

BRANTFORD DAILY COURIER.

SECOND SECTION

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PAGES SEVEN TO TEN

THE COURIER'S COMPLETE SPORTING PAGE

All Sorts

By WALT MASON

Some men are spare and others wear two hundred pounds of tallow; some minds are deep and knowledge keep, and other minds are shallow. Some men behave like Solons grave, and some are sports and friskers; some will not wear the facial hair, and others have long whiskers. It takes all kinds of men and minds to make the world we dwell in; it is not wise to criticize, or of their faults be yellin'. You loaf in town and say that Brown is like dumb driven cattle; that old man Jones is naught but bones, and you can hear him rattle; you roast old Jinks because he drinks, and jeer at all your neighbors; you ought to stop that sort of yawp, and take up useful labors. Yes, brother, halt, until no fault in you can be discovered; some folks may say that you're a jay, swayed and chicken-livered. The Lord made Jack and Ben and Zach, and lion and hyena, and as we're built we toil and tilt around this world's arena. Because I'm squat shall I throw shot at lads who're tall and slender? Shall they assure me I'll be poor till grease is legal tender? All men have faults who graveward waltz, a trail of sins behind 'em; but we, with zest, should seek the best, and take men as we find 'em.



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Football Clubs Hold Meetings Last Night

Dufferin Team Picked—Sons of England and All Scots Hold Enthusiastic Gatherings

At a meeting of the Dufferin Ride Football Club last night the following was the team selected to play against the Westinghouse on Good Friday. Dufferin, goal; Wiley, Martin, backs; Bingham, Harris, Myring, Cook, Malbur, Cole, Mercer, Corp; Hutchinson; reserves, Scanlon, George; linesman, Fred Davis, late of Sheffield United, England. The teams will clash at 3 p.m. at Agricultural Park, and at night indoor football will be played at the Armories.

Sons of England.
The Sons of England football team held a meeting in the store of Roberts and Van-Lane last night and a jolly lot of chaps were present. Among those on hand were: D. Sleeth, J. Clay, W. Holmes, W. Smith, J. Smith, H. Arthur, A. Johnson, E. Clark, H. Sleeth, L. Mears, W. Mitchell, J. Mitchell, J. Mathias, H. Viney, F. Castle, J. Stewart, H. Stewart, H. Kopsch, A. Harris, H. P. Harner, Fred Lee, E. Biggs, S. Frid. The chairman of the evening was D. Sleeth and he is to be congratulated for the manner in which he hustled through the business. Secretary L. Mears read the minutes of the previous meeting which were adopted.

The membership committee composed of Messrs. Mears, Kopsch, Holmes and Lee presented their report, and on motion of F. Briggs, seconded by W. Smith same was adopted.

It was decided to have membership cards printed and offered for sale. The secretary read a letter from the Cocksfoot Football Club offering them the use of their club rooms for their exhibition game on Good Friday.

The line up of the players for the

In Big Leagues

The Boston Nationals have disposed of Recruit Schwind to San Antonio under an optional agreement.

Manager Connie Mack has taken on for a tryout a semi-pro outfielder named Stevenson who hails from Minneapolis.

Buddy Ryan has been delayed in reporting to the Naps at Pensacola because of an operation for an abscess in his ear. He is now all right again.

Catcher Carrigan of the Red Sox has bought another three story building in Auburn, Me. Another world's series and he will be the biggest property holder in Maine.

John Dube is one of the few players this spring who get contracts called for more than one year's service. His contract is for two years.

Last year Manager Clark Griffith would not waive on anything offered in the American League. This year he was the first to waive on Clyde Engle when the Red Sox put him on the market.

Larry Cheney's new contract with the Cubs is for three years. For that period at least the Oklahoma inter-urban line in which he holds stock will have to run without his close superintendence.

The Boston Red Sox have sent Pitcher Benny Ban Dyke, of whom much was expected last fall, back to Worcester of the New England League. He had but one real trial and that was in a game against the Browns.

Two great New Yorkers are agreed upon one thing: Josh Devore and Frank Chance both pick the first division standing in the National League race alike. New York, Pittsburgh, Cincinnati and Chicago.

Bill Steele of the St. Louis Cardinals is reported to have admitted he did not try to pitch for Bresnahan last year because he was sore over a bawling-out. A case for the National Commission or Horace Fogel, which?

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SPORTING COMMENT

By FREE LANCE

Once more arises the statistician who figures out the odd angles of baseball. His latest research has to do with Joe Wood of Boston who was such an important factor in the Red Sox triumphing over the Giants in the world's series. I quote from these statistics:

Wood pitched in forty three games last season. At \$7,500 a year, that would mean about \$172.09 a game. He pitched 344 innings, averaging eight innings to a game. That would be about \$21.80 an inning. Not being quite so old for his steady as Walter Johnson, Wood wastes more balls and more energy than does Johnson. While the "Terrible Swede" pitches from about 20 to 100 balls in a game of nine innings, "Smookey" Joe goes him about 10 better on an average. While no statistics have been kept you will find Wood averaging some twelve balls to an inning. So you see Joe Wood will be paid \$1.82 every time he hurls the horsehide in a regular game of baseball this year—always assuming that the \$7,500 story is true. In other words Wood threw the ball from 4,000 to 4,200 times last season, and for probably just about the same work he is credited with receiving \$7,500 this year, to say nothing of perquisites, as there's plenty of easy money when you only know how to get it.

