

THE LATEST AND COMPLETE NEWS AND GOSSIP OF THE SPORTING WORLD

The Detroit's Break Even In the Series With the Sox

"Doc" White Was Unable to Hold the Scraggy Tigers.

Chicago, Sept. 3.—Just before today's game the final one of the series against the Sox, began, members of the Rooters' Club paraded about the diamond bearing a massive tiger of the manufactured kind on their shoulders. He had come to his tail and his head was swathed in bandages. The band that led them played a funeral dirge, hats were off and heads were bowed. They held funeral services on the tiger near the nunnery. The crowd applauded it all and shrieked in glee when it was over. But the tiger showed that the reports of his death were somewhat exaggerated as he walloped the Sox good and hard.

As Fielder Jones had landed two games of the series by the work of "Doc" White, he figured he could land a third. He couldn't. The Tigers pounded him all over for six innings, getting nine hits and seven runs. Owen relieved him in the seventh. The boys from Detroit alighted nine tallies but they needed them all. Eddie Siever was pitted against the world champs and for six innings he had them at his mercy. Only one man had reached second. But with the suddenness of a clap of thunder base hits started from the Comiskey camp in the seventh. They piled up nine of them in that one inning. One was a double and another a triple. This counted with an error by Schmidt made it look bad for the Tigers.

Mullin Relieves Siever. Six runs crossed the plate and these were men on third and second when Siever was taken out and Mullin sent in. Mullin retired the one man necessary to save the game, Rohe grounding to Coughlin.

The Tigers played like champions up to that seventh. When they were hitting Siever hardest, there was a slight tendency to grab the balloon, but with Mullin in working right they struck their pace again. Schaefer played at short and did well. O'Leary is out of the game owing to the death of his brother. He will rejoin the team Friday.

With the time of that funeral dirge still ringing in their ears and the crowd still laughing, the Tigers went at Doc White. Jones opened with a single to left, but was forced by Coughlin, Crawford and Cobb, however, both singled to left and the bases were full. Rossman batted at Tannehill and the latter threw badly to first. Before the ball could be recovered Coughlin, Crawford and Cobb crossed the plate. They landed another in the fourth, when Rossman singled, and Downs sacrificed. Schmidt's out sent Rossie to third. Schaefer hit to Davis and on the latter's poor play Rossman scored.

They got busy again in the sixth, when Rossman again showed the way with a triple to right. Downs stung the ball for a double to left and Claud walked home. Schmidt singled and Downs tried for the plate. Dougherty was slow in handling the ball in left field, and three batters to the plate. Downs was safe and Schmidt made third a moment or two later, when Schaefer stung one to center. Schaefer was caught off first, and Siever fanned, ending the fun.

Siever still had them in the sixth, helped by a fast double play. Jones singled, but Donohue fled to Downs. Davis sent a scroacher at Siever and Eddie grabbed it, threw to first in time to get Jones and in time to let Downs double Davis at first.

"Doc" White Derricked.

When the seventh opened Owen took White's place in the box. The Ysanti boy began by walking Davy Jones. Coughlin sacrificed and Crawford lined to Fielder Jones. Ty Cobb landed on the ball for a home run. It was the first clean home run hit made on the south side grounds in years. The ball shot over Fielder Jones' head on a straight line and went so far that Cobb was home before the ball, cleanly fielded, could reach the plate. This made two more. The side retired when Rossman hit to Donohue.

No game ever appeared to be pocketed in neater style. But for a time it looked as though the Tigers could not break even on the series. Dougherty started all the trouble with a double. Just a little bit of luck at this juncture saved the Detroit fans much woe. Rohe followed with a hit through short and the ball struck Dougherty on the foot. This put him out and prevented the scoring of runs that would probably have caught the game. Rohe's single was followed by another from Tannehill. And with two on, Bally Sullivan, one of the weakest hitters in the league, started the natives by landing to center for three bases. This netted two runs.

