Latest News From Far and Near

IN THE WIDE WORLD OF SPORT

Well-Written and Breezy Gossip

The Thistle Curlers Elect for the Season

The annual meeting of the Thistle Club was held last evening, and the officers for the coming season elected. Mr. Warren Thompson was elected president, and R. D. McDonald vice-president.

The officers elected were as follows: Honorary president, Robert Reid; president, W. W. Thompson; vice-president; R. D. McDonald; secretary-treasurer, R. W. Glover; chaplain, Rev. James Livingstone; executive committee, W. F. Boughner, S. D. Swift, Wm. Fulton, Alf. Talbot, C. M. R. Graham; rink committee, John Purdom, Walter Bartlett, James Burnett; representatives to O. C. A., W. Fulton, Fred Purdom; representative to W. O. C. A., D. M. Govenlock; representative to Colts' League, A. M. Heaman; chairman membership committee, L. J. Walker; club games committee, A. Tory, A. Tune, James Burnett, A. M. Heaman, J. Houston and A. E. Barbour.

MR. WARREN THOMPSON,
The Newly-Elected President of the Ever-Popular Thistle Club.

DERBY DEFEATED BY THE KIDDERS

Watterworth's Bowlers Win Three Straight Games at the Ideal Alleys.

The "Kidders" under Capt. Benny Watterworth won three straight games from Kenny Murray's "Derbies" on the Ideal bowling alleys last night.

The games were the most interesting of the series so far. In the second the Kidders only had one pin to the good, while in the third Capt. Watterworth's three successive strikes won for his team by 21 points. Capt. Watterworth also had high average.

The boys seemed to be bothered some by the new pins, and many bowls that looked "good" left some up.

The spectators are increasing in number at every game.

The score:

Kidders.	1st.	2nd.	3rd.	Total.
Chittick	122	145	152	419
Lashbrook	139	96	161	396
Ward	142	137	110	389
Ross	160	136	160	456
Watterworth	168	163	189	520
Totals	731	677	772	2,180

Derbies.	1st.	2nd.	3rd.	Total.
Smith	157	160	190	507
McIntosh	123	123	155	401
Robinson	133	137	122	392
Connors	135	124	142	401
Murray	134	132	142	408
Totals	682	676	751	2,109

Cubs vs. Hermits tonight.

LARRY PIPER IS BACK HOME

The Coast Players Say Davey Drohan Will Make Good in St. Louis.

Toronto, Nov. 18.—Larry Piper, the Toronto ball player, who was sold a couple of months ago by Winnipeg to San Francisco for $1,000, is back home for the winter. Piper made good in the California League, and before leaving for home, the management proffered him a contract for next year, which Piper has not yet signed. Piper played the outfield for 'Frisco, and his speed on the bases was the sensation of the league. He batted .290 and fielded about .965.

A field day was held during the post-season exhibition series, and Larry won the around-the-bases' competition in 14 seconds. He also won the 50-yard sprint. He was matched to meet Blakeship, the speedy Washington catcher, in the same two events last Sunday during a benefit game, and again won both.

Manager Chance, of the Chicago Cubs, world's champions, played a couple of games in the exhibition series with 'Frisco, and Piper is high in his praise of the Cub leader. "It's no wonder they play ball for Chance," said Larry. "He's one of the best fellows I ever met on a ball field."

Several coast players live in 'Frisco, and they assured Piper that Davey Drohan, the Toronto boy who has been signed by St. Louis, will make good in the big league. Drohan has developed great speed on the bases, and beat out bunt hits in a manner that surprised the coast fans.

The season in California lasts from March to November, and this season Piper took part in 186 games.

WHY THIRTEEN IS UNLUCKY.

It is usually stated that the superstitious objection to sitting thirteen at a table in Christian countries was based on the fact of the last supper, when Christ and his twelve disciples sat down to eat together, immediately before the Saviour was seized by his enemies.

But in the Norse mythology, which is supposed to antedate the introduction of Christianity among the Northmen, we find the superstition referred to the fact that at a banquet of the Gods, Loki, the spirit of mischief, intruded himself, making thirteen at the table, wherefore there was a fight, and Balder, a young hero especially loved by all the gods, was killed. For the fact is the objection to this number seems to have existed even before Christianity. Among the Turks the number is so disliked and feared that it is never even named; with the Aztecs, the aborigines of Mexico, it was believed to have magic power, and a like fancy has been found in other Indian tribes.

