

Sporting News

Bicycle racing maintains its popularity in England. At a meet in Manchester July 13 there was an attendance of 18,000.

It is expected that Hannes Kolehmainen, the wonderful Finnish distance runner and hero of the Swedish Olympics, will compete in the Canadian championships to be held in Montreal in September.

Fannie Ourack of Sydney won for Australia the 100-yard Olympic swimming championship for women. She is 23 years of age. Her victory was a popular one, especially with the men, as she was easily the handsomest competitor.

Manager Callahan softened the grief of Jacques Fournier, when he was told to report to Montreal, by assuring him that he would be recalled for next year. But Jacques should not mind Montreal. He can talk his native tongue there, and also, if he plays a good first base, make them forget Chick Gandil.

Matt. McGrath, New York A. C., and a member of the American Olympic team, in the games at Dublin threw the 56 pound weight from a nine foot circle, 41 feet 7 1/2 inches. This establishes a new record under the conditions.

George Goulding announces that he will retire from walking, having won about all there was to win. Secretary Crow said he was well satisfied with the Canadians' showing. "They had to break records to beat us," he declared, "and the games showed that Canadians are up in front ranks of the world's athletes."

Jack Donaldson, A. B. Postle and Reggie Walker, a trio of the fastest professional sprinters in the world, competed in an 80 yard handicap at Tonyandy, Wales, several weeks ago and they were beaten in their heats. Donaldson and Postle ran from scratch, but Walker, the 1908 Olympic champion, was on the one yard mark.

Pittsburg won a 19-inning game from Boston last Thursday by 7 to 6. It was the longest game ever played on the Boston grounds, and one of the most interesting. Hess pitched a fine game up to the eighteenth, but he weakened, and the Pirates scored two runs. Boston, however, tallied twice in its half, aided by Robinson's wildness and Devlin's single off Camnitz. Hess was hit even harder in the nineteenth, Pittsburg getting three runs. Boston came back strong and scored two runs, but could not muster another. O'Toole pitched a good game for Pittsburg until taken out to allow a man to run for him.

President Navin, of the Tigers, has issued his annual denial of the report that the Detroit American League franchise would be transferred to Baltimore. This report shows up each year, and is generally inspired by some Baltimoreans' wild yearning for a return to the old days when Baltimore had a major league club. Navin pointed out the fact that the games of Sunday and the day before drew an aggregate of 20,000 people to Bennett Park, and wondered if Baltimore would do that well for a fifth place club, and wanted to know, too, what would become of the Tigers' new half-million dollar plant if the franchise were taken away from Detroit.

"The story about a foreign tour for the teams taking part in the world's series this fall is true," says Frank Baneroff, the Cincinnati Reds' business manager. "It also is true that C. D. White will act as advance agent, and that I have been engaged as business manager of the teams. The plan was originated with John McGraw, who has secured the consent of the National Commission, McGraw, of course, believes the Giants will win the pennant in the National League. If they should fail, they wouldn't go; but the Cubs, no doubt, would take the trip, as I understand that Murphy and Chance favor the plan. The expenses probably would reach the \$50,000 mark, but much of this money, I understand, will be guaranteed by wealthy

men interested in baseball. The struggles for the pennants, therefore, mean considerably more than the right to divide the prize money in the world's series."

John Arthur Johnsing, t'other day within the ring of rope, you put poor Jimmie Flynn away and spoiled our latest hope. And yet your triumph was a sin; no virtue in it lies; instead of swatting men like Flynn, why don't you swat the flies? You showed how deftly you can spoil a beaming human mug, but who's the better for your toil, O self-complacent pug? You're waxing old; you should begin to do some labors wise; instead of swatting gents like Flynn, you ought to swat the flies. You slammed Flynn's head and made it sound much like muffled drum; you labored and you pranced around and punched him out of plumb; you smote his larynx and his chin, you bifed him in the eye; but better far than swatting Flynn, it were to swat the flies. Down where Las Vegas broods and moans you cooked a young man's goose; "I took in thirty thousand bones," you say, as an excuse. But there are better things than gin, for which your bosom sighs; why swat a helpless cheese like Flynn, when you might swat the flies? John Arthur, quit your vain career, which makes all good men sick; cut out the Hollands and the beer and buy a swatting stick. Brace up and spring your golden grin, and win a nobler prize than is the scalp of Jimmie Flynn—go forth and swat the flies!

—Walt Mason.

Jimmy Lavender, the little chap who up-ended Rube Marquard and stopped his winning streak at 19, on the verge of a world's record, is a Cub because he was wished upon Charlie Murphy by the national commission.

Murphy tried to get rid of Lavender in the early spring but because he sold him to Montreal, after buying him from Providence of the same league, the commission sent him back to the Cubs.

If any man has a right to run around the rim of a wheel and pat himself on the back, Charlie Murphy is it, for Lavender, who didn't look good enough to keep, is now the biggest drawing card at the Cub park. He is so popular that women fans are wearing lavender and the haberdasheries report big sales on lavender socks, neckties, shirts and handkerchiefs.

Denting Marquard's crown isn't

Lavender's only good work. Before taking on the left-hander he had traveled some 33 innings without being scored upon.