Chicago, Sept. 3.—A. B. R. H. P. O. A.
 T. Jones, c. 5 1 2 0 0
 Donohue, 1 b. 5 0 1 2 2
 Davis, a. 5 0 1 2 3
 Dougherty, 1 f. 5 0 2 0 1
 Rohe, 2 b. 4 1 1 3 5
 Sullivan, c. 5 1 2 1 3
 Tannehill, 3 b. 3 1 1 3 3
 Rossman, c. 3 1 1 3 3
 White, p. 2 0 0 0 1
 Owen, p. 0 0 0 1 1
 Hickman, p. 1 0 0 0 1
 Patterson, p. 0 0 0 0 1
 Ewday, p. 1 0 0 0 0
 Altkoff, p. 0 0 0 0 0
 Totals. 39 6 12 27 20

A. B. R. H. P. O. A.
 D. Jones, 1 f. 4 1 2 2 0
 Coughlin, 3 b. 4 1 0 3 2
 Crawford, c. 1 0 0 0 0
 Cobb, 2 f. 4 2 2 2 0

Soccer Season Nearly Here

It won't be long now ere the local kickers get busy on the field of battle. The boys seem more interested this year than ever before and the prospects of a good season's sport seem excellent.

The east end kickers will hold a meeting tonight at the Duke of York Hotel at 8 o'clock, and request all those desiring to make the team to be out at the gathering.

Friday night the London Association Football League will hold a meeting at the Y. M. C. A. building for the purpose of electing officers, arranging a schedule and forming a city league for the season.

It is expected that the league will comprise at least the following teams: McClarys, Y. M. C. A., Barracks, Medicals, Collegiate, Normal School, an east end club, the Outlaws, and the Normal School team winners of the championship cup last year.

It has practically been decided to hold the games at some place other than the heights this year if possible. Queen's Park has been suggested, but the majority of the kickers would prefer Tecumseh Park if arrangements could be made with those in charge.

It is said that the rugby people have first call on the big inclosure, but it is likely that some arrangement satisfactory to both parties can be made.

The Siler Benefit To Be Successful

Chicago, Sept. 3.—Letters, many of them accompanied by checks, are coming in to the committee managing the George Siler farewell testimonial from celebrities who are proud to count the veteran referee one of their friends.

Billy Madden, Siler's old sparring partner, and George Ade were two whose letters were received yesterday. "If ever a man deserved to meet reward from the sporting public, that man is George Siler," writes Madden. "There never was a man in any walk of life that has always side stepped unfair deals and stuck to the straight and narrow path as has old George. I guess I know him better than any man in this world. Thirty years ago we traveled over the country, meeting all-comers in short bouts. Many a time George met men from twenty to thirty pounds heavier than he was, and then, as ever since, he was honest and upright in all his deals. Mr. Siler's place in the pugilistic field cannot be filled."

George Ade writes: "Pardon me for delaying my share for the Siler testimonial. Inclosed find check for \$50 to swell the fund, and I sincerely hope that the event will prove the biggest kind of success. I surely won't miss being there in person."

The agitation caused by numerous injuries to baseball players this year through contact with the spikes worn on their shoes by opponents has led to the promise of a reformation in the matter before another season. A leading sporting goods manufacturing company already has its experts experimenting with some less dangerous substitute for the knifelike spikes which players now wear to enable them to keep their feet and stop or start in any position instantly. The experts claim it will be impossible to replace the spikes with leather cleats, such as