Among the ignorant blacks of the south the fear of this number in any connection is actually absurd, but whether they have borrowed this idea from their imperfect knowledge of Christianity, or whether it is a survival of the Voodoo worship of their ancestors, it is impossible to say, for the superstition has a strong hold everywhere, even among those who should know better than to be swayed by it. In Italy it is never used in making up the numbers of the favorite lotteries, and in Paris it is omitted in numbering the houses on the streets.—The Housekeeper.

THREE STRAIGHT FOR WARD TWO

Capt. Millson's Bowlers Are Defeated Three Straight at Liberal Club.

Captain Millson's Ward 1 bowling cracks were defeated three straight by the Ward 2 team last night, at the Liberal Club alleys. The score:

Ward 2.

Cooper	122	147	149
Oliver	198	129	157
Wagner	85	107	122
Capt. Lashbrook	173	165	143
	752	721	753

Ward 1.

Beech	110	116	139
Leathorn	101	123	95
Garside	167	159	98
Trebilcock	123	96	82
Capt. Millson	109	119	127
	610	613	541

PRES. SULLIVAN ON LONGBOAT

Replies to Flanagan's Defense and Declares the Indian Is a Professional.

New York, Nov. 18. — The following statement has been made by J. E. Sullivan, president of the A. A. U., with regard to the suspension of Tom Longboat, of the Irish-Canadian A. C., of Toronto:

"The time and energy of a few who are interested financially in running athletic events, and particularly in the money that is being made out of Longboat, is being wasted in trying to show what a much-abused man Tom Longboat is. They say that Longboat is an ignorant and poor boy. If Longboat is a poor and ignorant boy, then he is one of the cutest footracers we have had for a long while. He and his managers have been continually getting the coin, and the weak attempt of Longboat's and Flanagan's brother's friends in this district to show that Longboat is an amateur is useless, for Longboat will never run as an amateur in the United States unless the present officials of the A. A. U. are eliminated from the amateur ranks.

Always a Pro.

"Longboat has been a professional from the time he began his athletic career. He has always been in the hands of a manager, who got all there was for him, and the records prove that he endeavored to hold up the Pastime A. C. and the Irish-American A. C. the first year that he appeared as an amateur.

"The Amateur Athletic Union now has pretty positive evidence that the race at Buffalo on Labor Day was paid for, as all other Longboat races are. Who gets the money is a mystery.

"The Montreal A. A. A. have made a thorough investigation into his affairs in Montreal. They find that his mode of earning his living is uncertain, that he is taken from town to town by the brother of John Flanagan, who is an amateur in New York City, with bands and carriages and silk hats. If this is amateurism, then we don't want amateurism of that kind in the United States.

For and Against.

"The latest one to come to the defense of Longboat and his methods is Howard Valentine, who was an amateur. Mr. Howard Valentine defends Longboat, and says that it is refreshing to find a man who has finally come forward and offered two thousand dollars if Longboat will run as an amateur for five years.

"In connection with his defense of Longboat, Mr. Valentine makes the following charge over his own signature: 'In the opinion of athletic followers who know a thing or two, Longboat has just as much right in the simon pure ranks as half the men who win A. A. U. titles in this country.'

Olympic Men.

"This is indeed a serious charge. Athletic followers know just what kind of an amateur Longboat is, and when Valentine over his own signature announces that Longboat is just as much a simon pure athlete, and has just as much right to compete as an amateur as half of the men who won A. A. U. titles in this country, then it is time for the registration committee to get busy.

"Mr. Valentine knows what is going on, and is in a position to give the committee some very valuable information. Will the registration committee call Mr. Valentine before them and insist that he tell them all he knows about the Longboats that are winning titles in this country? When the team goes to England in 1908 we don't want any Longboats on it, or anyone that resembles him in an amateur athletic way.

After Fat Expenses.

"All of this Longboat talk is the work of a professional manager. Mr. John Flanagan's brother is now Longboat's manager, and nothing would please Mr. John Flanagan's brother better than to have Longboat's status as an amateur established, so that he could run in New York City as an amateur, and get some good expense money. I don't think it will ever appeal to the governing body of the Amateur Athletic Union of the United States to accept Longboat as an amateur, and it looks now as though Longboat will remain a professional athlete in Canada, where his acts are appreciated by the Canadin A. A. U., who are simply afraid to disqualify him.

Some Charges.

"The charge is made that Longboat received a sum of money from a Toronto paper, and it has never been denied. It is also charged that he ran races at Buffalo for money, and it has never been denied. Longboat is a fine specimen of an amateur for anyone to waste their time on.