Also he had trimmed the \$22,500 beauty, Marty O'Toole, so when you add Marquard, an \$11,000 proposition, the gift-pitcher has served up \$33,500 worth of pitching hash for the Cub supporters to relish.

Not only did Lavender do this, but he came right back within a few days when the Giants stopped off on their way home from St. Louis, to play a postponed game, and repeated the treatment.

Lavender and Larry Cheney are the Cubs' only winning pitchers and will be the nucleus of the 1913 pitching staff which Manager Frank Chance is now gathering.

While Boston is on its second road trip, says Elmer E. Bates, the Hub is preparing for the world's championship, which everyone there is sure will be between the teams of Stahl and McGraw.

It is known to baseball men that Owner McAleer and Manager Stahl of the Red Sox are more in fear of Mr. Connie Mack, right now—despite Boston's lead of 120 points over the Athletics—than of Washington, which has hung onto Boston's heels steadfastly for weeks.

The reason for this fear is the resourcefulness of this same Connie Mack, the shrewdest man in baseball.

The fans realize that Mack has had but one of his "big four" to rely upon this season. Eddie Plank is the only one of that wonderful quartet who has pitched in form. Coombs, the "iron man," has been winning on his nerve. Early this season he was injured and still feels the effect of the hurt. Morgan has been released. Bender—well, it requires tact to handle the Bender case.

Has the great Chippewa taken to the first-water trial that led another great red man, Louis Sackalexis, to oblivion? Common talk among ball players says he has, but common talk also says he is repentant and has assured the ever-forgiving Mack that he will just about break his neck to pull the team into the lead.

The charges against Bender apply to an outfielder also. The player is on the bench, watching a less capable man filling his shoes.

To the charge that Mack erred, as have so many other managers, in not strengthening his pitching staff in time, Connie would plead guilty. His

alibi would be that with Coombs, Bender, Plank and Morgan, going as they were last fall, the need of new pitchers was not visible.

Connie picked up four youngsters, two of whom, Brown and Houck, are of the quality he admires—men with natural ability willing to learn.

There are about 45 games to be played before the American league flag falls, and there is plenty of time for Boston to drop back and the Athletics to come up, despite the hundred odd points between them.

Club owners, managers, players, umpires and scouts say: "It looks like Boston for the flag." The team has a good lead and plays a consistent game. The men are loyal to Stahl and their playing proves it. The outfield is the greatest in baseball and the infield is above the average.

Wood, the pitching star, would bring \$25,000 on the block today. The other pitchers would win a majority of their games. And if the teams win a majority of the remaining games it means a pennant.

Boston fans fear the team will not "stand up" on the road. Stahl's men have not been as good road-winners as the Athletics and there is another trip west after the present one is completed.

Yes, it looks like Boston, but don't bet that way. Leaving out Washington—for like Cleveland, the Senators disappoint when the most is expected—remember that not so very far behind is the always masterful genius of Cornelius McGillicuddy, the fox who has won two world's championships in a row and who can steal a lot of chickens in the next two months. The lead of Boston can, under no unusual circumstances, disappear in two weeks.

Andrew Carnegie tells of a unique proposal of marriage which was an actual happening in a Scotch town where he was stopping one summer.

A Scotch headie was very much in love, and was also extremely bashful. He couldn't make up his mind to ask the lady for her heart and hand in the ordinary manner. He made several attempts, but his courage always failed him at the auspicious moment.

One day he asked her to go for a walk and led the way to the churchyard; there, finding the lot where his ancestors lay, he pointed to the headstones, and said:

"All my folks are buried here, Joan. Wadn't you like to be laid away here wi' 'em some day?"

**LOW RECORD OF
BIG DOME STOCK**
Not More Than a Year Ago Stock
Was Selling at \$42.25
A Share.

The most conspicuous spot in the Porcupine stocks has been the selling off and slump in Big Dome, the price dropping to a new low record of \$18.50. The selling has taken place almost altogether on the curb, and as the company is practically a close corporation, no stock having been offered to the public at any time, the liquidation is accepted as inside selling. Current comment has it that the decline has been brought about by the sale of shares which had been forced out owing to the calling of a loan. There is, of course, little public interest in the stock, but the incident has attracted a good deal of attention on account of the extent of the recession in market value. Last November Dome sold at \$42.25, so that the setback has wiped out considerably more than 50 per cent. of the valuation at that time.

EASY WALKING.

Dugan, the roofer, was sent to a millionaire's palatial home, to try to find a leak in the roof.

As he entered the front hall, the butler whispered to Dugan:

"You are requested to be careful of the hardwood floors as you go upstairs, they've just been polished."

"Sure there's no danger av me slippin' on thim," Dugan replied. "Ot hov spikes in me shoes."

WILLIE WAS THERE.

"Willie," said his mother, sorrowfully, "every time you are naughty I get another gray hair."

"Gracious!" returned Willie; "you must have been a terror. Look at grandpa's head!"

Have you ever noticed that real good fishing is always at the end of a two or three days' railroad trip?

LABOR DAY

September 2nd, 1912

We are going to celebrate in
SOUTH PORCUPINE
We are Going to Celebrate Right

See the big bills for main events

The display of Fireworks alone will be worth coming miles to see

PRIZES FOR ALL EVENTS