football players wear, because the baseball player needs to be able to start or stop quickly, both forward and sideways, while the football player only has to get a quick start forward, as a rule, his sideways stop being wholly in the way of dodging while running straight ahead. Experimenting with cleats placed on the shoes in the same form as the present spikes indicates the cleats will break over quickly and become useless. Efforts now are being made to produce a blunt or rounded spike, which will have all the merits of the present knifelike spike without its dangers. It is believed a spike can be made which will cut through turf readily and still not cut an opponent's foot or shoe. The principle involved is the same as that of which cuts the leaves of a book or magazine cleanly, but will not cut like a knife, although the actual edge itself seems to be nearly as sharp. The constant wearing of such spikes may cause them to become sharp through steady grinding into the dirt, but in such cases the compulsory substitution of new spikes for the worn ones will remedy the evil, it is thought. Spectators may be treated next year to the spectacle of players passing in review before the umpire and holding up their feet for examination before each game, just as is the case in roller polo. But whatever the means, it is believed some relief will be found before another year from the dangers arising from the murderous spikes which the majority of players wear constantly. Club owners, manufacturers, and the majority of players demand a change and the only objections seem to come from a few players, mostly good baserunners, who complain that basemen will try to block them off the bases in future if not deterred by the fear of serious injury.

THOUGHT HE WAS A WORLD-BEATER

Bernard Wefers, the great sprinter, recently told a story of a green runner who came under his notice one time. Bernie is trainer of the Irish-American track team. Incidentally, he is a big, brawny fellow, six feet tall, with a stride that has often carried him over 100 yards in 9.4-5 seconds. Wefers is the man who sprinted 100 and 200 yard dashes in world's record time that famous occasion when England sent her strongest athletic team over here and lost every event on the programme. He knows as much about running as any man alive.

"I was out on the track one day with some of the boys," said Bernie, "when a stranger strolled in. He was one of those bugs who knows all about running and can beat the world if given a chance. He looked at the fellows training and turned up his nose. After a while he came over and told me that he was a very fast sprinter—that he had tried himself out and knew he was a world-beater. He said he could run under ten seconds any time, and wanted an immediate try-out and a chance to go in and win races for the club. 'I know I can beat any of these guys easy,' said he, looking around the track."

"I saw from his movement that he couldn't run, and didn't want to waste

sistent that at last I got him into a suit and sent him out for a trial. I carried a watch in my hand and ran along with him for 100 yards, getting one of the boys to start us. He ran it in about 13 seconds, tearing his head off. Just to convince him I took him back again and gave him twenty yards start. I took him easily, running in 11.2-5 seconds. He insisted that I must have run under the world's record, for he knew that he was traveling in 10 flat at least. I finally convinced him that the right time was 11.2-5 seconds.

"But his head was so swelled that he couldn't come down to earth even then. What do you think he said? Why, he suddenly discovered that he wasn't feeling well that day, and insisted that he had run at least a couple of seconds faster alone. He said he'd go home and wait a couple of days until he felt better, and then he'd come back and show me something. He never came back, though."

No, there's no royal road to running championships. The "natural runner" has no chance with a trained man, no matter how much natural ability he may really have. Long, hard training in fast company is the only thing that will give a man speed enough to place him among the winners in these record-breaking days.

LACROSSE LORE

A has the cry that the Tecumshas were beaten because "the Nationals are a great team."

The Tecumshas were beaten because they are not a great team, and, in a crisis, have almost no home at all.

It is no use for the Indians or their sympathizers making pictures to themselves. For a team with the possibilities of the Tecumshas to be beaten by performers like the Nationals is not defeat merely, it is disgrace also.

In the words of a well-known local B.A. and baseball scorer: "The Nationals must be credited with an assist on the play that gives the Shamrocks the Minto cup."

Those six brass bands that were to meet the Shamrocks on their triumphant return from Cornwall Saturday night weren't needed. N. B.—No band was also the feature of the Tecumseh's return to Toronto.—Telegram.

SEASON SOON ENDS

Detroit, Sept. 3.—Four weeks more and the most successful season harness racing ever has known in Michigan will be at an end. The state fair programme in this city will take five afternoons of this week, then the horses go to Grand Rapids, where an inviting programme has been arranged by the West Michigan Fair. After that comes the big meeting at Kalamazoo, making three fast mile tracks in succession, and the circuit will end on the half-mile ring at Benton Harbor, where a stake and course programme is to be decided Sept. 24 to 27.