"Mr. Robert Edgren published over his own signature a statement that Longboat's trainer told him that he ran all kinds of races at country fairs for money, and Mr. Edgren has never denied this.

"Mr. Longboat will certainly have a hard time trying to establish his amateur status in order to run as an amateur in the United States, and it is the way that the Canadian A. A. U. has caused it to be the laughing-stock has handled Longboat's affairs that of the world."

MANY WOULD ENTER INTERMEDIATE O. H. A.

Secretary I. A. Bernhardt of the Preston Club wrote as follows to Secretary Hewitt of the O. H. A. today:

"Providing Berlin and Galt play senior O. H. A., we would like to enter the same series, but if these towns play intermediate, we would do likewise."

Lindsay has entered an intermediate team in the O. H. A.

Port Hope entered intermediate and junior teams in the O. H. A.

The Hespeler club applied today for permission to enter a team in the intermediate series of the O. H. A.

A junior team was entered from Belleville.

Alliston entered a team in the intermediate series.

Picton entered a team today in the junior O. H. A.

Woodstock put a junior team in the O. H. A. today.

Sturgeon Falls entered an intermediate team in the O. H. A.

Newmarket entered two teams, intermediate and junior.

The new executive committee of the O. H. A. will meet at an early date to arrange the districts. Clubs desiring to be grouped are requested to send in their fees, with suggestions for grouping as soon as possible to the secretary, W. A. Hewitt, Daily Star, Toronto.

"MRS. BEN-HUR."

The death of the widow of Gen. Lew Wallace recalls one of those rare friendships that exist, sometimes, beween a literary man and his wife. Mrs. Wallace was almost a worshiper of her husband, whose courtship and married life with her were ideal. Susan Wallace was herself a writer of both prose and verse, but she relegated her own work to an unimportant place for the sake of his. It is said of Mrs. Wallace that she cherished every scrap of paper inscribed with any word of her husband's. "Ben-Hur" remained to her to the last an inspired document, and the "Autobiography," the latter quarter of which was the work of Mrs. Wallace after the death of her husband, she would allow no hand to touch but her own. A privileged visitor to Mrs. Wallace's home relates how he was shown the volume of "Ben-Hur" turned down upon the table exactly as the old general had left it, with near by his pipe and bag of tobacco. This spirit of loving regard never failed her husband, who pays the most charming tributes to her in his "Autobiography," among them this:

"Her faith in me began with the beginning, when I was unknown and uncertain of myself, and the world all too ready to laugh at my attempts. Her gentle soul has bent me to her wishes, but always for my good and always so deftly that I was as one blind to the domination. My temper has never been so hot she could not lay it. All that I am is owing to her."

It is no wonder that such a woman should be addressed in the letter of a friend as "Dear Mrs. Ben-Hur."—Exchange.

GOSSIP OF THE HARNESS HORSES—BREEDER STREETER GETS RESULTS WITH NO SIRE ON FARM OF HIS OWN—LIST OF GOOD 2:10 TROTTERS

Some years ago when in one of the slow class trots at Lexington Peter V. Johnston, driving Lady Katherine, made Dr. Strong go in 2:12 to beat her a head the old timers, knowing Johnston had retired a decade before that after standing for years at the head of his profession, commented on the fact that a high class horse brings almost any man back to the game.

But Johnston explained he was not training trotters again, except as they happened to be bred by D. D. Streeter, of Kalamazoo, Mich., and as Mr. Streeter was known to have only three brood mares the wise boys never expected to see Johnston again, knowing he would not go out with a trotter unless the nag had grand circuit form, and arguing that a man with three brood mares would not be apt to breed another grand circuit trotter during the present century.

But Mr. Streeter has fooled the critics by turning out two really wonderful trotters in Peter the Great and Icon. The former was as nearly a double Kentucky Futurity winner as a horse may be and not do the trick, forcing the winner of the two-year-old division to lower the record of the race to 2:14 and beating her back as a three-year-old in 2:12¼, later putting 2:07¼ to his credit, and then siring two high class trotters in Sadie Mac, 2:11½ as a three-year-old and 2:06¼ at 5, and Icon, 2:10 in her first season. Also Peter the Great was the first Kentucky Futurity winner to sire a colt able to take down first money in that event.

More Peaches in Basket.

