

**\$25,000 FOR TINKER, BREAKS BASEBALL RECORD**  
Chattering Charlie Herzog Traded to Cincinnati for Bob Bescher; Tinker Purchased by Brooklyn, While St. Louis and Pittsburgh Indulge in Big Free-for-All Trading Bee

Baseball magnates have changed the childhood game of "button, button, whose got the button?" to "star, star, whose got a star—to trade?" Trading star players is a popular



JOE TINKER, THE HIGHEST PRICED BALL PLAYER BASEBALL HAS PRODUCED.

AT THE EXTREME LEFT, "SPEEDY BOB" BESCHER, WHO WILL GREATLY INCREASE THE EFFECTIVENESS OF THE GIANTS' RUNNING ATTACK; THE MAN AT BAT IS ED KONETCHY, BELOW KONETCHY IS CHARLIE HERZOG, WHO WAS TRADED TO CINCINNATI BECAUSE HE WAS "TOO BRILLIANT" TO SUIT MCGRAW.

division to cork-pulling for the magnates in annual session. It relieves the monotony and shows the players where they stand.

On top of electing Governor Tener president, the National league swapped everything but its eye teeth—which are just being cut—and its franchise.

Harry Sherman started by selling Joe Tinker to Brooklyn for \$25,000, the highest price on record. Of the \$25,000 Tinker gets \$10,000 to compensate him for playing outside of the United States and a salary of \$7,500.

Thus three records were broken at one sitting—the highest price ever paid for an individual player; the highest salary ever paid a player for short-stopping and the fact that a magnate voluntarily gave away real money without being dynamited.

Incidentally, with this light shed upon

Joe's stipend, the income taxers will have a picnic.

Cincinnati also traded "Speedy Bob" Bescher to New York for Charlie Herzog, the only Giant who has dared admit he had brains—Herzog admitted it and proceeded to use them, which is the "why" of his being traded. Bescher, now the best base runner in the league, will be a terror under the McGraw system. Catcher Hartley was sentenced to Cincinnati for good measure.

St. Louis and Pittsburgh ran amuck. First Baseman Konetchy, Mike Mowry and Pitcher Bob Harmon go to Snoketown for First Baseman John Miller, Pitcher Robinson, Outfielder Wilson and Infielder Bytler.

It looks as if Miller Huggins had the best of the trade, but the answer will be better known along about next October, when the leaves begin to fall.

of the white heavyweights.

In other words, we would much prefer to see the title restored to the white race through honorable victory in the ring, than by the ravages of age and dissipation of the other fellows.

Still, everything considered, fight followers will hardly be mourning because of the obvious back-sliding of the negroes.

**Middleweight Still A Muddle**

The middleweight championship problem is no nearer solution now than it was twelve months ago. If the truth were known, it is very probable that the majority of the leading candidates for the title would find it impossible to make the so-called limit of 155 pounds, ring-side. Notably among those whom it is thought should be classified as light heavyweights are Eddie McGearty, Geo. Chip, Frank Klaus and Jack Dillon. Of the exact poundage of the last-named fighter, I am not positive, but it is no secret that negotiations for matches among the others named always brings to light the fact that none will consent to make the limit—the rules or, properly speaking, popular opinion demands for middleweight championship bouts.

A worthy successor to the late Stanley Ketchel has not yet been uncovered. Let us hope the year 1914 will treat the fans more kindly in this respect.

Of the welters probably Packy McFarland, Jack Britton and Mike Glover, the Boston boy, are the best. Mike Gibbons has grown too heavy to be considered, and we will have to rate him as a middleweight. McFarland and Britton much prefer to confine their operations among the lightweights, where their weight advantages make the going much easier.

Mike Glover may round into a real classy man with proper handling and coaching. At any rate he is not attempting to sail under false colors; and his recent splendid record entitles him to respectful consideration as one of the foremost candidates for the long vacated title of welterweight champion.

**Ritchie Is A Real Champion**  
Coming down to the lightweights it must be admitted that at last we have a champion who stacks up as the best boy who has graced that position in some years. Willie Ritchie has fought

only twice since defeating Ad Wolgas for the championship, but in both instances proved himself a worthy holder of the honors. His knockout of Joe Rivers, and decision on points over Leach Cross, unquestionably two of his most dangerous competitors for light-weight honors, were notable achievements.

Ritchie is the classiest champion the division has known since the days of Joe Gans, and the class of 1914 should find him perched safely at the top.

