off the hot shower and switch on the cold.

"You-all must be fooling," grinned the darky.

"No," ordered Williams. "Turn it on and as cold as you can get it."

"Hi yi, niggers!" screamed the second edition of Sam Langford, "looka dis yeah white man git under dat cold watah. He sure am a deal."

Every rubber in the place dropped his work and ran to the showers to watch the spectacle, but they wouldn't come within 30 feet of the cold water, where the hardy Yankee youngster was splashing around in great enjoyment.

There unspired down south a number of years ago a fellow by the name of Crotty, called Billy Evans, in his story books. As the umpire Mr. Crotty was better than the average, and as an exponent of the many art he was also some pompous. Crotty didn't mind honest criticism, but he hated the fellow who, under the protection of the crowd, would say things that he wouldn't dare utter if he had been alone. Such fellows got the goat of Crotty, to use his own expression. It was just such a happening that got him into a lot of trouble while working in one of the smaller leagues of the south.

After the game, in which Crotty had given a number of close decisions against the home team, one of them being responsible for its defeat, he was followed from the park by the usual angry mob, so much in evidence at the small town ball game. One of the fellows in the crowd was particularly abusive. For a time Crotty stood for his line of talk, but finally made up his mind that the only way to silence his critic was to swing on his jaw. He decided to do that very thing. Picking what he believed was the opportune moment, he started a right swing at his tormentor's jaw. Unfortunately for all concerned the fan for whom the punch was intended side-stepped and it hit another member of the crowd squarely on the jaw, knocking him down for the count. As soon as he recovered he insisted that Crotty be arrested, the police force of the city, who was also a member of the mob, being only too glad to perform that duty.

Now, the justice of the peace before whom Crotty was brought for trial happened to be a great baseball fan. He was also a warm friend of the umpire. Crotty in particular being admired for the fearless manner in which he rendered his decisions without fear or favor. After hearing the evidence the justice debated longer than usual before pronouncing sentence. The delay was too much for Crotty and he brought the judge from his reverie by the following:

"Well, judge, do like I do; give them as you see them and never hesitate." It is needless to add that Crotty was discharged.

A GENERAL WASTE

Aberdeen, Scotland, April 1.—"All the prosperous nations of the world are running wild with wastefulness," declared American Ambassador Page, at a banquet here. He lauded Scotch frugality and said the Scots, standing for liberty, equality and frugality, have contributed enormously to the character of the American people.

Comparing the last trait with those of other nations, Mr. Page remarked: "Everywhere there is waste—in government administration, in private expenditure. Even in America we have to check ourselves lest we waste the very soil."

Sherman

Last Times To-day

3 SMILETTA'S Comedy Acrobats

Duffield & English
Society Dancers

Charmions Trio
In The Organ Grinder's Troubles

The White Fawn
In The Indian Girl
Singer

3 Rag-Time
Maniacs

4 REELS
EXCLUSIVE
PICTURES 4

Coming Thursday: PAGE'S BANJO QUINTETTE

"The House
Of
Mystery"
—Thrilling—

STARLAND

"The House
Of
Mystery"
—Gruesome—

To-day The House of Mystery To-morrow

This feature picture, of four thrilling reels will grip and hold the attention of the spectator as has no other feature yet shown in Brandon. A clean

THE SEDALLIS SISTERS
All week in an entire change of songs and costumes

"The House
Of
Mystery"
—Gripping—

We promise a comedy of no ordinary merit to complete this already attractive bill.

"The House
Of
Mystery"
—Exciting—

TO-DAY and TO-MORROW

Judith of Bethulia

Four Part Biograph Spectacle

THE GREATEST BIBLE STORY EVER FILMED

The siege and defense of Bethulia in which thousands take part is stupendous. Greater than "Quo Vadis"

EMPIRE

REGULAR PRICES
EMPIRE THEATRE
EXCLUSIVE SERVICE DE LUXE

AT THE THEATRE

At the Sherman

Tonight will be the final appearance of the following artists, the 3 Similettas the White Fawn, Duffield and English, Charmion Trio, and the usual picture program another complete change will take place tomorrow when the Page Banjo Quintette will head the bill. Pathe's weekly No. 24, will be in the picture program.

At Starland

"The House of Mystery" the offering for today and tomorrow fulfils all that it's name implies. Filled with startling situations the four reels of this wonderful drama will hold the spectator spell-bound and incite no small amount of enthusiasm. The Sedalia Sisters are delighting the crowds and will appear their best on these two days. Beside the usual laughable comedy, "Miserere," will be played on the chimes by the staff musicians by request.