If you were looking for comedy and a horse laugh you'd hunt for them almost anywhere rather than in the annual reports of the National Commission wouldn't you? Those

grave and business-like documents do not appeal to you as being especially diverting do they? And yet, if you will take time to go through those nicely printed pages you can get giggles enough to put fat all over your ribs. Some of the things that athletes do—and that ball clubs do—are really rich and calculated to rouse hilarity in the heart of a Siberian porcupine.

We will mention no definite names but we will take for example, the pathetic case of the St. Louis major league club versus the Unspoken Club of Far-off (minor) League, concerning monties mixed up over Player Gogtopf. According to the woeful plaint of the major team it purchased Player Gogtopf from the lesser club, paid many doubloons for his release, sent him much money to bring him across the continent, and then waited his arrival. Kept on waiting too for many days. At last, when May was wails the major club, the player "re-ported at the park in a condition of marked inebriety."

Being shocked and horrified at such awful conduct the manager told the inebriated one to go chase himself. The inebriated individual deciding that the order was final, thereupon vanished, and has not since been visible. Now the major club maintains that the lesser club should give back the money; and the little club declares that the athlete was not in a hilarious condition at the time he left the smaller city, therefore, the money was rightly earned.

Now turn we to the case of Player Skates, whom the Smokio Club of the major league sold to the Terrot club of the Nearby (minor) League. Very gravely the Commission states that the Terrot Club was to pay Player Skates \$100 monthly beans; that Player Skates one day when the team was short of men, declared that Smokio releasing him, had assured him his stipend was to be \$100, and that he accordingly would hold up the little team in the time of need. Unless they forthwith kicked in with the difference, up to date, they could go run to the river and do a Kellerman with their old ball team. So the little club makes uproar as to Player Skates; and Player Skates makes the reply that he wouldn't be short-changed—and the Commission, rising on its hind legs in wrath, expounds thusly:

"Player Skates is a son-of-a-gun on wheels. He is a bad young man who should be hung up by the toes. If he were not a very young player, who possibly knew no better, his punishment would be an awful one."

Nothing funny in all this, you say? Well, no—but listen. Small type, printed just below, the names of the Commission:

"Since this finding was made, the Commission has learned from Manager Park of the Smokio Club that Player Skates was, as he claimed, promised \$150, and that the statements made by Player Skates, therefore, were truthful ones."

Now let's look at the case of Player Mudcat. Player Mudcat wants salary for time off, claiming that he was disabled in the service of his club. He reached for a hot grounder, so he states, misjudged it, and got a badly injured leg. Pathetic till you read what the Commission says. The commission finds, through a certificate sent in by the doctor who attended Player Mudcat, that the young man was actually injured by a rock, the said rock being hurled by an indignant farmer whose melon patch Player Mudcat was then devastating. Wherefore the appeal of Player Mudcat is dismissed, and he is cautioned both against bearing false witness before the Commission, and against the devastation of melon patches not within the boundaries of the ball-yard.

And there is 50 other cases just as funny.

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Gossip of the Prize Ring

Now that the McFarland-Britton bout is a thing of the past let us congratulate Packey McFarland upon his sportsmanlike work both in and out of the ring. There are more congratulations coming to Packey than in some of the others concerned. In the first place several efforts to annoy and unnerve McFarland were made shortly before ring time. When Packey came to weigh in, according to the Boxing Commission's ruling, the opposing parties dared him to make a bet with them. Packey replied that he would not bet; that it was against his principle to bet on his fights, and that he never does bet. This should have settled the matter at once. But it didn't. The challenge was renewed time and time again, evidently for the purpose of getting his goat. Also the moment Packey had been weighed in by the inspector a loud howl arose and Britton's manager demanded that Packey weigh again, claiming that he was a pound heavier than the 140 recorded by the official. Of course it didn't make a particle of difference, as the ringside weighing had nothing to do with the match. The only stipulated weighing called for 137 pounds at 3 o'clock, and both boxers were under the weight. That too was intended to worry McFarland. Packey weighed just four

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WESTINGHOUSE FOOTBALL CHAMPIONS WHO PLAY HERE ON GOOD FRIDAY



The names of those in the group are as follows, reading from reader's left to right: Back row—D. Hogg, trainer; J. Malcolm, secretary; —Duntocher, D. Fitzpatrick, J. Aitken, J. McCrae, trainer. Second row—A. Wanda, left half-back; W. McCulloch, left back; John Newton, goalkeeper; H. Thombs, right back; A. Coombe, goalkeeper; J. Hunter, left half-back; D. Graham, left-half. Third row—Joe Newton, centre-half; J. Colquhoun, honorary vice-president; C. Phinn, honorary president; S. Moffat, president; T. Gardner, right half, captain. Front row—W. Glives, outside right; R. Wanda, inside right; W. Wilson, outside right; G. Houson, centre; S. Wilson, inside left; S. Farrant, inside left; A. E. (Tiny) Thombs, outside left. The cups are Nelson, Spectator, Ontario and Inter-City.

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