TORONTO QUOTING

The results in the first and second draws of the Toronto quoting tourney, which began on Labor Day, are as follows:

Grant, Chicago, 41 J. Polson, Vic., 24
 R. Wright, Vic., 41 R. Errington, 38
 Russell, Vic., 41 O. B. Harrison, 37
 W. Weir, Heather, 41 Morrison, Excel, 24
 R. Callander, Vic., 41 W. Nickell, Ser., 24
 B. Selkie, Heather, 41 Thompson, V., 32
 Smith, Toronto, 41 F. Olave, 24
 Hunter, Woodstock, 41 F. Anthony, Vic., 28
 J. Nichol, Victoria, 41 W. Wightman, 37
 J. A. Queen, Vic., 41 O. Fox, Victoria, 21
 W. Carlyle, Vic., 41 M. Talbot, Lon., 38

Second Draw.
 R. Callander, 41 Smith, 25
 R. Wright, 41 Grant, 36
 R. Saline, 41 J. A. Queen, 27
 J. Nichol, 41 J. Russell, 37
 W. Carlyle, 41 W. Weir, 20
 R. Hunter, bye.

THE TURF.
 YESTERDAY'S WINNERS.

At New York—Roseben 1 to 4, Tom Dolan 11 to 20, Johnny Blake 7 to 10, Montfort 2 to 5, Welbourne 4 to 5, Dixon Belle 4 to 5.

At Montreal—Hiram even, Arctic even, Sir Edward 4 to 5, Burt G. Lewis even, Rio Grande 1 to 3, Shendoah 1 to 2.

The Italians have invented a device for making celluloid non-inflammable, by mixing glue, gum arabic and cola oil with the ordinary composition.

For Additional Sports See Page Four.

THE TIGERS BUY HOOSIER-TWIRLER



ALBERT MALES OF THE MCCLARY TEAM.

Males broke into the City League last season. Lately he has been playing in the outer garden for the champions. On Monday he was the first player to connect for a three-bagger in the competition for the box of choice Perfectos won by Jack McHugh.

Seldom a sensational player, Males, nevertheless enjoys a reputation for steadiness, and the fact that he has proven good enough for the premier city league team speaks for itself.

Males has a brother who plays with the Stars.

SPORTING GOSSIP

George McPherson, the Canadian reinsman who developed Angus Pointer, 2:02½, has another good pacer in Gold Hal, 2:12½, that, in his winning race at Kalamazoo he took a record of 2:12½. Gold Hal is by Brown-Hal, 2:12½, out of Yum Yum, by Prince Pulaski, and is a full brother to Silver Hal, 2:10. He is owned by W. C. Kidd, Listowel, Ont.

Mr. Harry Rice, of Welland, Ont., well-known down the racing line, owns a fast pacing filly, foaled in 1904, sired by Hal B., 2:04½, out of Flora Hunter, 2:17½, ex-champion ice racing queen; second dam by Gen. Stanton, jun. Mr. Rice has been offered the Cobalt, mining region for this aristocratic pacing lady, but wants the Grand Trunk and Canadian Pacific railroads thrown in to boot. The matter of a million or two will not make Harry Rice even blush.

Mr. W. P. Blair, of St. Catharines, Ont., is breeding a few colts as a source of pleasure during a few hours of leisure. He has three young stars of the turf called Jack Todd, Billy B., and Skip, sired by Ed. Annan, 2:15½, son of Prohibition, 2:26½, by Petoskey, all out of Pandora, a daughter of Red Elk, second dam Ollie W., 2:23½, by Oliver Wagner, third dam a thoroughbred. The horse Red Elk, son of Red Wilkes, was formerly owned by Mr. William G. Mack, a prominent member of the Buffalo Road Drivers' Association.

Mr. Robert Cooper, of Welland, Ont., has two prospective pacing stars by Hal B., 2:04½, and Direct Hal, 2:04½, out of Nelly Rooker, 2:10½. The half sisters are called Helen B., and Nelly Direct.

