

LATE SPORT NEWS AT HOME AND ABROAD

STALLINGS TELLS HOW HE WON WORLD'S SERIES

BY GEORGE T. STALLINGS.
Manager of Boston National League Baseball Club, Champions of the World.

I attribute a large part of what success I have had in baseball to this one fact: I have been everlastingly on the job.

There has been a lot printed in the newspapers in the last two months about lucky coins, hoodlums, flukes and superstitions in connection with me and my ball club. All this sort of thing makes good reading, no doubt, and I will candidly acknowledge that I have allowed superstition to become somewhat of a hobby with me, but after all is said and done the secret of my success has been due to hard work on my part and my insistence on hard work on the part of my players.

If you go into a successful store in any line of business you will find that the clerks, department managers and the owners of the concern are hard-working men. It is the easy-going concerns, the owners of which do not work hard—and consequently the men under them do not work hard—that are the failures.

The successful baseball business is just like any other successful business in this respect. I insist that the players under me work hard—not only in the championship games, but in practice before the games and in morning practice. I do not want any shirkers on my team. If a player cannot keep up with the others in the work I lay out for my team, I have no use for that player. He is simply a broken cog in the wheel.

No Loading on Team.
When Whitted joined my team in mid-season, he had the reputation of being a loafer in the baseball sense. He didn't loaf on my team. As soon as he joined the organization he found all hands were out there for morning practice promptly on the dot every day.

He found every man working his head off for the success of the club, although we were at a uniform in victory in wins from the standard, very old Rye, Stout, Imported and Water Street.

"Red" Smith was secured from the Brooklyn club, and joined the team a few weeks later. When he arrived he asked one of the players what time he ought to report to me.

"Report at 10 o'clock for morning practice," he was told.

"Morning practice," exclaimed Smith. "Why, it's too hot for morning practice. We gave it up on the Brooklyn club some time ago."

"Well, you better be around at 10 tomorrow or you will have the boss after you."

"Skull Practice" Helps.
Smith reported the following morning on time. He put on a uniform and practiced with the other players. Before he had been on the field five minutes he grasped the situation, and he became one of our most earnest workers.

I could name a number of similar instances. But these two will suffice to prove with what spirit my players worked to win the championship of the National League.

Another example of how thoroughly we did our work is found in our daily meetings to talk over the situation, to devise new plays, to correct our faults and to inspire confidence in the men. We never failed to hold these daily meetings.

When I first took charge of the

Boston club in the spring of 1913 I found several veteran players who had received their baseball schooling under a different system than my system. I called a meeting the very first day of training. One of these veterans took the idea as a joke. He had played on a championship club the previous season—a club where they held no meetings.

"What's the use of this tea party?" said this player. "We never had anything of this sort on the old 'champs.' We just got right out on the field and won the games. This is a joke."

But I will say for this player that before long he changed his mind about the importance of our daily meetings. I observed that after awhile he was entering into the discussion with heart and soul.

To these very meetings I attribute not a little of the success of my ball club. They enabled the substitutes to learn all the other men knew. I gave them a chance to see what we were trying to accomplish so that when they got their chance to play in a regular game—which all of them did—they were qualified to go right through with our system.

In the championship season of 1914 games Evers did not take part in twenty-four or twenty-five of them. It was necessary to put in a substitute for this valuable player.

The substitute I put in made good in every way and we won twenty-one or two of the games in which Evers did not take part.

Big Schmidt was forced to lay off for a period on account of a strained ankle. Otto Hess and Hank Gowdy played the bag during his absence and we won all the games that the big fellow missed. Maranville was out several games. The man who took his place played brilliantly.

We won every game during the "Rabbit" absence.

Our substitutes had learned their lessons by hard work, and when they were called upon they made good—every one of them.

The confident spirit that pervaded our team is best shown when "Red" Smith broke his leg on the last day of the championship season. Smith had been playing brilliant baseball and had broken up game after game with his bat. The loss of this player's services on the eve of the world's championship contests seemed irreparable.

It was in a double-header at Brooklyn that Smith broke his leg—in the ninth inning of the first game. When the game was over I took my players into the dressing room and gave them a talk. I told them we had a capable man in Charlie Deal and that Deal would make good in the world's series.

The boys braced up at once, and from that time on there wasn't the slightest doubt about their confidence.

The injury to Smith on the eve of the world's series would have broken up any other ball club on earth. But it didn't break us up one particle. Deal came through with flying colors.

Now, hard work and conscientious work from the very beginning of the season to the very end is what pulled us through a winner.

I was on the job every minute of the limit. I never missed a morning's practice. My whole time was devoted to the building up of that ball club.