In the featherweight class Johnny Kilbane looks to be all alone. Had Johnny Dundee not outgrown the division he might have given the champion a hard battle to retain the premiership, but with him out of the way there doesn't appear to be a boy in sight who can give Kilbane an argument worth speaking of. Johnny outclasses the rest of the 122-pounders as far as Abe Attell did when that great fighter was at his best.

**Coulton Had A Rest**

Johnny Coulton has not fought in about a year. The bantam champion has been on the sick list a long time and it is doubtful whether he will be able to come back and successfully defend the title he has held so many years. At the present time he is matched to box some western boy, of whom little is known in these parts, and his showing in that match will determine his plans for the future.

Kid Williams, the Baltimore whirlwind, and Eddie Campi, the clever California youngster, Tim McGrath, who has been pursuing along, are matched to fight for the right to battle Coulton for the championship—in the event of the latter's return to form.

Williams is regarded in the east, where he has cleaned up all opposition, as the best boy of his weight in the country, and his grand record warrants his friends and supporters in predicting a great future for him. The "Kid" announces that he will wage a vigorous campaign to compel Coulton to meet him for the title, provided, of course, he defeats Campi decisively.

As both Williams and Campi are corking good bantams the outlook for Coulton's continued reign as champion of the bantams does not look as cheerful as it might. A number of experts have already gone on record as predicting Johnny's defeat in a match with either. But Coulton has no big kick coming. He has had his fling, and youth must be served. It is hoped however, that the champion recovers his form and will be able to get into condition to put up a battle in defense of his title. There would be little glory either for Williams or Campi in beating a sick boy.

**YALE'S ROWING POLICY**

New Haven, Jan. 2.—Official announcement is made at Yale of the policy to be followed by the recently selected triumvirate of crew coaches. Richard Armstrong '95 S., who was appointed as resident graduate in charge of rowing, "will act largely as an organizer, or diplomat, and will probably not take any active part in the coaching."

"His position will be graduate manager rather than active coach. The actual coaching will be done by Guy Nickalls, the English coach, assisted by coach Giannini of the New York A. C."

It is stated that Nickalls with Giannini believes in fitting the stroke to the material in hand rather than in attempting to reach something impossible, and is not, therefore, "prejudiced in favor of the English stroke." The belief is expressed that the combination will prove vastly superior to any single coach, as it will combine "the advantages of hyper-professional experience with graduate control."

## FAMOUS BASEBALL STAR PLAYS THE ANCIENT GAME

Cobb finds the little white ball harder to hit than Johnson's Twisters

New York, Jan. 2.—Once more a great bateman of baseball fame has become a golfer. It is no less a person than Tyros Cobb, of the Detroit team, in the American league, who shipped by countless thousands for his ability to hit the ball. Tyros, however, has been having his troubles hitting the little white sphere, which far more familiar than a baseball to the average welder of driver and iron. As it is not the nature of Tyros to be daunted by anything of a spherical shape, he has evolved a new plan of action, so the story goes.

Apparently becoming tired of digging up vast and unknown quantities of earth with his driver, Cobb has hit upon a scheme of having the golf ball pitched to him by his caddy. By this latest teeing up plan, his ability to obtain more home runs than he ever made in his life via the baseball route, except that in the distance it is not Tyros who does the running, rather his unfortunate caddy.

So it happens that the caddy bends low and pitches a ball after the fashion of a youngster attempting a skip stones over the surface of a sheet of water. He sends them swiftly at the American League batting champion, but, being low, Tyros is able to get in a good swipe at the ball, and thereupon sends it a mile or more. As a result, Tyros has joined Mathewson, Bender, Evers, and others, in declaring the royal and ancient game is a great affair, and that he intends to practice it more and more in the future. Seriously speaking, however, Cobb has learned to hit out a good drive without the aid of a caddy, and there are those who hope to see him among the entries for the open title some day.

Stories which have recently appeared to the effect that John J. McDermott, former American open champion, is a physical wreck, might be well contradicted, if the reader could have a glance present condition of the only American professional who ever finished fifth in the British open competition. McDermott is no longer ill, and several weeks ago resumed his duties at professional for the County Club of Atlantic City. His illness extended over a period of about two weeks, beginning at the time the tournament won by Fred Herreshoff was on over the seaside course.

In fact, McDermott is so much improved that he plans a trip thru the south with Michael J. Brady, of Wollaston, this winter, despite the fact that the redoubtable "Mack" will not go abroad in the spring, as he has done the last two seasons.