At the Empire

Today and tomorrow the greatest biblical drama ever filmed "Judith of Bethulia" is the feature of the Empire program.

For good measure two Kaleem comedies will also be shown the following with Ruth Roland and John Brennan being one of the fine provokers.

The Jaytown Volunteer Militia is presented with a cannon. They yank the weapon to the edge of the town for target practice. Bessie and her beau, out picnicing, decide to eat their lunch in back of the target. They are discovered and warned to flee.

Wearry sees the two decamp leaving their food behind. Hastening to the spot he devours the lunch. A cannon ball comes through the target knocking poor Wearry flat. He flees in terror but not fast enough to escape other projectiles.

The artillery fire raises havoc with the various stores in the village. Meanwhile, Wearry climbs a telegraph pole in

his effort to escape. But all in vain, a cannon ball comes sailing along, and tumbles him off his perch.

MILITARY ORDERS

Regimental orders by Lieut. Colonel A. D. Rankin, O.C. 99th Manitoba Rangers.

Officer for the week ending April 4, 1914, Captain W. W. Donaldson; next for duty, Captain W. J. Creelman; orderly officer Lieutenant Whitehead; next for duty, Lieutenant Lamontagne.

Promotions and appointments.—To be Major vice the late Major J. Clark, Captain J. Kirkaldy, to be pay-master, Sergeant, Sergeant Gazanna; to be orderly room sergeant, Richard Mansard.

The course of squad drills will be completed on April 1st. Officers commanding companies are requested to see that all section and squad commanders are thoroughly exercised with the words of command. Commencing Wednesday April 8, company drills will be continued until further orders, weekly.

A lecture will be given at the Army lecture room Friday 8 p.m., dress, multi.

Any man failing to attend parades without reasonable excuse is liable to be struck off the strength of the regiment.

C. BLAKE, Adjut. 99th Man. Range.

Squadron orders for the "C" Squadron, 12th Man. Dragoons.

Commencing on Monday April 6, drill will be held every week till further notice. All non-commissioned ranks must attend these drills. Each man's attendance record will be kept and consideration given thereto when promotions are made at camp.

J. McLAREN (Major), O.C. "C" Squadron, 12th Man. Dragoons.

The regular drill of the 21st Cavalry Field Ambulance will be held in the Armory tomorrow at 8 o'clock. It is important that all men attend as First Aid Lectures are being conducted.

Signed: ARTHUR MAYBEE, Capt. and Adj., XXI. C.F.A.

JIM THORPE WILL LIKELY BE BASEBALL SENSATION

ROUND THE WORLD TRIP HAS BROUGHT OUT QUALITIES THAT WERE UNKNOWN

Jim Thorpe, Indian athlete, promises to be the most sensational baseball player of 1914.

The astonishing advances made by this famous athlete in baseball have furnished managers, owners, players and experts with an object lesson that threatens to overturn a lot of the traditions of the national game, and compel a radical change in existing and accepted methods.

If Thorpe keeps the promise he has given during the fall and winter, it will be a triumph for John McGraw far greater than the winning of a world's championship could be, and it will make him the greatest man of baseball—of all time. It will be a triumph for McGraw's method of developing baseball players.

Thorpe is the greatest athlete in the world. He has proved it at almost every style and kind of going. He won the all-around championship during the Olympic games. He had played some baseball but was only a mediocre player, and a wretched hitter in school and in the little team with which he played and professionalized himself.

When the New York team signed Thorpe to play baseball it looked to many as if New York was merely putting over a press agent scheme. Thorpe earned his salary last season in the ad-

vertising he gave the team. But McGraw evidently had other ideas. There is one thing about McGraw. If he has faith in a player he will stick to him longer than any other manager would. He calculated that Thorpe could run faster, throw harder, jump further and higher, and was stronger than any athlete in the world. With that material he set out to make a real baseball player.

Thorpe was an awkward fielder, erratic, a lunging, hard swinging, uncertain batter, and he had most of the faults that would be considered fatal in young players. McGraw kept him while almost any other manager would have fired him as a hopeless prospect before the training trip was ended. All last summer McGraw worked patiently with the Indian and watched him. He was satisfied. Thorpe, he discovered, also had brains, and the Indian was studying, watching the actions of others and adapting himself to certain methods of others.

Then the round-the-world trip started. Thorpe had the opportunity of watching different kinds of ball players, and he suddenly cut loose and commenced to execute the things he had seen the famous players do. The playing of the Indian has proved the sensation of the tour, and the old players en route homeward now are writing wonderful stories of the Indian's ability to play the game and declare he probably will "set the league afire."