This year, when Icon, a daughter of Peter, won two races at Lexington and showed the ability to go three times better than 2:10, it was admitted that for a man with only two brood mares whose produce he had raced, Mr. Streeter held the record. Then, to show there were more peaches in the basket, a Streeter two-year-old pacer out of a daughter of the mare which produced Peter the Great, took a record of 2:18¼.

Mr. Streeter, who builds railroads in all parts of the land and breeds trotters for recreation, came from Montana to see Icon win at Lexington, and told me an interesting tale of the two broodmares from which he has produced so much racehorse speed. Santos, dam of Peter the Great, he bought because her sire, Grand Sentinel, was by a brother to Volunteer, a horse whose get were great race winners, while her dam, Shadow, had produced four trotters with records of 2:30 or better, a wonderful showing in these days.

Mr. Streeter decided to breed the mare to whatever stallions seemed to him the best blood lines and speed considered, and she was sent in turn to Pilot Medium, Ambassador, Spottswooh, Chimes, Bingen, Todd, and Maxworthy. All are famous, except Spottswood and Maxworthy, the former a son of Nutwood and the last named by Axworthy, out of Nyanza, 2:12¾, by Robert McGregor. From the foals thus secured have come, to date, the trotters Peter the Great, 2:07¼, by Pilot Medium; Chimes of Normandy, 2:16¼, by Chimes; Episode, 2:18, by Ambassador, and Barzaleel, 2:23¼, by Spottswood.

Showing Is Remarkable.

Not only is this a remarkable exhibit in numbers, for one mare, but Peter the Great has shown himself such a remarkable sire there is no question about his branch of the family being prominent, while Anvil Chorus, a daughter of Chimes and Santos, foaled in 1901, has produced Thespian, two-year-old pacing record 2:18¼, and as this mare has two full sisters, Chimes of Normandy, foaled in 1900, and Nautilus, foaled in 1903, there is every reason to believe the daughters of Santos will produce plenty of speed. This is the more likely because the old mare' four 2:30 or better trotters are by four different sires, and those sires represent four different strains of blood which run to Rysdyk's Hambletonian through Happy Medium, George Wilkes, Electioneer, and Alexander's Abdallah; and incidentally it may be said to other four sons of the old horse are equally prominent as sires.

That their dams were of totally different blood from each other indicates the potency and plasticity of the blood of Santos, and the further fact that the dam of Happy Medium was better bred than the dam of either of the other three stallions, that she was a high class trotter, both at a mile and over a distance of ground, and that the dam of Pilot Medium was a record trotter should not be overlooked when the manifest superiority of Peter the Great over the other foals of Santos is considered.

Mating of General Interest.

Santos produced by Chimes the mares, Chimes of Normandy, 2:16¼; Anvil Chorus (dam of Thespian, 2:18¼, pacing at 2 years) and Nautilus. The latter will be mated with Great Heart, that sired Wilkes Heart, 2:07¼. Thelm, and other 2:10 trotters, while Chimes of Normandy will produce in 1908 to Baronmore, sire of Futurity winners. The dam of Thespian, which colt is by Direct Hal, 2:04¼, is to be sent to Jay McGregor, a wonderful sire of early speed at the trot and pace.

This mating will interest students of blood lines, as Jay McGregor is by Jayhawker, whose dam was by Grand Sentinel, sire of Santos. After trying Pilot Medium, Ambassador, Spottswood, and Chimes, by each of which she produced a 2:24 or better trotter, Santos was sent to Moko, and in 1905

Continues on Page Four.

WORK OF WAGNER AND COBB COMPARED

The Official Averages, Just Issued, Afford Some Interesting "Dope."

The prediction, made last week, that Ty Cob would be the batting champion of the world when Ban Johnson's official averages were printed, was fulfilled yesterday morning. The Georgian flyer leads Hans Wagner by just two points. A comparison of the work of the Pittsburg Dutchman and the Dixie lad is interesting.

In 142 games Wagner was at bat 515 times and got 98 runs and 180 hits. In 150 games Cobb was at bat 605 times and got 97 runs and 212 hits. Wagner got 38 two-baggers and Cobb got 29. Wagner made 14 three-sackers, while Tyrus made 15. Wagner made 6 home runs, while Tyrus made 5. Wagner's average was .350, while the Georgian's was .352. Ty got 12 sacrifice hits against 14 by Wagner. Ty stole 49 bases and Wagner secured 61.

It was in base-stealing alone that the wonderful Pittsburg Dutchman excelled Cobb to any great extent. But Hans is the seasoned star. Cobb did not start on his remarkable base pilfering record until the season was well under way. It was midsummer before he fully realized his ability to time the pitcher and catcher.