## 'GUNBOAT' IS FAVORITE

New York, Jan. 2.—A San Francisco despatch to the New York American says: Gunboat Smith's friends are betting 10 to 8 that their man will defeat Arthur Pelkey at Cofroth's Daily arena on New Year's day. The fact that the Junior encompasses a knockout at odd times has something to do with his being installed favorite, while the further fact that Pelkey is about the only "white hope" Smith has not earned a "decision" over has left it a doubt. Pelkey is a stranger to the local rings, however, and it is doubtful if the indorsement of all the experts, "railbirds" and wise heads generally of the field of pugilism will cause him to displace Gunboat as first choice.

The fact that Tommy Burns is singing Pelkey's praises as a fighter is not taken as reliable evidence that Arthur has not any of the earmarks of a world-beater. Burns is Pelkey's manager, and it is deemed quite natural for Tommy to boast his protégé at every opportunity. There is one point that those who are skeptical of Pelkey's ability want to keep in view, however, both Pelkey and Burns, well knowing that Gunboat Smith is the king-pin of all the white hopes at present, and a terrific puncher to boot, bent all their energies toward bringing about a Smith-Pelkey match.

Had Pelkey wished he might have arranged a score of bouts with no-account heavies on the strength of the advertising he received through the unfortunate affair with Arthur McCarthy. He did nothing of the kind. He set his cap at Gunboat, the most formidable man in sight, and throughout the arranging of terms for the event acts the part of a man earnestly desiring the match.

This is eloquent proof that Pelkey thinks he can defeat Smith, no matter what others think. It is also proof that Tommy Burns is of the same way of thinking.

## BOB STILL GAME

New York, Jan. 2.—Bob Fitzsimmons is disgusted with the heavyweight white hopes. After seeing Levinsky whip Coffey last night, Bob flourished a \$1,000 certified check, and stated he was willing to post it to box any white heavyweight boxer in the world. He says he is not too old to lick all the white aspirants for championship honors, and really means he can do so, he says, "lick the whole bunch of 'em."

**CHALLENGER A NEW TYPE**  
London, Jan. 2.—The Daily Telegraph learns that Sir Thomas Lipton's challenger will not be a more improved Shamrock, but a distinctly new type of vessel.

## THE GENTLE ART OF MAKING STARS

Leader of Giants Wants a Recruit to Start in With a Blank Mind and Learn All Over

How to become a big league ball player? Well, the less you remember about the game the better off you will be, said John J. ("Muggsy") McGraw to a sporting writer who put the question. What we want to teach you when you try for the Giants is the game and how to play it. If you have speed in your legs, in your arms, if you are physically strong, know human nature, don't drink or keep late hours, don't use tobacco, you'll make a ball player. When I send my scouts out to look for material the last thing I say to them is: "Get the men with the physical qualifications and I'll make players out of them."

Some of the best ball playing material is found in the small towns. By this I do not mean brilliance but stability. I would rather have a steady player than one who takes spurts and plays to the grandstand. A player recruited from a college or high school usually thinks he knows enough about the game already and needs no further tutoring. The country boy, at a rule, wants to learn and is willing to be taught. However, college men are different.

Drink is the bane of baseball. It has ruined some of the best players—Bugs Raymond, for instance. There is the best man that ever donned a suit. Drink ruined him and finally killed him. He used to take from twenty to thirty drinks in a day even before he quit the game. Smoking, also, is bad for the wind.

Another trouble we have with players is drinking water on the field. This is what we call the "water habit." Drinking water while playing makes a man bulky and may result in cramps. If a player gargles his mouth while



JOHN J. MCGRAW

playing, it really does him as much good, if not more, than to swallow it. I advise my players to eat only two meals a day and never eat lunch. I have not eaten lunch for 10 years, even during the winter months. If one must eat, it should be a sandwich or light lunch before playing; a hearty dinner may result in cramps the same as drinking water.

I am not in favor of this winter training. The less training a player does in winter the better off he will be for the season's work. I'm not in favor of indoor training of any kind. This is where the country boy has the advantage. He works in the open air and can stand harder work than the city boy. If one must have winter exercise, play handball for the wind. However, if possible, running should be practiced on the roads.

## A Blind Bowler

August Steneck, a blind youth, made a score of 174 in a bowling tournament at New York. Steneck, an eight-year-old sightless person, scored 108 games in the tournament, averaging an average of about 100 each. Rarely did the ball go down the gutter. When pins were left standing after the first ball, he was sent down the alleys; the bowlers were aided by shouted directions as to the location of the remaining pins.

## Special Flower Trains

Special railroad trains, devoted to their exclusive service, enable the flower growers of southern France to ship their productions, in perfect condition, as far as St. Petersburg.