If I had neglected my duty or gone off fishing or taken automobile trips instead of getting out on the field with my players every day, and presiding at these meetings of the players every day, we would never have won the National League flag nor would my players have received one penny of the \$270,886 each of them did receive for winning the world's series.

Hard work, and plenty of it, will make a ball club where nothing else will.

MILITARY ATHLETICS THIS EVENING

The programme of athletic sports to be given in the Queen's Rink tonight promises to be very interesting. The sports are under the auspices of the non-commissioned officers of the 62nd Fusiliers and the different events are filled with some of the best athletes in the city. The following is a full list of entries:

40 yards dash—W. H. Orchard, F. K. Garnett, H. A. West, James Moran, J. McPherson, R. J. Garnett, H. S. Klein, Fred Myers, Gerald Jenkins.

440 yards—Frank Garnett, H. A. West, A. E. McGarity, James Moran, J. McPherson, R. J. Garnett, H. S. Klein, Fred Myers, Gerald Jenkins.

One mile—W. E. Sterling, W. H. Chambers, A. E. McGarity, E. H. Sterling, J. A. R. Seely, M. Brown, James Moran, J. M. McPherson, N. D. Clemens.

Five mile run—W. E. Sterling, W. H. Chambers, John Givney, J. A. R. Seely.

One mile walk—James Barrett, Hazen Howard, H. Cunningham, Jas. Moran, J. McPherson, M. Stockley, W. B. Abell.

One mile roller race—H. Nixon, R. Alward, Jack Olive, Murray Ring, Harry Fleming.

High jump—W. H. Orchard, H. A. West, A. E. McGarity, Jas. Moran, J. McPherson, M. Latham.

Cadet relay race—St. Stephen Cadet Corps, St. Andrew's Cadet Corps, A. O. H. Cadet Corps, Rothsay School Corps.

Open relay race—St. John Athletic Club, Y.M.C.A., 3rd Regt. R.C.A.

In the militia running, militia roller, militia obstacle, firemen's and policemen's race the entries close today.

The 62nd regimental band will be in attendance and all of the proceeds will be given to the Belgian and Patriotic Funds. A large number of tickets have been sold and it will be a big night at the Queen's.

Walter Johnson can pull down \$75,000 in the next three years. The Federal League has promised to pay him an average of \$600 a game, for even a three-year contract. They offer to place the money where it will be absolutely secure for Johnson.

Johnson is now undecided as to his future plans. The Washington Club wants him to sign, but not for \$25,000, or any figure exactly close to that.

Johnson's decision may be reached when he finds out the names of the players who are about to sign contracts for 1914.

If the blonde twirler accepts the Federal offer he will receive about \$5 a law batter.

In a game last season a record was kept of Johnson's twirling. He pitched 135 balls. That is an average of about four and one-half to the man. In this game Johnson fanned nine men, which meant he had to pitch at least three strikes to each man.

Johnson would have connected with the ball before taking three swings and Johnson would have pitched less balls.

On a basis of the Federal League offer this game meant \$4.44 a ball.

If Johnson draws \$25,000 a season it's pretty certain that he will be paid an average of \$600 a game, for even a man of his strength will hardly pitch more than that. He may appear in more, but only as relief batter.

Johnson yesterday afternoon denied that he had signed with the Federals, but admitted that negotiations were under way. Ban Johnson, president of the American League, said that if Johnson jumped, the case would be contested in the courts. The American League, he said, had an option on the twirler's services, and Johnson had accepted money for it.

The Two Germans.
Marvellous the utter transformation Of the spirit of the German nation!

Once the land of poets, seers and sages, Who enchant us in their deathless pages.

Holding high the torch of Truth, and earning Endless honor by their zeal for learning.

Such the land that in an age uncouth Bred the soul-emanipulating Luther.

Such the land that made our debt the greater By the gift of Faust and Struwwelpeter.

Now the creed of Nietzsche, base, unholy, Guides the nation's brain and guides it solely.

Now Mozart's serene and joyous magic Yields to Richard Strauss, the haemorrhagic.

Now the eagle changing to the vulture Preaches rapine in the name of culture.

Now the Prussian Junker, blind with fury, Claims to be God's counsel, judge and jury.

While the authentic German genius slumbers, Cast into the limbo of back numbers.—Punch.

THE VALUE OF BOXING IN WARFARE STARTED

(Reprinted from "Boxing.")