The most remarkable part of the averages is shown by the work of the Tiger outfield. The Detroit team made in all 693 runs in winning the championship. Of these Cobb made 97, Crawford made 102 and Davy Jones 101. Crawford leads the league with Davy second and Ty third. This is almost one-half of the scores made.

Ty Cobb led the league in base-stealing, but few fans ever stop to think what this youth suffered to win that honor. Half the time during the season his sides were bruised and raw from sliding. The writer was in the clubhouse one day when he was taking off his uniform. The new skin that had just formed over an ugly red spot on his thigh had been torn open and blood trickled from the sore. He had no sliding pads on.

"Why don't you wear pads?" was asked, in amazement.

"I do, once in a while," he said, his face twisted in pain, "but the blame things retard my speed."

Proof of just how much he was all in before the start of that world series is shown by a little incident in Washington. These big bruises and cuts were causing him such pain he found it difficult to walk. Yet it was not until he fell, suffering so that he could not rise to his feet, that his true condition was learned.

It was toward the close of one of those games upon which every Tiger seemed willing to stake his very existence. The "kid," as his admirers call him, had sent a chopping single toward throw and beat the throw to first with a burst of speed. He stole second and struggled to his feet holding his side. Jennings yelled to him to leave the game, but he growled and shook his head—then stole third. To do so he had to slide, and he again came up slowly, as though the task were almost too much for him.

Coughlin was at bat. The good Bill lammed one right at third and Cobb saw that he was caught off the sack. He began jockeying up and down the base line to give Coughlin a chance to advance. He sidestepped Shipke and Bill was at second tearing for third. Ty dodged, twisted and turned with the entire infield chasing him. Coughlin had made third, and Cobb was within three feet of the plate. The Senators in their hurry lost the ball. It rolled far away from the plate. But Ty had fallen. He struggled to gain his feet, but could not. He reached out desperately to touch the rubber and score just one more run, but Warner had recovered the lost ball and touched him. The Dixie Demon sat there throwing dust for a while, then managed to get up. He was not allowed to play again that day.

Tigers tell another story of the spirit with which Cobb fought his way to the top. Opposition only sharpened his wits and made him play harder. Tyrus loves a fight. It was in New York early last year. Moriarity was playing first and Chase was hurt. Laporte was playing third. Cob took advantage of the combination and went from first to third on a sacrifice hit.

After the game he was in the New York clubhouse getting a drink of water. He heard Clark Griffith scolding away at Moriarity and Laporte.

"Fine bunch you are," he kept saying, "letting that fresh kid show you up; a fine pack of bush leaguers."

"He won't do it again," said Moriarity.

"Let him start something tomorrow," growled Laporte, in an ugly mood.

They didn't see Cobb, and he quietly left the place. On the way back to the city he told the Tigers of it.

"Watch me tomorrow," he said.

Twice in the next game he pulled off this sensational play, and both times by a desperate slide he reached the sack ahead of Moriarity's throw.

Sammy Crawford was out at the park the other day, looking it over with a smile of satisfaction.

"They'll be some hitting here next year," he said. "There'll be no fences to send the ball bouncing back into the fielders' hands."

This means that the long-range hitters of the Detroit team will have a merry chance to swell their percentage during the season to come. For many a long-range hit last year and in other seasons was sent crashing against that right field fence, only to bound back, to be grabbed by the garden man and turned into a single.

And still the trade talk continues. There is already looming up another big deal of some kind. St. Louis is still unsatisfied with its team, wanting a first-sacker. Unglaub is the man they are after. St. Louis has nothing that the Taylors seem to want very badly, and Jimmy McAleer is fishing for another three-cornered deal of some kind.

Cleveland is going to try the anti-booze clause in contracts next year, in an effort to keep some of its drinking players sober. It's a bad proposition. If you tell a man he can't have a thing, and that you don't trust him, he's bound to want the thing you say he can't have, and not being trusted, he'll have mighty few scruples when it comes to getting it.

Detroit tried the anti-booze clause one year and it didn't work satisfactorily. If a player is human and is given a square deal by a manager, he likes, no restrictions are needed.

TOSELLI'S DIGNITY.

Florence, Nov. 19.—Enrico Toselli, the Italian pianist who last September was married to Countess Montignoso, divorced wife of King Frederick August of Saxony, recently received an offer to give a series of concerts in Warsaw, Russian Poland. He accepted, but when the condition was made that Signora Toselli should be present at his recitals Signor Toselli replied that his dignity will not allow him to have his wife appear in public. The manager then broke the contract.