## Tractor for Soft Soil

A new form of farm tractor, built to travel over the softest soils, consists of a pair of broad spiked wheels on a frame to be fastened under an automobile's driving wheels and take power from its motor.

## To Save Bird-men's Lives

In a French competition for \$100,000 in prizes for the greatest inventions for safety in aviation a Nova Scotia inventor entered a parachute, folded on the tail of an aeroplane and attached to an aviator by harness.

## Testing Motor-Buses

The stability of London's motor-buses is ascertained before they are put into service by a series of interesting tilting tests.

Daily News For The Home

## NEW YEAR'S DOG RACES

Continued from page 1

Smith, 2; Leigh Abby, 3; Bruce Allen, 4; Prizes: 1, sweater; 2, toque; 3, mitts; 4, knite.

A special prize in this event was given to the boy having the most tumbles and this went to Bruce Allen. He received a box of candy.

## Girls' Race

Event 5, girls' race: Constance Watson, 1; Cathie Anderson, 2; Edith Irwin, 3. Prizes: copper vase, 1; box of candy, 2; brooch, 3.

## Tandem Race

Event 6, tandem race: Lawrence Finlay, 1; W.C. Cowan, 2; Bert Collins, 3. Prizes: sleigh, 1; sweater, 2; gloves, 3.

## Long Distance

Event 7, long distance, singles: Lawrence Finlay, 1; Robert Denny, 2; Earle Smith, 3; John Wood, 4. Prizes: set of dog harness, 1; box of tools, 2; cap, 3; knife, 4.

## Event Eight

Event 8, girls' race: Constance Watson, 1; Cathie Anderson, 2; Edith Irwin, 3. Prizes: cap, 1; bottle of candy, 2; box of chocolates, 3.

## Consolation

Event 9, Consolation race, winners barred: Bert Neil, 1; John Rutherford, 2. Prizes: sleigh, 1; sweater, 2.

Event 10, special prize, contestants selected by the judges. Only one finished the course, W. Cowan, for which he was awarded a splendid fur cap.

## Special Awards

Prizes for the best outfits went to Will Irwin, 1; Lawrence Finlay, 2; Earle Smith, 3. Prizes: sweater, 1; military brushes, 2; moccasins, 3.

A special prize of half a ton of coal went to John Rutherford, and Lawrence Finlay took the half dozen photographs.

## Exhibition Race

An exhibition race not on the program, was brought off, and quite a number of contestants took part. The results were: Pieter Cooper, 1; Will Irwin, 2; John Farthing, 3; Earle Smith, 4. Prizes: Turkey, 1; Duck, 2; and knives for 3 and four.

## Only Eight Failures

Out of the 27 competitors in the various races only eight failed to win a prize in the events, although they participated in the general distribution of candies and other goodies.

The starters were: J. Karkkady, Dr. Cox, W. J. Creelman and D. Marshall, while at the finishing post the decisions were in the hands of J. Cornell, R. M. Matheson, Alderman Bourke, P. C. Mitchell and D. A. Reesor.

## LOCAL BOYS LOSE HEAVILY

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However, made an almost impassable barrier. Hilliard was badly knocked out at this juncture, although he soon recovered.

## Quick Succession

A fine sprint and shot by Mummery were loudly applauded, as also was the very clever play of the McKenzie brothers who seemed to be able to get the puck when they wanted it. They scored a further three points in remarkably quick fashion through the agency of Hilliard, W. McKenzie and Goodie, all the goals being obtained by means of clever combination and fine shooting.

## Brandon Scored

Currie, who had been well marked by the Kenora team, was unable to avail himself of an open goal, and missed the puck several times when a score seemed imminent. Scott, who had played brilliantly throughout the game, opened the score for Brandon with a terrific shot, McKinnon being helpless. W. McKenzie, however, soon scored another for the Ontario team. Although the Brandon team did a lot of shooting in this half they were unable to make much impression upon McKinnon. A fine shot by Coldwell, who was followed by yet another goal from Goodie, the end coming shortly afterwards.

## A Splendid Team

The Kenora boys can take the credit of being one of the fastest and cleverest sides ever seen in Brandon. Their skating and combination were magnificent, and the locals need not be disheartened at being beaten by such a fine team. The McKenzie brothers, all fine skaters, are acknowledged three of the finest amateurs at present playing the game.