A MOMENT WITH CHAMPION KELLY

Eugene, Ore., Sept. 3.—"One hundred yards in 9.3-5 seconds is so fast it is so fast it is almost an accident."

Dan Kelly, the 9.3-5 seconds flat idol of a million athletes—if there are that many in the world—was lying flat on his back sunning himself on the track across the road from the University of Oregon when he spoke.

Attired in his very abbreviated track suit, he was just beginning his day's workout in preparation for what is expected to be the greatest footrace of the century—the 100-yard dash to be run at the Jamestown Exposition next month.

He was now away down the track, at easy speed, lifting his legs rather high in front of him and bringing his toes and the ball of his piked shoes against the earth in a sort of backward motion.

"I always first take a little easy run like that," he explained upon returning. "to get my muscles warmed up and thus lessen the danger of straining a tendon."

The holder of the world's record

pranced about some more, and finally settled his toes in small footbeds made in the dirt by a spiked shoe.

"This is the position I take when the starter says, 'Get on your mark!' Notice my muscles are entirely relaxed. I must be a little nervous, for it is nervousness alone that takes one faster than 11 seconds. But I dare not be excited."

"Get set!" The relaxation ceases. Kelly is now crouching like a panther ready and anxious to spring before it is really time.

"Go!" "Eh-h!" he grunts, as if making an awful strain. But he doesn't stop to grunt. It starts with the sound of "g" in "Go," and he has leaped out 10 feet or more when you hear the last of it. That backward, pounding stroke takes him 50 yards in—to be exact 5 seconds. He slows down.

"I'll do another 50," he said, "then 75. I seldom run 100 in practice, but run shorter distances to train my legs to go faster, gradually lengthening the sprint up to 75 yards."

Griffith Isn't Married to His Job

New York, Sept. 3.—Clark Griffith, in a recent interview said:

"No, I don't care a thrip about this talk of losing my job," said the Highland chieftain, "but any time a man starts a report that I am suffering from cancer and all that kind of rot and gets my family alarmed, then I am just about ready to spit on my hands and wade."

"You ask me if I know anything about the report that I am to be supplanted by some other manager. I want to tell you right now that I don't know anything about it and have not heard it discussed except in the papers. The only fellow that seems to know anything about it is some man who writes for a Chicago paper, and you'll have to go to him. I know who he is, but I can't say all of his name at one time, and why he wants to start such things about me is hard to understand. If I ever meet him face to face I won't be a ball game played with the foul-strike rule."

"As to whether Mr. Farrell wants a new manager or not I don't know. He hasn't said anything about it to me. I am going right ahead fixing up a team for next year, and when you have seen the material I think you will agree with me that I have a strong bunch for a start."

Whether Griffith is to be removed or not, there is no mistaking what he meant when he turned loose the above stated sentiments. He certainly speaks from the right shoulder down to the wrist, and he is liable to have something heavy behind it.

Intimate friends of Frank Farrell say that he has no idea of releasing Griffith. Farrell is a sensible man and he figures that the failure this season was not in any way due to Griffith's lack of good management. In looking around they say the field offers no manager who could be an improvement on the present man at the helm.

Griffith has always had his team well in the money and he has always produced an aggregation that other clubs feared. If he is to be condemned as a failure, just think of the fate in store for the managers of such clubs as Boston, St. Louis, Cleveland and Washington!

The French Government is taking steps to stop the promiscuous wearing of foreign uniforms in France. The reason is that they are often used to promote and cloak fraud.

Fall Fashions Correctly Interpreted

Fit-Reform styles are creations. They are as distinctive as the Fit-Reform cloths are exclusive.

When the word goes forth that certain models are to be the fashion, the Fit-Reform designers modify the extreme styles to suit the Canadian gentleman's ideas of good taste.

It is generally recognized that "if you want to be properly dressed, you must follow the styles that Fit-Reform creates."

Fashions for fall in both Suits and Overcoats await your inspection.

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