RECORDS MADE ON THE BORDER

New Marks This Year in the Races Under A. A. U. Sanction.

A full list of the new American records created by athletes of the Amateur Athletic Union and its affiliated bodies follows:

900-yard run—M. W. Sheridan, Irish-American A. C., at Celtic Park, Sept. 1. Time, 2:01 4-5.

Four-mile run—George V. Bonhag, Irish-American A. C., at Twenty-second Regiment Armory, New York, Feb. 23. Time, 20:11 1-5.

Boston A. A. Marathon race of 25 miles approximately—Thomas Longboat, Canada, at Boston, April 19. Time, 2:24:20 4-5.

100-yard low hurdle race—S. C. Northbridge, Irish American A. C., at Thirteenth Regiment Armory, Brooklyn. Mar. 30. Time, :12 1-5.

Pole vault for height—W. R. Dray, Yale University, at New Haven, May 18. Height, 12 feet 5½ inches.

16-pound hammer throw—M. P. McGrath, New York A. C., at Montreal, Canada, Sept. 21. Distance, 173 feet, 7 inches.

8-pound shotput—Ralph Rose, Olympic Club, San Francisco, at Travers' Island, Sept. 14. Distance, 67 feet, 7 inches.

12-pound shotput—Ralph Rose, Travers' Island, Sept. 14. Distance, 55 feet 11¾ inches.

14-pound shotput—Ralph Rose, Travers' Island, Sept. 14. Distance 51 feet 6⅜ inches.

16-pound shotput—Ralph Rose, at Montreal, Sept. 21. Distance, 49 feet 7¼ inches.

18-pound shotput — Ralph Rose, Travers' Island, Sept. 14. Distance, 40 feet 3⅜ inches.

21-pound shotput—Ralph Rose, Travers' Island, Sept. 14. Distance, 40 feet 3⅜ inches.

28-pound shotput—Ralph Rose, at Travers' Island, Sept. 14. Distance, 34 feet, 5⅜ inches.

Throwing 56-pound weight—J. J. Flanagan, Irish-American A. C., at Norfolk, Va., Sept. 7. Distance, 38 feet, 8 inches.

Throwing the discus—Martin J. Sheridan, Irish-American A. C., at Celtic Park, June 28. Distance 136 feet 10 inches.

STEAMER REGULUS AGROUND.

New York, Nov. 19.—The steamer Regulus, bound from Louisburg, N. S., fo New York, with lumber, came ashore during the night in the fog and rain, near the Belleport life-saving station, 20 miles east of Fire Island. Captain Wakeman is in command of the steamer, which has a crew of 18 men. Not much of a sea is running this morning, so that the steamer is in no immediate danger. The crew remained aboard, and are throwing the cargo overboard in an attempt to float the steamer. Wrecking tugs have been asked for.

TAYLOR WITH THE WANDERERS

The Much-Talked-Of Hockey Star Has Arrived in Montreal.

Montreal, Nov. 19.—Rumors about a possible amalgamation between Wanderers and Montreal continue to be circulated. Ernie Russell when asked said: "There are rumors, but I do not know anything positive. Will I play Wanderers?"

"Well, I cannot say just now, but I do know that Taylor, formerly of the Houghton, Mich., International professional team, has arrived to play with the Wanderers. Taylor arrived Saturday and will play cover point. He is a husky boy and will get a pretty good salary from them."

Some of the Montreal people say that the Wanderers are anxious to amalgamate on account of their financial difficulty, but Mr. Jas. Strachan says that as far as he is concerned every obligation the Wanderers have from a financial point of view was taken up. Amongst the various rumors was one to the effect that the Nationals was anxious to amalgamate with Montreal to get an entrance into the league.

NAME, PLEASE!

Tudor Jenks, the author of many bits of humorous verse and prose, has always had difficulty on first meeting people in getting them to accept his name as his own. They insist on regarding it as a rather odd pseudonym. The other day, in front of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, Mr. Jenks was an involuntary witness to a fight between two cabdrivers. The men were promptly arrested and Mr. Jenks was haled to court with them to tell what he had seen. The police magistrate was elderly, gruff and short-tempered.

"What is your name?" asked the lawyer.

"Tudor Jenks."

"Once more, please."

"Tudor Jenks."

A sharp rap from the court, and this explosively:

"Witness will stop making a funny noise and give his name!"—Saturday Night.

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