## In Need of Coaching

For Brandon, Coldwell, Mummery and Scott played really well, but as far as can be seen, at present, the whole side need training in the finer points of the game. Currie and Smith both had off days, the former failing to live up to his reputation, and also exhibiting little displays of temper which did not tend to improve his play. He seemed to have a happy faculty for being where the puck was not, and spent much of his time in graceful skating exhibitions in the clear spaces on the ice. Evans, who substituted for Fenwick after ten minutes of the play had elapsed, played very well, indeed, considering the strength of the opposition.

If Brandon has a little all round strengthening, and settles down to some good hard work, there is no reason why they should not give an excellent account of themselves in the new league. At present they seem inclined to indulge in too much body-checking and do not use their sticks enough.

The teams lined up as follows:

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**WHO KILLED GEO. LAMBERT ?**  
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A most startling and realistic drama in two parts

**THE GOD of TOMORROW**  
A thrilling Western Drama

**FLOYD HUTSELL**  
will entertain you  
**A Bad Game**  
A Keystone

Brandon—Goal, Smith; point, Fenwick and Evans; cover point, Mummery; rover, Coldwell; centre, Currie; left wing, Winton; right wing, Scott. Kenora—Goal, McKinnon; point, McKenzie; cover point, Cameron; rover, Goodie; centre, Hilliard; left wing, H. McKenzie; right wing, W. McKenzie. Umpire, W. R. Sexsmith; judge of play, T. Williams.

## NEW YEAR'S AT HOME

Lodge Brandon, 174, S.O.C.B.S. held an At Home in the Lodge Room in Fraternal Hall on New Year's Day. The whole of the evening's amusement being highly enjoyable.

Past President B. Alce Gray acted as chairman for the concert, while Br. William C. Home arranged the program both for the concert and dance, and Brother William Pyatt took charge of the refreshments, and Brother W. V. Oglesley the Whist Drive. Mrs. Hannant was a much appreciated pianist.

The concert program was as follows: Piano Solo, Mrs. Hannant; Vocal Solo, Mrs. L. C. Oakapple; Reading, Mr. Hansell (encore) Selection, The Window, Instrumentalists (encore); Vocal Solo Mr. Fisher, (encore); Dance, Highland Fling, Miss Saunders (encore); Vocal Solo, Miss F. Rye (encore); 3 Comic songs, Mr. Cantello; Vocal Solo, Mr. Hopkins; Selection, Windsor Quartette (encore); Dancing, etc., a lengthy program with many extras completed the evening's winners in the whist drive were: Gentlemen's 1st prize, Mr. Cornell; 2nd, A. L. Barnes. Ladies 1st prize, Mrs. Laing, 2nd, Mrs. A. Fisher.

## HOW DAYTON LADIES CURE THEIR CORN-PUNCTURED TOES.

Miss M. Lukey, of Zena Ave., Dayton, Ohio, writes: "Before using Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor I was quite laid up with corns, and could not even stand the pressure of a loosely buttoned shoe. I applied Putnam's 'Extractor', and in a miraculously short time I was completely cured. I take great pleasure in recommending your valuable remedy to my friends." Putnam's Corn Extractor in 25c bottles is sold by druggists.

## CORBETT REVIEWS YEAR'S RING DOINGS

NOT ONE SINGLE TITLE CHANGED HANDS AND FIGHTING GAME DID NOT ADVANCE

New York, Jan. 2.—1913 was a rather dull period for lovers of things pugilistic. In looking over the records of those actively engaged in the making of ring history, we are impressed with the fact that the year just drawing to a close was not especially productive of the sensational in Fisticia.

Not a single championship title changed ownership during the year. Nor have the two divisions of professional pugilism which for several years now have known no recognized leaders—the welter and middleweight classes—produced men whose achievements would entitle them to such recognition.

And it is a lean year in boxing when some one of its many weight divisions knows no change of champion.

## Johnson Still Champion

Jack Johnson is still the acknowledged world's champion heavyweight; the middle and welter classes have no recognized leaders. Willie Ritchie is undisputed lightweight champion of the world, while Johnny Kilbane and Johnny Coulton still reign at the head of the American feather and bantam weight divisions, respectively.

Probably the most noteworthy, or I might better say, noticeable incident in pugilism of the year was the marked deterioration in the work of the three leading colored heavyweights of the country, namely Jack Johnson, Sam Langford, and Joe Jeannette. The recent performances of these men—including the miserable showing of Jack Johnson, and Langford's and Jeannette's latest fiasco, both occurring in Paris last week—indicate that the day of negro supremacy in the heavyweight division is about over.

However, there would be greater cause for rejoicing if the slump in prestige of the colored fighters were accompanied or brought about, by an appreciable advancement in the skill and expertness