To those who have never given the matter a thought, the value of a boxer's pugilistic knowledge can be of no service to him on the battlefield. This is an erroneous idea, for although he may never get near enough to an enemy to plunk him on the jaw, his staid training may stand him in good stead even in the trenches. The odds are that were one of our puny to be engaged in a hand-to-hand conflict with Germans, he would carry more trenchant weapons than a pair of British fists. So that my article will not deal with the use of these in warfare, but rather of the value of a boxer's ring experience.

There have been cases where the knuckles have had to replace cold steel and rifle in the course of engagement, but these have been of rare occurrence. The late Colonel Burnaby, famous among other things for his great ride to Khiva, once found himself self left with no other weapon than those given him by nature.

The Famous Squares.

Hard pressed by the enemy, the valiant colonel had given the order "Form square!" the officer's position in such cases being inside these human forts. Now, as one man gets put into the vacant place, one of the angles having been entirely wiped out, Burnaby forsook his inside position and himself stepped into the breach.

It was at this moment that the heroic officer perceived one of his men being severely mauled by the Derivishes. The fellow had somehow strayed from the main body, and was desperately but hopelessly fighting his way back.

Two Mighty Fists.

Off dashed the colonel to the rescue, but in the melee soon found himself with a broken sword and a spent revolver. Being a man of powerful build and a first-class boxer, Burnaby pushed his way through the fanatical followers of the Madhi, knocking them down right and left with his mighty fists. His temerity, however, cost the colonel his life, for a spear laid him low ere he could regain his lines.

A Hero.

I was quite a little fellow at the time, but this magnificent piece of heroism left its mark so indelibly on my childish mind that Colonel Burnaby rose as my hero par excellence. It was therefore with a tremendous joy that I later became acquainted with the Burnaby family.

All this is really in passing for it is not of this in warfare that I wish to write. I never believed that Earl Roberts once used fists when rescuing one of his men.

I even have a faint idea that the plugging of a few Sepoys on the jaw with the hilt of his broken sword had something to do with that great soldier's V.C. Apart from such possibilities, the value of the noble art in the firing line is not without some consequence. For instance, a boxer possesses the advantage of a quick eye, for this has been developed in the course of his ring career.

Quick to See Openings.

He may at once see an opening, as it were, and by sheer force of habit take advantage of this, whereas another man would hesitate, and thus miss it.

He kept His Head.

"Had I not bobbed just in time," writes this warrior from the Aisne district, "I should not have had the brains to scribble this letter."

He must now thank his stars that the sometimes despised boxing art served him well, at least on that occasion slow to see it. I am not for one moment suggesting that every boxer soldier is on his way to become a generalissimo; but he is, or should be, better equipped for the struggle than the average recruit. Freddie Welsh would want a bit of polishing off in close-range fighting, for he, too, knows something about bobbing and weaving. Of course, these accomplishments are of minor value in rifle and artillery duels, although in the latter case the timely ducking of an approaching shell has kept many a head on its shoulders.

back up their claims.

This year will no exception. The "big nine" champion, whoever it may be, will be one of them. Then there are Nebraska, Notre Dame and Michigan, all of whom promise to go through the season without encountering any upset in the west.

Now, with four western claimants and surely as many in the east, who is going to be foolhardy enough to try to arrange a "championship" game?

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CAREER ON OLD TABLE

It was on the banks of the Hudson that Hoppe was born, and it was on an old rickety pocket table in his father's barber shop where he began to learn the science that has brought him fame and fortune. At the age of six years young Hoppe was a star, so it is little wonder that he is called "Willie" today instead of Bill.

"Yes, it's a game of nerves," said Hoppe, "and much more exhausting than it looks."

"Would you believe it when I tell you that I do road work when preparing for my engagements? Well, I do."

"It's just as necessary to keep in good condition for a billiard match as it is for a boxer to be in shape for a hard twenty-round bout."

"Yes," continued Willie, "if your physical condition is good, your nerve is bound to be good also. That is why I do three or four miles a day, anyway, except during three months in the summer, when I rest. I think I'm getting better, and I expect to improve with age, but the improvement is so slow at this stage of development that the change is hardly noticeable."

"And your nerves?"

"Oh, they're all right. But it is watching an opponent roll up a score that strains your nerves more than your own play."

"Billiard stars develop from long practice and a foundation of natural ability in billiards. However, the stars are fewer because the game is more difficult and more exacting."

"It is clean living that makes the star, more certainly than in any other branch of sport."

Y. M. C. A. and Church Clubs

"Billiard tables are now an important part of equipments in all Y. M. C. A.'s and thousands of church clubs. The first essential of the game is temperance. To play the game well, one must be in the best of condition, physically and mentally. Everyone who plays billiards tries to improve his game, but can only do that by living an absolutely clean life."

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